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The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XXII. OCTOBER, 1912 No. 1

Good-Night.

Good-night! good-night! for the day is done,
And the shadow-ships lie long
Where the moon shines dim o'er the curved sea's rim,
And the wild wind sings its song.

The wild wind sings to the sea, my love—
Sing, heart of my heart, to me,
While the waves' dull roar on the sounding shore
Fills up the melody;

Till I rest in peace in thine arms, my love;
Till slumber has loosed the bars,
And my thought flies forth as a gull to the north,
To wander among the stars.

—Bernard F. Trotter, '14.

George Eliot and Tolstoi.

IT may seem a far cry from George Eliot of the early nineteenth century, to Leo Nikolaevitch Tolstoi, the latest great star of Russian literature. The novels of the brilliant English woman have long been ranked high among the masterpieces of English fiction; but, for the majority of English readers, Tolstoi's eccentric life, his radical educational theories, and his unorthodox religious views, have overshadowed his literary achievements. Our magazines have contained many "Personal Interviews with Tolstoi," and charming pictures of his simple, quixotic home-life, but—especially here in America—there have been few serious reviews of his work; so that we are just beginning to realize that Tolstoi, in dark Russia, has contributed more than one or two great masterpieces to the world's choicest literature. To compare any two great writers, of dissimilar race, of widely divergent ideals and philosophy, writing in languages of entirely different genus, is a difficult task unless there be some resemblance, so close and so striking, that once it has attracted our attention, it links those two names in our minds forevermore. There is just such a resemblance between George Eliot and Tolstoi.

George Eliot has been generally conceded the greatest of those English writers who use fiction as a means to an end, and not as an end in itself. Her books, without being "novels with a purpose," are, nevertheless, something more than merely amusing, or entertaining, or gratifying to the æsthetic sense. Her distinctive contribution to the progress of fiction was the opening of a new field in literature—since so widely explored—the delineation of feeling and the analysis of motive. It is true, Richardson had made analysis the chief point in his work; but anyone who has laboriously traced the sentiments of Clarissa Harlowe or Pamela Andrews or Sir Charles Grandison through those lengthy volumes, will agree that George Eliot's analysis of motive was of a very different order and far more worthy of the praise given to Richardson by Scott—"In his survey of the heart, he left neither head, bay, nor inlet behind him, till he had traced its soundings, and laid it down in his chart with all its minute sinuosities, its depths and its shallows." Richardson may have understood two or three characters, but his range was as limited as his characters were unlifelike. What other than a sentimental effeminate production could be expected from a man who daily submitted his manuscript to an enraptured coterie of feminine admirers! Later writers have not equalled George Eliot, as they, too, lacked her wide knowledge of humanity, her keen perception, and her analytical powers.

Tolstoi, like George Eliot, is not a story-teller of the first order. But there is something more enduring in their works than the mere fascination of a tale well told: the heart and life interest. His distinctive excellence is his remarkable understanding and portrayal of the feelings and motives of men and women. In this, he is greatest among the Russian novelists, with a truer, if less minute conception than the morbid Dostoévski, and a wider and deeper comprehension than Turgeniev.

This, then, is the great achievement of Tolstoi and George Eliot—the analysis of the motives underlying human action. They are alike in their sympathetic penetration as they look beyond the "Lifted Veil" into the very depths of the heart. They are as different in method and in results as two widely separated personalities could be.

The methods of both are semi-subjective, semi-objective. Their common predominant interest in the characters they have created has been so intense that it has made plot, diction and situation subservient to itself, and has evolved a clear, free, analytical style peculiarly their own, and, like their analyses, inimitable. Tolstoi keeps himself farther in the background so far as the outward form goes. He seldom steps forward to announce his own general theories, but gives expression to them through the utterance of his favorite characters. It is interesting to compare the analyses of stalwart Adam Bede's love for little Hetty, and honest, awkward Pierre's infatuation for the beautiful but lifeless Helène:—"The deep love he had for that rounded, dark-eyed Hetty, of whose inward self he was really very ignorant, came out of the very strength of his nature, and not out of any inconsistent weakness. Is it any weakness, pray, to be wrought upon by exquisite music? To feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul, the delicate fibres of life which no memory can penetrate, and binding together your whole being, past and present, in one unspeakable vibration? If not, then neither is it a weakness to be so wrought upon by the exquisite curves of a woman's cheek, and neck, and arms; by the liquid depth of her beseeeching eyes, or the girlish pout of her lips. For the beauty of a lovely woman is like music—what can one say more? . . . The noblest nature is often blinded to the character of the woman's soul that beauty clothes. . . . The tragedy of human life is likely to continue for a long time to come, in spite of mental philosophers who are ready with the best recipes for avoiding all mistakes of the kind." How much less general this is from Tolstoi!—"Pierre knew, all at once, that Hélène might be his wife, and that she would be. How—when? He knew not. Would it be happiness? He could not tell. If anything, he had a presentiment of misfortune, but he was sure it would happen. He looked down and then he looked up, trying to see in her the cold beauty by whom, till this moment, he had been quite unmoved; he could not: he had succumbed to her influence. . . . He lacked the courage to disappoint his hopes. Every day he said to himself: 'I must learn to know her better; was I mistaken then, or am I deceiving myself now? She is not stupid! She is delightful!' He felt himself carried away, hurried on towards the abyss, and asked himself, 'Where is my firmness? Have I lost it all.' During these struggles his strength of will did, in fact, seem to have disappeared entirely. Pierre was one of those men—they are rare—who have no power of will excepting when the conscience is absolutely clear; and from the moment when the impulse had taken possession of him, a sense of guiltiness had paralyzed his will and tenacity.''

And yet, on the whole, I should say that George Eliot succeeds in her objective treatment better than Tolstoi. You cannot point to any character in her books and say: ''There! that is George Eliot herself.'' Dinah, Dorothea, Gwendolen, Felix Holt, Daniel Deronda, or Adam Bede—they are all real, appealing personalities, but none of them is George Eliot. Whatever she may have been in real life, or in her essays, she is in her novels neither Evangelical nor Jew, Puritan nor Churchman, any more than she is Radical, Liberal or Tory. She gives every side its say, every prejudice its voice—sympathetically, and with no bias, no cynical, obstrusive criticism.

Then turn to Tolstoi. Whether it be Pierre, Levin, or Neklyudov; Natasha, Anna, or Maslova—in every book, the chief characters and many of the minor ones, are Tolstoi himself. It is the soul of Tolstoi living, struggling, groping towards the light: and, more than that, it is something from each one of us, something that we feel is ourselves, humanity the world over. And the great question that we are all trying to solve is the problem of human life—how to adjust our lives and our faith, our actions and our thoughts. But all these characters are not Tolstoi in the sense that Browning's characters are Browningese. All the details of their lives are different. Beautiful, impetuous Natasha; kind-hearted, powerful weakling Pierre; unfortunate, degraded and wretched Maslova—are these all the same? Are these Tolstoi? Yes and no. Yes, in their inner consciousness, in their bitter heart struggles—yes, indeed! But as personalities of creative imagination, as widely differentiated as Deronda the Jew and Tito the pleasure-lover.

Aside altogether from the technical side of their analyses, the difference in their results lies really in the difference of their own natures and of the philosophic theories that they held. George Eliot was fascinated with the enigma of human motives; Tolstoi, with the problem of life. As each writer drew nearer to definite solutions, their books grew more and more theoretical.

You might almost trace out Tolstoi's views chronologically through "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth," "Sebastopol," "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," and the "Resurrection," until he reaches his position negative to all progress and civilization. Yet he seldom says anything directly, but only indirectly through the change of views of his heroes—especially of Levin in Anna Karenina.

In the same way, as George Eliot formulated her ideas on hereditary influence and the inevitable cumulative effect of every thought, every action on the mind and life, her books grew more and more theoretical, and less lifelike. The characters began to act and feel as they ought to act and feel as the result of heredity: Celia and Dorothea, in "Middlemarch" are both examples of "reversion"; their lives must trace out the path planned for them by her theory. Tito's love of pleasure and love of the beautiful—how it led him on! Tito is one of her most famous characters and illustrates best her second theory: "Because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, he came at last to commit such deeds as make a man infamous." All this, when theory becomes of more importance than reality, makes her later books less life-like, and also sadder—though she never forgets herself so far as to portray monstrosities.

It is strange that both of these writers, whose theories were so different, but whose penetration into the heart's depths was so wonderfully similar—should leave us with a suggestion of sadness and of the futility of happiness. Strange that their insight into human character left them with an ever-saddening conception of human life and destiny!

When they forget their theories, they both show their keenest perception. Perhaps the most marvellous character Tolstoi has portrayed was no creation of his at all, but a real, living man. This account of Napoleon—written long before such books as "The Corsican" tended to confirm his picture and take away some of the glamor that had always surrounded the great general—Tolstoi gives us as Napoleon stands on the Poklonnaya Hill, overlooking Moscow: "'There it is at last, that famous Asiatic city with its innumerable churches—that holy Moscow! I ought to have seen it long ago! . . . But could it have been otherwise? There it lies at my feet, expecting its fate: Where is Alexander now, and what is he thinking about? Strange, beautiful, majestic city! And this is a strange and majestic moment! In what light do I appear to them—to the army? Here is the reward for all those men of little faith. One word of mine, one motion of my hand, and this ancient city of the Tsars is in ruins. But my mercy is ever ready to be shown to the conquered. I must be magnanimous and truly great. But, no, it is not true that I am in Moscow. Still, there it lies at my feet, playing and trembling with its golden cupolas and crosses in the rays of the sun. But I will spare it. On the ancient monuments of barbarism and despotism, I will write great words of justice and mercy—Alexander will feel that more painfully than anything else, I know him." And then, Napoleon learns the truth, that Moscow is deserted!

As you look back over your memories of Tolstoi and George Eliot, you realize the immensity of Tolstoi's stage. It is all Russia, swarming with myriads of people—the court, the army, the country—he knew it all, was a part of it all himself. At first, it is bewildering, as if you found yourself in a strange city, with unknown faces all about you. But, presently, you move in and out amongst the throng, lingering here and there, piercing beyond the veil of silent thought as well as of loudest conversation—till you know every heart in all that vast crowd. You have learned to know and understand them as friends, and a sense of sadness creeps over you as you feel an underlying sadness through all their joy. And then you wake to find it is only a dream of the great master's. But it stays with you as dreams do not!

George Eliot leads you into a world less vast—but you see some things, little delicate movements that you missed in the other throng. You see women as you have never seen them before; you understand why one fails and another succeeds. You hear Gwendolen Harleth explain, "We women must stay where we grow, or where the gardeners like to transplant us. We are brought up like the flowers to look as pretty as we can, and be dull without complaining. That is my notion about the plants, and that is the reason why some of them have got poisonous." You laugh with the others at the farm when Mrs. Poyser breaks her precious pitcher! You enjoy the laugh; for you never really found any true laughter in that world of Tolstoi's. And then you meet men—no effeminate creatures—but, perhaps, more idealistic than Tolstoi's. Over all, there is a different atmosphere, somewhat brighter than Tolstoi's—and more natural to us—more English, perhaps.

Perhaps, in the end, we are glad to come back to the everyday life about us, feeling that, even if we cannot understand the deep motives of our fellow-beings, we can at least see more sunshine, more real joy, than a George Eliot or a Tolstoi, be they never so great.

—OLIVE A. CROSS, '12.

L'Allegro.

L'ALLEGRO, written by John Milton, is the earliest lyric of a purely descriptive character in the English language. Many poets have attempted to imitate both this poem and Il Penseroso, but none has yet succeeded in producing any similar work worthy to be ranked with these two lyrics. It has been said that L'Allegro is one of the greatest short poems in the English language.

If the poem be read aloud, one cannot but be struck by its beautiful rhythm; it has a light tripping movement, a movement full of music, bright yet fleeting, and very pleasing to the sensitive ear. The poet's words in the last paragraph of the poem, descriptive of soft Lydian airs, may be applied to the poetical music of his own work:

> The melting voice through mazes running,
> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony.

The title L'Allegro means the light-hearted one, and the object of the poem is to portray cheerfulness as a type of character. And yet this end is only indirectly attained, for it is more of a descriptive poem than a character study. Milton describes the pleasures of some person, and we are to judge the temperament and character of that person by the things he enjoys. The whole round of pleasures described is accomplished in a period of twenty-four hours, and thus, by a mechanical device, the writer gives a unity to the poem.

As the literature of a nation reveals the life and thought of that nation, so a poem reveals the poet. We learn three facts concerning Milton from this one poem. Milton was learned in the classics, and revelled in their mythology. The poem abounds in mythological references and classical names. Thus in speaking of music the legend of Orpheus and his son Eurydice is mentioned. In describing the pastoral life of the quiet countryside, the shepherd, his wife, and the girl, are called by three classical names, Corydon, Thyrsis, and Phillis, rather than by English names. Milton was a lover of nature. He was not a Nature Study expert, but through personal observation, he enjoyed Nature as she is to be seen in everyday country life. This personal enjoyment is the secret of his power to make the scene which he pictures so real and natural. Milton possessed a taste for music. He speaks of

Soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,

as an antidote "against eating cares." The very language he uses concerning music shows that he had experienced in his own soul the mystical soothing effect on a troubled mind of soft, dreamy music.

In the introduction to the poem, Melancholy is personified; and in a few opening lines, in a meter befitting such a subject, she is banished, as one born of blackest Midnight amid horrible surroundings, to a wild and lonely desert place, where only Darkness broods and reigns.

Then L'Allegro hails the fair and free Goddess, Mirth, born either of Venus and Bacchus, or, according to some, of Zephyr and Aurora. Whatever her parentage may be, he describes her as

a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

He calls on the Nymph to hasten, bringing with her those jolly spirits which deride Care, and Laughter "holding both his sides." He also invites another nymph, Liberty, to accompany her, in perhaps the prettiest lines of the poem:

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light, fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

L'Allegro begs to be allowed to live with them in "unreproved pleasures free."

The poet now begins to describe these pleasures, which are the delight of Mirth and her companions. Most of them are drawn from Nature, and one has said that the meaning of the poem is, Gaiety is the Child of Nature. The first pleasure is the morning song of the lark, as it soars on high in the early dawn. Then some person bids the speaker good-morrow through his window, all covered with hanging creeper—typical of an English country cottage—while the cock and his dames parade the barnyard "with lively din." Often he hears the sound of the horn and the baying of the hounds, as the hunt passes through the neighboring woods. Sometimes he walks through the green fields under the hedgerows, as the sun rises in his morning splendor, and hears the plowman whistling, the milkmaid singing, the mower grinding his scythe, or the shepherd counting his sheep.

Sweeping his eye around the landscape, he finds new pleasures, as he sees the green fields dotted with feeding sheep, the barren mountains with their peaks hidden in fleecy cloud, the flowery meadows and winding streams, and the towers of a castle rising above the trees. Hardby, he spies the smoke peacefully rising from the chimney of a cottage, where a shepherd and his wife are eating their humble country fare.

Sometimes the villagers have a holiday. The bells ring; the youths and maids dance; and all, young and old, come out to play in the sunshine. The day over, they gather in the village inn, and as they sip the home-brewed ale, tell their folk stories, all flavored with superstitious country lore.

> Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
> By whispering winds soon lull'd to sleep.

These are the quiet pleasures of the peaceful countryside; but the busy city also has its attractions. Here men gather in busy throngs. Knights and barons meet together, and hold their tournaments, and try their arms at contests of skill, with many ladies to commend and judge the winners; while all contend to win the lady. Then Hymen often appears with his feasting and revelry. When night falls, they adjourn to the theatre to enjoy the plays of the learned Jonson or sweet Shakespeare.

Finally, he invokes Mirth to drive away his care with soft music and pleasing verse, song of such beauty as to awaken even Orpheus from his slumber by its sweet strains. These are the pleasures of a cheerful man, and

> These delights if thou canst give,
> Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

I like the poem because of its spirit, its music, its naturalness, and its simple pictorial description. The parts which appeal to me most are the passages describing the early morning country scenes. When the poet speaks of bidding good-morrow at the window

> Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
> Or the twisted eglantine,

I can picture to myself an English thatched cottage, standing in its garden of flowers, its plaster walls covered with a rose vine, and the stray branches streaming over the small windows, and the whole bathed in the fresh, early morning sunshine. As he speaks of the pleasures of the landscape, I can imagine such a scene: the distant mountains, the green pastures on the nearer hill slopes, with the white sheep straying over them, the occasional tinkle of a sheep bell, and the shepherd and his dog busy at his morning work. The meadows are white with daisies, or yellow with buttercups; at the foot of the hills, a stream peacefully wends its course, the banks shaded with trees; and away in the tops of the trees on the hills, the gray turrets of a country mansion shimmer in the sunlight. I like the poem because of the reality of its pictures. The very poem seems to be pervaded with the atmosphere of a fresh, green countryside, bathed in early morning sunlight, such as perhaps can only be seen in England on an autumn morning.

JENKIN DAVIES, '14.

Ninth Prize Story Competition.

BY way of encouraging the students of McMaster in the practice of the art of careful writing, The Monthly Board has conducted a prize story competition every year during the last eight sessions. It is the intention of the present Board of Publication to continue that policy. Announcement is hereby made, therefore, of the Ninth Prize Story Competition, open to undergraduates in Arts and Theology (not including graduates in Arts now registered in Theology), under conditions which are indicated below. The prizes offered are as in previous years: First, ten dollars; second, five dollars; third, three dollars.

Not all of our number are possessed of that temper that feels "the irritation of the idea"; comparatively few there are, who, out of sheer necessity of soul, burst forth in literary expression. The Monthly Board promises glad welcome to these products of inspiration, but wishes at the same time to urge to action those whose impulse to write is not so strong. It is the hope that the present competition may prove useful as an impetus to some.

The conditions governing the contest are as follows:

1. All stories must be in the hands of the managing editor not later than January 15th, 1913.

2. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

3. Stories must not contain more than 2,500 words. Competitors must certify that their stories satisfy this condition.

4. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.

5. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

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Vol. XXII. October, 1912. No. 1

Editorial Notes.

McMaster's New Colors.

As most of the graduates of McMaster are probably aware, silver-gray and maroon have become the official colors of the University. Though they never had official recognition, the green and black had come to occupy a large place in the affections of McMaster graduates and undergraduates. Not only did they typify Alma Mater, but they stood for many a "famous victory" or other glorious association. The idea of change, at first thought, seemed almost equivalent to sacrilege. Practical reasons, however, seemed to demand it. It may be interesting to know how the change came about.

The agitation for a change of colors, which had been growing for some time, came to a head last March, when a motion that the colors be changed was brought definitely before the

Student Body. Chief among the arguments favoring a change were those which pointed out how unsatisfactory was the green and black combination for athletic and decorative purposes. It was readily admitted that, as a *pretty* combination of colors, in themselves, the green and black ranked well. At the same time it was generally conceded that for athletic and decorative purposes they fell short. Evidence of this was seen in the fact that at that time not one green and black sweater-coat was known to be in the school, but, instead, a great variety of colors with only green and black trimmings and not always that. The indistinctness of green and black pennants, too, especially by artificial light, makes the combination very unsuitable for evening decorations.

The vote on the motion, that a change be made, was deferred and a committee appointed to look into the matter of a possible new combination and report to the Student Body. This committee placed sample colors before the students and recommended the silver-gray and maroon combination. The feeling in favor of a change of colors then became almost unanimous. However, the vote was again postponed until the committee's report could be submitted to the Executive of the Alumni Association. Following this action, a committee met representing the Faculty, the Alumni Association Executive, and the Student Body, and prepared the following report, which THE MONTHLY has been requested to publish:

Clause I. That the University colors be silver-gray and maroon, of shades as shown in sample submitted by H. A. Wilson.

Clause II. That the following definite arrangement of colors be authorized:

(a) Sweater: Gray body, maroon trimmings, eight-inch band around the sweater beginning about halfway down the arm.
(b) Jersey: Same arrangement as in sweater.
(c) Sweater-coat: Body gray, trimmings maroon.
(d) Stockings: Gray with one four-inch band of maroon.

(e) Toque: Gray with maroon band in the centre, and maroon trimmings.

(f) Pennant: Gray background, maroon letters, with the shield.

Clause III. That a design in colors be made as outlined in Clause II.

Clause IV. That the colors be called "gray and maroon," not "maroon and gray," thus putting the prominent color first.

Clause V. That the President of the Student Body, at the beginning of each college year, in his address to the students, urge the students to keep in mind the regulation colors and arrangement.

Clause VI. That this report be sent to the Alumni and Alumnæ Associations this spring.

Clause VII. That this report be sent to the Board of Governors, that it may receive official recognition.

On March 28, in a general meeting of the Student Body, this report was voted on and passed, clause by clause. A few days later the Executive Committee of the Board of Governors expressed approval of silver-gray and maroon, in the arrangement as suggested in the report, as the official colors of the University. And at their annual meeting on May 7, the Alumni Association gave their sanction to the change when they passed a motion favoring the report.

Book Review.

AMONG the recent publications of the Johns Hopkins University Press, The Monthly is pleased to note the scholarly monograph on the Hopkins Tabellae Defixionum by W. Sherwood Fox (McMaster, '00), now Assistant Professor of Latin in Princeton University.

Four years ago "the Department of Classical Archæology of Hopkins acquired several of the tabellae defixionum, popularly known as curse-tablets"; these consisted of numerous discolored brittle pieces of sheet-lead inscribed with Roman cursive characters. Day after day the various fragments were patiently sorted out and the alphabets transcribed till after almost insuperable difficulties the five tablets were identified and deciphered. Chapter 1 of the monograph explains the process and progress of the transcription; the remaining chapters present the text, annotations and valuable commentaries. An extensive bibliography, index, vocabulary and grammatical notes complete the volume.

The practice of magic and belief in the power of spells and incantations was prevalent among the Oriental and Occidental races in ancient times and lingers on even in our day in various parts of Europe. A cursory knowledge of the Latin classical authors is sufficient to reveal the ingrained superstition which permeated the religious conceptions of the Romans. The date assigned to the curse-tablets shows conclusively that among the common people of the later republic (75-40 B.C.) a curse or imprecation couched in terms prescribed by magical formulæ was believed efficacious in bringing certain disaster upon an enemy. We know that by the middle of the first century B.C. the upper classes were for the most part under the influence of Greek philosophical ideas, but the text of the tablets shows that the old beliefs lingered among those who were not accessible to new ideas and esoteric doctrines.

The tablets in question are documents of human interest; nor are they devoid of a certain touch of grim humor—especially that text on page 27 where the enemy is devoted to specific forms of malarial fever and the pious wish is expressed that these may so wrack and master the unhappy wretch that they may deprive him of life. Perhaps the one who uttered the curse had experienced the tortures of that pest of the Campagna. The most minute observance of every part of the formulæ or magic ritual is noted in the imprecations; indeed it was so comprehensive and weighty a curse as to embrace every department of the victim's activities and even the various portions of his anatomy and bodily organs. If Pluto and Proserpina were inclined to be favorable the enemy had not the most remote chance for his life; in fact, if one-third of the numerous disabilities called down on his unlucky head assailed him death must have been a welcome relief.

The technical nature of the subject makes it impossible to do full justice to the monograph in THE MONTHLY. It is sufficient to say that in the publication of the tablets Professor Fox has reflected credit upon Hopkins and McMaster and has made a direct contribution to Roman Archæology and Folk-Lore.

College News.

Around the Hall.

EDITOR: G. M. GOODFELLOW, '13.

> "And so I penned
> It down, until at last it came to be,
> For length and breadth, the bigness that you see."

DID you ever hear the advice, in reference to the art of conversation, once offered by a wise man? Here it is: "Have something to say. Say it. Stop talking." That seems to us an excellent policy, particularly because its adoption will free us from the necessity of making the usual lengthy résumé of the recent vacation. Suffice it to say, we are here once more. Fortune has smiled upon most of the wanderers, and upon some she has even "laughed out loud." Enthusiasm is at a high temperature and every society is looking forward to the best year in its history. This can be attained only by the rallying of the newcomers in the institution to the support of these important factors in our school life. As the hope of a nation is its boys and girls, so the hope of the student organizations is the freshmen class. As such its members have a right to a sense of pride, tempered, of course, with a due amount of humility. Therefore, ye freshmen, THE MONTHLY thus publicly extends to you the heartiest of welcomes. We need you. You, may we hope, need us.

FIRST CHAPEL SERVICE.—The opening chapel service was held on Tuesday afternoon, September 24, with a large attendance of students and graduates. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. W. A. Cameron, '06, pastor of Bloor Street Baptist Church. After expressing his desire to make of the first chapel service one of the most important events of the year, Chancellor McCrimmon made the term announcements. Speaking first to the returning students, he welcomed them to another year of privilege and work. He next addressed the students who were here for the first time, outlining for them the various spheres of student activity, with an exhortation to make life in McMaster Hall as broad and as varied as possible. In short, he advised them not to permit their studies to interfere with their education. They would take their places in a growing family, members of which could be found upholding the honor and cherishing the traditions of their Alma Mater on almost every continent of the globe. The keynote of the Chancellor's address is to be found in these words: "We are not here at college for the mere passing of examinations, but we are here to get at the principle of things so that the habit of the love of God may become a habit of the soul." Professor McLay, Dean in Arts, made a short, witty speech, bidding farewell to the students before leaving for a year's vacation, during which time he will study at Harvard University. Mr. White, who is to take his place as Professor of English, was introduced and spoke a few words of appreciation of the welcome accorded him. Professor Smith also received a hearty ovation on his return after an absence of eight months.

A Temporary Change.—After eighteen years of service on the Faculty of the University, twelve years of which time have been uninterrupted by a vacation, Prof. W. S. McLay, Dean in Arts, has been granted a year's leave of absence. During this time Professor McLay will pursue a post-graduate course at Harvard University, and in the spring will go to the Old Country. For the current year Mr. H. A. White, a graduate of Yale and Harvard Universities, will be acting Professor of English. Mr. White has had experience in teaching on the staffs of Colby, Perdue and other institutions, and is eminently fitted for the duties of the English department.

Dr. Smith Back Again.—Faculty and students alike are rejoicing in the fact that Professor R. W. Smith is in his accustomed place once more. After a trip of about eight months, during which he visited England and countries of the continent, Dr. Smith has returned in good health. He is Acting-Dean in Arts during the absence of Professor McLay.

A Greater McMaster.—While students were enjoying the summer's vacation, those in control of University affairs were laying plans for future growth and activity, culminating in the announcement in September that twenty-five acres of land had been acquired at the corner of Avenue Road and Eglinton Avenue. The new site, which is about two miles north of Bloor Street, will afford ample accommodation for years to come, and will allow of the expansion which has been heretofore seriously retarded. It is understood that the buildings cannot be completed for occupation in less than two years.

THE McMASTER graduate of some years' standing, who, accompanied by a young lady, was in attendance at the Sunday evening service of a prominent Toronto church, was certainly alive to the opportunities afforded during the long prayer, when he saluted his fair companion in the approved apostolic fashion. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

A WORLD-WITHOUT-END BARGAIN.—We were all glad to return to the familiar halls and lecture rooms, but none smiled more broadly than did our popular rugby captain. The reason for this may best be explained by the following announcement which appeared in the *Canadian Baptist*: "Ashmore—McFadyen.—At the home of the bride's brother, Columbus, Ohio, on August 22nd, 1912, by Rev. J. J. Ross, pastor of Dovercourt Road Baptist Church, Toronto, assisted by Rev. C. C. Winters, of the Parsons Avenue Baptist Church, Columbus, Mr. William Ashmore, of Toronto, to Miss Minnie Alexandria McFadyen, of Columbus, Ohio." THE MONTHLY extends heartiest congratulations to Captain Bill.

AN EXTENSION line from the telephone box to the usher's office has been installed. The long-suffering usher may now remain at his desk and answer all telephone calls. The practice of shouting up the stairway for students has been discontinued, except in cases of emergency. The usher now posts the calls on a card, and the students must themselves be on the alert for demands for their presence at the telephone.

THEOLOGY! THEOLOGY! HALLELUJAH HALL.—The old familiar yell will resound through the halls again this year. On Thursday, October 10, the students in Theology held a mass-meeting, at which it was decided to organize the society along the usual lines. Prospects are bright in many directions, especially in athletics, in which realm, with the aid of the M.A. students, Theology hopes to reach the zenith of its glory. The administration will be in the hands of these officers: Honorary President, Dr. Keirstead; President, W. C. McKendry, B.A.; Vice-President, G. E. Holmes, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, G. P. Boddy; Rep. to Literary Society, J. B. Smith; to Student Body, G. H. Thomas, B.A.; to Athletic Association, D. A. Hackett; to Debating Society, E. Stephens; to Y.M.C.A., E. P. Stewart.

ON OCTOBER 10, Rev. J. W. Meyer, of the Barnardo Home, London, Eng., addressed the students briefly at chapel service.

Mr. Meyer received his theological training under the tutorship of Dr. Chas. Spurgeon, and later became connected with Dr. Barnardo in his great philanthropic work among boys and girls. He has been engaged in this labor of love for a quarter of a century, and is at present on a six months' tour of this country in the interests of the Home.

Y.M.C.A.—At a general meeting of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. L. J. Haverstock and Mr. A. Trembert were elected Leader and Secretary, respectively, of the Evangelistic Band. This phase of our religious work demands heartiest support and sympathy. Let each one, therefore, when he is approached and asked to assist, do so readily, since he will both be bestowing and receiving a blessing.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.—As Mr. R. J. Gould, who was elected President of the Volunteer Band in the spring, does not intend returning for this year, Mr. F. L. Stacy was elected President and Mr. A. O. Parry, Secretary.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Each year the attention of the students, particularly of the Sophomores, is called to the new arrivals in the institution. This year has been no exception to the rule, and for the first few days of the term many and varied were the comments passed upon the probable size of the Freshman class, their athletic and literary proclivities, and, horrors! the possibility of their "licking" the Sophs on the field of battle. Eftsoons, for some unaccountable reason, the interest of the sage Sophomores in the primary class seemed to wane, and while they dreamed of future conquests, a freshman caucus was held, undisturbed by hostile activities. After due consideration, Year '16 came into being as an organized class, and, behold, it was very good. Officers and representatives are as follows: Hon. President, Prof. G. H. Campbell; President, P. P. Ziemann; Vice-President, Miss H. Knight; Secretary-Treasurer, F. W. Kemp; Rep. to Literary Society, Miss Macklem; to Women's Student Body, Miss Campbell; to Athletic Association, J. Linton; to Student Volunteer Band, T. R. Sorton; to Debating Society, A. Hughes; to Student Body, D. Price.

REGISTRATION.—Up to Friday, October 11, the registration numbered 233, which is 22 more than for the corresponding period last year. The division into classes is as follows: Fourth year, 48; third year, 46; second year, 47; first year, 49; partial, 11; theology, 36. Ten students are registered in extra-mural work. This year a course for a degree in Agriculture has been inaugurated, and the first registration has been received. This course consists of two years' science work in the University, followed by two years' study in Agriculture, at O.A.C., Guelph. Upon completion of the prescribed studies, McMaster University will confer the degree B.Sc. (Agr.) Already some of the classrooms are taxed to the limit of their capacity, and prospects are bright this year for the largest attendance in the history of the institution.

AUTUMN CONVOCATION.—Autumn Convocation was held this year on Friday evening, October 4th, when the students and their friends completely filled Castle Memorial Hall. After the singing of the McMaster hymn, Chancellor McCrimmon addressed a few words of welcome to the visitors, and gave an optimistic outline of the prospects for the year. The students who had won prizes in various departments were called to the platform to receive their rewards. The Chancellor then introduced Professor H. F. Dawes, M.A., the lecturer of the evening, who gave a most lucid and entertaining illustrated lecture upon the explorations which have been made up to the present in the "Unknown Region of the Ether Spectrum."

BALD-HEADED THEOLOGUE (as he attempts to brush his hair) —"A hair on the head is certainly worth two in the brush."

NIP AND TUCK SOCIETY.—It is possible for a college to change its colors and yet retain its character. It is likewise possible for an organization within a school to take to itself a new name without altering its nature or impairing its efficiency. It will undoubtedly be a grief to many to know of the passing of the Skin-'em-and-Do-'em Society. A thousand happy memories are recalled by this magic word; the name is associated with most of the merriment and jollity and revelry that has been in late years. The Skin-'em-and-Do-'em is a thing of the past. But it is the name only that is gone! At a fully attended meeting of enthusiasts on the 27th of September, it was unanimously decided to prosecute with the utmost vigor the work of the organization, along traditional lines, albeit under a new name. The society will retain its former gastronomical and impositional functions, but the name thereof shall in future be the Nip-and-Tuck Society. No phrase more expressive of the aims and interests of the organization could well be chosen. The exact nature of these aims and interests is, of course, enshrouded in night as deep as that which veils most of the Society's activities, but a word to the foolish of earlier years is sufficient—sufficient, surely, to tell them that although the time-worn and admittedly inelegant appellation of "Skin-'em-and-Do-'em" has been discarded, the ideals are as high as in the years that have been, and are being striven after with all of the old-time assiduity.

On Thursday, October 1st, at 1 a.m., the Nip-and-Tuck Society, of McMaster University, initiated into its membership, and, incidentally, into McMaster Hall, a number of students who had not hitherto been in residence. The programme consisted of impromptu speeches and songs from the incoming members. One of the requirements for admission was the rendering of a humble little ditty composed especially for such occasions by the distinguished musician, our President. The newly initiated were then treated to sweet Canadian peach skins. This has been the most successful of this important society's meetings.

Hoy yaw, Hoy yaw,
Rickety, rackety, rockety raw,
Ki yi, Ki yi,
Pie and booze, and booze and pie.
Catch-'em and cheat-'em,
Skin-'em and eat-'em,
Nip-'em and feed-'em, Rah.
Nip-and-Tuck, Nip-and-Tuck, Ya-ha, Ya-ha, Ya-ha.

THE FRESHMEN'S NIGHTMARE.—It was the midnight hour of October 4th, in McMaster Hall. The freshmen slept, but, somehow, even in their sleep they had a foreboding of evil. Horrible masked faces, fierce with sleepless eyes, floated before them. Strong sophomoric arms raised them gently from warm beds, drew a cloud before their eyes and paraded with them, arm in arm, through cool corridors, down winding stairs and over cold floors. Then the uninitiated *seemed* to find themselves in a dark room, high above the earth. Here they tried to rouse themselves from this awful nightmare; but in vain. Soon they felt themselves led, barefooted, over slippery ground, raised to a position of eminence, trade-marked with green paint, and given an opportunity to display their vocal talents. Those who made the biggest hit of the morning were treated to cold water showers, or plunges, or both. As the sleepy freshmen roused themselves late that morning, this was all they could remember. Yet, for some reason or other, they still wonder if it was *all* a nightmare.

Of course, it must have been, for nothing like this ever happens in McMaster.

MR. EDITOR,—Of recent years we have all been inconvenienced by the removal of "reserve" books from the library at other than prescribed hours. Sometimes this inconvenience arises from pure mishap; in some cases it may be due to lack of adequate library administration; in many cases it has been due to a lack of consideration for the rights of fellow-students.

I am inclined to think that the violation of library rules is confined usually to a few individuals who habitually impose on the good-will of others. However, it is hardly necessary to point out that the existence of such an example is extremely dangerous, and is apt to breed contagion. It assumes increasing importance as the number of students grows and as the reference to reserve books increases.

The privilege of entering the stock room probably gives an extraordinary opportunity for violation, and opportunity always tempts. So the administration is not altogether faultless. This fact has, however, been duly recognized, and, if I understand the matter rightly, the faculty are almost unanimous in preserving to the students this valuable privilege, which privilege, may I remind you, is rarely granted in other institutions and very, very seldom in public libraries.

Granting, then, that this is a privilege accorded to the students, that it is well worth retaining, and that violation is assuming more and more importance, the solution may possibly be chiefly in the hands of the students themselves. Certainly the student body could very materially assist the administration of the library by the creation of a public opinion that would make each feel his duty toward others in this matter. A careful and practical consideration of the rights of others would be a favor to everyone and protection to each.

W. J. DONALD.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.—Still another organization has found its place in the list of societies which already claim the attention and the support of the students. Encouraged by Mr. W. J. Donald, the special students registered in Economics and History, and the pass students of the Second, Third and Fourth Years in History, Economics, Sociology and Education, came together for the purpose of organizing the "Social Science Club of McMaster University." On Tuesday, October 8, one week after nominations were received, the following officers were elected: Honorary President, W. J. Donald, B.A.; President, G. M. Goodfellow, '13; Vice-President, E. G. Black, '13; Secretary-Treasurer, G. Davies, '14. The Social Science Club aims to stimulate an interest in, and assist the discussion of historical, economic, political, and social question in the University by means of public lectures, and informal club discussions. It aims also to undertake special purposes, as the conditions of the club may demand, for instance, the presentation of a series of addresses on the choice of a profession. Addresses on live topics are to be given before the club by men prominent in the professions and business.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the Literary Society for the year was held in the chapel on Friday evening, October 11, with the President, Mr. C. B. Crowe, '13, in the chair. It was intended that everyone should be given the opportunity of meeting everyone else, and especially that the freshettes and freshmen should become acquainted among themselves and with the student body in general, and the programme was necessarily of such a nature as to afford such opportunities. The President opened the meeting with a few appropriate remarks, welcoming the students again to McMaster. Mr. K. Kingdon, '14, gave a piano solo, and Mr. B. F. Trotter, '14, a reading, both of which were heartily appreciated by the large audience. Then came the not less interesting part of the evening, when the President announced that after a few minutes' intermission, in which programmes might be filled, promenading would take place for half an hour. There were six "proms." in all, at the end of which refreshments were served, and the evening brought to a close with a solo by Miss E. D. Kellock, '11.

THE SENIORS AT PLAY.—Despite the weatherman's warnings, Year '13 turned out en masse to enjoy an afternoon's fun at Lambton Park on Thursday, October 3rd. "Doc" had suggested that "we get the thing over with." Hence the hasty compliance of the Senior Year to set such an early date for its annual picnic. The entertainment took the form of a National League indoor baseball contest out of doors, in which four teams competed for premier honors. A notable feature was the high batting averages and splendid fielding percentages of the ladies, who without exception took a live interest in the game. After a close and exciting finish, Manager Shields' bunch of ball-tossers carried away the pennant. The losers, by way of consolation, engaged in a tennis and quoit tournament. In the meantime, elaborate preparations had been made for lunch, which everyone thoroughly appreciated—if you don't believe it, ask Ernie Hyde how he enjoyed the "cork" sandwiches! The final number on the programme was a potato and corn roast, and all were agreed that it concluded one of the most pleasant outings Year '13 has yet had.

SOPHOMORE PICNIC.—Although Wednesday, October 9th, turned out to be wet and showery, Year '15 braved the elements and sallied forth to Scarboro Heights to enjoy their annual class picnic. The cloudy sky and dull day showed a marked contrast to the bright spirits of the merry throng as they tramped along through the mud on the way to the pavilion. A few pleasant hours were spent in eating, singing and playing games. Finally the copper was lost in the shuffle and preparations were made for departure. The janitor was given a sandwich in appreciation of his services. He showed his gratitude by leading the way with a lantern through the darkness to the car. In spite of this fact two of the party narrowly escaped being lost. After all were safely aboard the slightly overcrowded car, much comment was caused by a few suspicious looking bundles awkwardly concealed under some of the raincoats present. Civilization was soon reached and the happy crowd broke up, each expressing the opinion that in spite of the rain the picnic had been a grand success.

THE FRESHMEN MAKE MERRY.—"Simply great!" answered the freshmen when interrogated concerning the picnic. The weatherman rose to the portentous occasion and Old Sol smiled sweetly on the afternoon's proceedings. The picnic was held at Long Branch, where, far from fear of interrupting sophs, a delightful time was passed playing games. Excitement rose to white heat during the ball game, and two triple plays were the features. For four long innings the conflict waged, till a shout from shore announcing tea was heard. Too soon the feast disappeared, and to change the scene the happy crowd rushed down to the wharf, where for some time they made the waters and woods echo with shouts and songs. Freshettes and freshies recounted the horrors of the "Inquisition," and unanimously decided to advertise, through the medium of THE MONTHLY, for four sophs who were lost at the junction of Bloor and Yonge Streets that day. The Honorary President of the year, Prof. G. H. Campbell, and Mrs. Campbell, were present to recall past experiences and to predict great things for the future. On returning to the Hall, it was found that a suitable banner had been placed over the main entrance of the building and that sundry sweets had been placed in the rooms to welcome the wanderers.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS JESSIE KEE, '13.

> Il est plus facile de paraître digne des emplois qu'on n'a pas que de ceux que l'on exerce.
> —LE ROCHEFOUCAULD.

EVERYONE who has tried it knows the stages through which one must inevitably pass when undertaking to edit a department. First, there is that vague there-must-be-plenty-to-say-about-that feeling; later, on further investigation comes the appalling discovery that everything has already been said; and, finally, we are shrouded in that blank despair which issues in very unsatisfactory results. But let us hope the critics will be kind until we have become accustomed to our position, and have recovered from our attack of stage fright.

ON ALL SIDES we hear the words, "Back again!" Some of us have almost forgotten that we left less than five months ago weary from a sudden and tremendous burst of energy—an energy which meant nightly vigils and daily terrors. But we are all glad to be back in spite of a happy, carefree summer, or, in some cases, perhaps, because of a summer distinctly otherwise.

Some have been at home, striving to master the intricate details of housekeeping, and to them it is a relief to return to the task of polishing their intellects rather than the kitchen utensils or dad's boots.

Some have been camping, drinking in the fresh air and sunshine, fishing in the rushing trout streams, boating on the lily-decked lakes—revelling in the blessed outdoor life. Perhaps for a time they regret the impossibility of forever eschewing books and tasks, but when the fresh air becomes frost-laden, the streams and lakes lose their charm and it is with glad hearts they turn to the old familiar place.

Then, too, our Western pedagogues are returning one by one. Give them the glad hand and help them forget if they can the unceasing battle waged against their relentless foe, the mosquito; the weary plodding through that substance known as gumbo, which nothing short of an operation will remove from the garments; the almost hopeless task of making the little foreigners understand the simplest statements; the dreadful monotony relieved only by the arrival of the mail once, or perhaps twice, a week;—help them forget it all and live again. We shall miss very much the girls of Year '12, for they have so endeared themselves to us as to make McMaster seem scarcely the same without them. We are pleased, however, that several of them are attending Faculty, and they may be assured they will receive a warm welcome at all times in the Ladies' Room.

Just a word to the new girls: You are already aware of the warmth and sincerity of our welcome. We need you here—we need your enthusiasm and your support in every department of college life. The Freshettes have always been zealous in their attendance at Y.W., and we feel sure that you will keep up their reputation. Then, too, we speak for your aid in making the W. L. S. a success this year. We cannot carry on these meetings without your help, so it rests with you to make or to mar them.

One Freshette (after class elections of Year '16) referring to another Freshette: "She was elected for something, I don't know what, and *she* doesn't either."

Sept. 23—Junior (registering): "Well, anyway, I can write down my name, that hasn't changed—yet."

Oct. 1.—Two freshettes were seen waiting before a classroom door half an hour before the lecture. "We've just been here since yesterday," they explained, "and we would *hate* to be late."

Oct. 3.—Y.W.C.A.—Hearty and sincere were the greetings extended to the members of Year '12, who, back in the city to attend the Faculty of Education, "dropped in" to the first meeting of the Y. W. That something more than Y. W. brought them was made manifest at the close of the meeting, when Maude MacLaurin, on behalf of the ladies of Year '12, presented the W. S. B. with that oft-sighed for luxury (?) for the frequent informal lunches and banquets—a tablecloth. It will be much appreciated by the students.

Oct. 4.—The officers of the Y. W. for this year are: Honorary President, Mrs. I. G. Matthews; President, Hazel Hooper, '13; Vice-President, Mary Fowler, '14; Secretary, Evelyn Davis, '15; Treasurer, Louise McLaurin, '16.

Oct. 7.—There was a noticeable lack of response to the questions asked by the professor in a certain Junior subject. No wonder, how could the ladies prepare for the lecture when uninvited company strayed from the northern tables in the library to the one at the southeast corner?

W. S. B.—The first meeting of the Women's Student Body was one of unusual interest. Words of welcome and sage advice were given to the new members of the organization by the President, Christine Fraser. The representatives from the different years were elected practically unanimously—Margaret McDonald from Year '13, Ruth Fowler from Year '14, Isobel Fairbairn and Helen Marshall from Years '15 and '16.

The programme for the afternoon was in the hands of the Sophettes, and was in honor of the new members of the W. S. B. If the entertainment was somewhat novel, it is all the more to the credit of Year '15 in this pre-eminently "new" age. A new method of physical culture was brought to the attention of the Freshettes under the pleasing disguise of a "Peanut Race," and lung expansion was clearly demonstrated by the new variation of "Chanticleer" given by the new students. Such rules as should govern the conduct of all first year students were impressively read by the President of Year '15, and to these rules the Freshettes devoutly promised faithful adherence—although in one case, at least, some persuasion in the form of soap suds to lubricate the vocal chords, was necessary. These new members of our Student Body proved their quick and ready mental powers, of which we shall all be proud, by learning after hearing but twice the Freshette yell: "We are, we are, we are the Freshie kids, etc." The new McMaster Ladies' Chorus closed the programme with the singing of "Good Night, Ladies" (old version).

LANDLADY TO FRESHETTE: I've just came to tell you, miss, that you'll have to move out at once. You're too tony for this joint.

SOPHOMORE PICNIC.—On Wednesday, October the ninth, the Sophomores held a most enjoyable picnic at Scarboro Heights. Owing to the dampness of the weather and the delicate constitutions of some of the men of Year '15, there was a greater turnout of the fair than of the brave. However, the men who were unable to attend sent along their appetites and each of the representatives nobly ate the portions of three normal beings. Games and songs provided amusement for the afternoon and a pleasant walk through the mud beneath the benignant rays of a lantern was a suitable closing for this novel picnic.

Oct. 3. SENIOR PICNIC.—When Year '13 reached the dignity of Seniors they decided to have a picnic to celebrate the event.

Lambton was chosen as a suitable place, and the stately Seniors laid aside their dignity to indulge in baseball, quoits and tennis. Later on came a corn and potato roast, and not until the shades of night had fallen and it was time to return to the city, did the Seniors resume their dignity and talk learnedly along philosophic lines. The Seniors are to be congratulated on having a class chaperone who is also endowed with clairvoyant powers.

SCENE.—Royal Alexandra, at the presentation of Julius Cæsar—(Freshette, to her neighbor): I don't remember reading anywhere in the Bible where they used knives like that, and so many killed themselves.

W. L. S. PICNIC.—Lambton seems to be a favorite place for picnics this year, as the one given by the W. L. S. was held there also. As this was in honor of the Freshettes, children's games were chosen as most suited to the occasion. When the little ones were quite tired out with play, their kind hostesses provided a delightful lunch. The Freshettes, feeling they should do some thing towards the entertainment, amused the company by participating in a soda biscuit race, immediately followed by a whistling chorus. The evening drew to a close all too soon, and the picnic was voted a success by all.

FRESHMEN PICNIC.—Long Branch is an ideal place for a picnic,—so the Freshettes say. They know, because they were there Monday, October the seventh, for their class picnic. All had recovered from the strenuous exercises of the previous Friday evening, and were able to enjoy to the full the sports, as well as the lunch. The presence of the President and the other officers was a source of pleasure to the picnickers. Where were the Sophs? Hunting!

W. L. S.—The first meeting of the W. L. S. was held on Friday, October 1. The President welcomed the new members, after which matters of business were discussed. Then followed a short and interesting programme. The officers for the year are: Honorary President, Mrs. Findlay; President, Olive Wilkins; Vice-President, Irene Stilwell; Secretary, Isobel Fairbairn; Treasurer, Margaret Newton.

Go, little booke, God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayere,
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct, in any part, or all.—*Chaucer.*

Athletics.

EDITOR: H. C. HUDSON, '14.

"Better than Fame is still the wish for Fame,
The constant training for a glorious strife;
The Athlete, nurtured for the Olympian game,
Gains strength at least for life."

WITH the opening of another college term the mind of the student very naturally turns towards the athletic prospects for the year, both from his own personal standpoint, and from the larger viewpoint of the probable success of the various college teams throughout the year. This fall has brought forth the usual discussions as to the merits of the various athletic heroes who have returned, and anxious investigations into the athletic ability of practically every entrant into the University. Those who have been students at McMaster realize the fact that the athletic field is possibly the most democratic part of the college life. With fewer men trying for places on the various teams, competition is by no means as keen as it is at the larger universities, and one favored with only the most meagre athletic abilities is sure to be respected and given every chance to make good if he signifies his interest by taking some active part in the games or track work of the college. This factor alone is one which appeals especially to the man who is anxious to participate in sports but feels that he can spare only a limited part of his time to them. It shall be the endeavor of THE MONTHLY during the coming year to chronicle faithfully the activities in the world of college sport, and to encourage active participation of every student in some branch of athletics.

THE RESULTS OF THE FIFTH OLYMPIAD, held in Stockholm last July, are, of course, "ancient history" now, but a few facts which may have escaped the attention of the casual observer should be of interest to McMaster men. Commenting on the fact that the honors were almost equally divided between student and non-student contestants (in the case of the team from the United States), the *New York World* states that the democracy of contemporary sport is thereby established. But, at the same time, the fact that deserves special comment in regard to the victories won at the Olympic tournament is the large part taken by the representatives of the small college. The article says, in part: "There is no occasion to fear corrupting influences in American sport when a Y.M.C.A. boy and a youth from a country academy can win athletic honors in a world competition." Should not the magnificent showing made by the men referred to in the article quoted be an inspiration to the students of the smaller universities of Canada and the United States? Consistent training, and the possession of that quality which has been called "athletic zeal" are necessary, but it seems quite reasonable to believe that the necessary qualifications may be found here in our own college. Who knows but that the next Olympiad, in Berlin, in 1916, will find a McMaster representative worthily carrying the colors of his country and his University.

RUGBY.—CAPITALS, 30; MCMASTER, 12.—Saturday, October 5, saw the opening of the college Rugby season, when McMaster clashed with the Capitals on the Jesse Ketchum Athletic Field, and were rather decisively beaten in spite of the game fight put up by the wearers of the gray and maroon. The final score, 30 to 12, is not the feature of the game, however, that will live longest in the memory of those who saw the game. Fred McGregor's spectacular touchdown in the last quarter will certainly be remembered long after the other features of the match are forgotten. The score stood thirty to six with the opposing team pressing hard for another touchdown, when McGregor caught a long kick at one end of the field, broke through the opposing line, and, after a magnificent sprint with the backs in pursuit, placed the ball fairly behind the goal posts amid the enthusiastic applause of the supporters of both teams. That this touchdown did not make the game at least a tie, was unfortunate, but Capitals had too great a lead, and, in spite of the work of the team as a whole, and Ashmore and McCrimmon in particular, the O.R.F.U. men had an 18-point lead when the whistle blew for full time.

The McMaster line-up was as follows: Flying wing, Cline; halves, McCrimmon, Philpott, and McGregor; quarter-back, Ashmore (Capt.); scrimmage, Renno, Haddow, Howard, and Hisey; wings, Waters, A. Whan, E. Whan, Houlding, Hyde, and Williams. Referee—J. Key.

O. A. C., 20; MCMASTER, 13.—The second game of the season was that of Saturday, October 12, when McMaster journeyed to Guelph and played the senior team of the Ontario Agricultural

College. The result, 20 to 13, in favor of the Guelph boys, just about indicates the play, although it is an indisputable fact that the match was somewhat spoiled by inefficient refereeing and McMaster did not always benefit by the official's blunders. A heavy gale rendered the handling of punts extremely difficult, but from the first tackle by Kellock until the last kick over the dead line, McMaster played real football. Ashmore's signal plays were effective in the majority of cases, and he himself lived up to his previous reputation as an able general. Incidentally, also, he converted the two McMaster touchdowns as he has converted every other try in the past three seasons. Both touches were obtained on scrimmage bucks with Haddow holding the ball. Throughout the entire game McMaster had the better of the work on the line, but the Guelph boys excelled on the back division, and piled up the score with a succession of long punts over the dead line. Fumbles were frequent on both sides, as the grass of the campus was slippery after a heavy rain. Efforts are being made to have a return game played here this fall, when the McMaster team will seek revenge for the defeat.

The line-up follows: Flying wing, Kellock and Cline; halves, McCrimmon, Campbell, McGregor; quarter-back, Ashmore (Capt.); scrimmage, Renno, Haddow, and Hisey; wings, Philpott, Hyde, Williams, Graham, Waters, E. Whan, A. Whan.

The trip to Guelph to see the game with O.A.C. was one which will not soon be forgotten by the eighty-odd students who accompanied the team. From the time that Cheer Leader Ellis assembled his men at 8 in the morning until the train pulled into the Union Station twelve hours later, there was "something doing every minute," to use a slang expression. Two coaches were required to hold the crowd, but two coaches were not nearly enough to hold the noise that the same crowd made. Ably assisted by the "McMaster Band," songs were feelingly rendered in a way that aroused the unbounded admiration, or, at least, the applause, of many impromptu audiences at the various stations on the route. During the entire trip there was nothing to mar the good nature and enthusiasm of the students, and it was noticed that, while a victory would have undoubtedly been most heartily welcomed, there was no "soreness" shown. No one could tell from the spirit of the returning train-load that McMaster had gone down to defeat. In other words, the British idea of sport for sport's sake was amply demonstrated. Needless to say, the effect of the invasion of the barbarian host on the peaceful town of Guelph was very marked. As it was Saturday, there were more people on the streets than usual, and it is safe to state that not one of them went home without hearing or seeing the McMaster boys. Very many of them will remember for some time the unusual experience they had when they were corralled and persuaded to walk down between two long lines of cheering students. At the game the McMaster yell was only slightly inferior to that of O.A.C. in volume, but not at all inferior in enthusiasm.

The crowd stayed close together during the game, which increased the effectiveness of their vocal efforts, and also served as a protection against the pointed glances cast in their direction by the fair co-eds of Macdonald Hall. Incidentally, however, it might be mentioned, that some of our boys did succumb, as will be observed by the McMaster girls when they perform the annual inspection of the rooms in the Hall on Founder's Night. The presence of sundry ribbons and pennants will probably be difficult to explain satisfactorily. On the return trip the monotony of the journey was relieved by the really able work of the band, who delighted students and their fellow travellers with selections which found universal favor with everyone, with the possible exception of a two-year-old infant who raised indignant protests on several occasions. Bandmaster Clark does not feel hurt, however, as he appreciates the fact that the child was too young to be able to distinguish between good and bad music, anyway. Trembert, as newsy *pro tem*, made himself very popular with many of the travellers who had hitherto been totally unaware of the fact that Spearmint gum can be made to take the place of the family doctor.

In a speech before a general meeting of the Athletic Association, President Howard made a decided hit with a made-to-order epigram. Urging everyone to take an active part in the college sports, he declaimed most dramatically that "On the athletic field is grown the grain from which the college spirit is distilled!" After the dust had cleared away it was discovered that Mr. Howard had not been dealt with as severely as had at first been supposed.

Our Graduates.

Editor: J. H. Cranston, '05.

THE alumni whose activities naturally are of greatest interest to the undergraduates of to-day are those who graduated in Arts last spring. Hence they are given precedence in this issue.

Mr. E. R. Ashall is in the actuarial department of the head office of the Imperial Life Assurance Company, Toronto.

Miss Mildred Adam, '12, has been appointed assistant to Rev. H. H. Bingham, '04, pastor of Talbot Street Church, London, Ont. This is a new line of work for our lady graduates, except, of course, those who have married ministers.

Mr. C. S. Browne is doing M.A. work in Physics at McMaster. R. D. Dodge is back pursuing Theological studies, as are also G. E. Holmes, G. H. Thomas, and A. B. Vincent. R. V. Howard is taking M.A. Social Science work, and H. R. H. Silcox, M.A. work in Chemistry.

Several are preparing for teaching at the Faculty of Education, Toronto. They are: Miss J. I. Eede, Miss M. Fairbairn, Miss E. A. McGregor, Miss Maude MacLaurin, Miss A. B. Turner, Miss E. M. Wagstaff, and Miss Freda Wells.

Mr. T. Russell Wilkins, the President, and Mr. A. I. Ogilvie, are teaching Science and Moderns, respectively, in Woodstock College. J. R. Turnbull is teaching in Vancouver. E. D. Campbell is a teacher at Andrew, Alberta, and will attend Calgary Normal School after Christmas. R. Willcock is also one of the instructors of the young in the same place. He is also taking M.A. work in Education at Alberta University, Strathcona.

Law has claimed a number of Class '12. Miss L. R. Clements is in an Edmonton law office, and intends to be Alberta's first woman lawyer. She may some day have to match her wits against I. F. Fitch, who is also studying law in Alberta, but at Calgary. J. E. Howes and T. G. McLelan are learning the rudiments of justice in Vancouver. G. M. Duncombe is at the same work in Winnipeg.

Mr. Fred G. Poole is the only one of the men to take unto himself a wife. He was wedded during the summer and is Reading Camp Secretary for the Western Provinces, with headquarters at Brandon.

Miss G. W. Logie has changed her name. She is now Mrs. G. W. Robinson, of Summerland, B.C.

Mr. R. J. Gould is preaching "out West." That is the most the editor has been able to learn about him. Fuller information will be thankfully received.

The following young ladies are taking post-graduate courses in peeling potatoes and making "punkin pie" at home. Miss E. S. Chidley, Oshawa; Miss Olive A. Cross, Rochester; Miss Ethel MacNaughton, Maple; Miss J. L. Murray, Toronto, and Miss R. Stenhouse, Vernon, Ont.

The graduates in Theology are located as follows: W. E. Hodgson, pastor Jones Avenue Church, Toronto; A. E. Kelly, Kenmore, Ont.; J. B. McKendry, Aurora; E. E. Sayles, Oshawa; W. A. Tilley, Spadina Mission, Toronto; H. F. Veals, Mission Church, Hamilton; A. Ward, Brampton; Thomas Wearing, Eglinton; C. Harris, Uxbridge.

Rev. J. B. Grimshaw, Th. '03, is one of the Provincial license inspectors of the Ontario Government.

Prof. Frederick Tracy, for several years a popular lecturer on McMaster University Faculty, is now resident in Oxford, England. His health is improved.

Rev. P. A. McEwen, Th., '98, resigned the pastorate of the York Mills Church in the spring.

Among those graduates in the ministry who have changed their addresses since the last issue of The Monthly are the following: Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Marshall, '00 and '97, now at Chilliwack, B.C.; Rev. W. B. Tighe, '99, Wentworth Street Church, Hamilton; Rev. E. E. Sayles, '10, Oshawa; Rev. J. T. Cowan, '10, Midland; Rev. W. Raithby, '07, Dunnville; Rev. A. C. Campbell, Th., '05, York Mills; Rev. R. G. Blundell, Th., '02, First Baptist Church, Medicine Hat, Alta.; Rev. S. J. Arthur, Th., '88, Emmanuel Baptist Church, Winnipeg; Rev. W. R. Telford, '97, Oxford Street Baptist Church, Woodstock.

Graduates who have been ordained during the summer months are: W. A. Tilley, '10, Spadina Road Mission, Toronto;

G. S. Jury, '09, Cobourg; Caleb Harris, '09, Uxbridge; J. B. McKendry, '10, Aurora; A. C. Bingham, Th., '12, Petrolea; A. E. Kelly, '10, Kenmore.

REV. J. E. CHUTE, Th., '91, is home on furlough from India.

THE GENERAL gathering of the Alumni Association, held in connection with the commencement exercise, was in everything but numbers an unqualified success. The feature of the session was an address by Prof. Geo. Cross, Ph.D., now of Rochester Theological Seminary, on "Advancing Christian Theology," a scholary and inspiring narrative of the development of Christian thought. J. H. Cranston, '05, discussed ways of keeping the graduates in touch with the university. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Rev. W. T. Graham, D.D., Th., '89; First Vice-President, E. C. Fox, '06; Second Vice-President, President of Calgary Branch; Third Vice-President, President of Chicago Branch; Fourth Vice-President, President of India Branch; Secretary-Treasurer, I. G. Matthews, '97; Treasurer Library Fund, W. Findlay, '96; Councillors, Rev. L. H. Thomas, E. J. Zavitz, '04; Rev. T. Wearing, '09; A. J. Thomson, '99; Rev. H. R. Nobles, '06. The annual banquet, held in the dining hall, was attended by about seventy-five graduates. President J. B. McArthur, '05, was toastmaster. Rev. A. L. Huddlestone, '02, welcomed the new graduates, while T. R. Wilkins, '12, responded on behalf of the incomers. Rev. T. M. Dadson, '06, proposed the health of Alma Mater, which brought forth an eloquent response from Chancellor McCrimmon. A novel feature was the toast to "The Gentlemen," proposed by Mrs. J. H. Cranston (Eva Wilkins, '07). Mr. Joseph Wearing, '10, replied on behalf of the males present.

ON MONDAY evening, July 15th, the McMaster graduates who were on the Examining Board of the Ontario Department of Education, met for a re-union and luncheon in McMaster Hall. Among those present were: Miss C. A. Sanders, Orillia; Miss H. A. Iler, Pembroke; Miss A. Windsor, Athens; and Messrs. J. E. Calvert, London; E. A. Miller, Lindsay; P. C. McLaurin, Belleville; A. J. Madill, Fort William; and A. H. Fairchild, Weston. Mrs. Madill was also welcomed as a new member of '02. Each one present responded to the call of the toastmaster, Mr. Calvert. The spirit of loyalty to Alma Mater was a notable feature. The happy re-union was fittingly brought to a close by singing the McMaster song and giving three cheers for "Old McMaster."

THE FEATURE of the annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association was a very clever address by Mrs. J. B. Leathes on "Influence and Responsibility." The election of officers resulted thus: President, Mrs. C. B. Lewis, '06; First Vice-President, Mrs. J. H. Cranston, '07; Second Vice-President, Mrs. A. Imrie, '04; Secretary, Miss E. Kennedy, '08; Treasurer, Mrs. R. J. Marshall, '08; Executive, Mrs. H. L. Stark, '94; Mrs. E. J. Zavitz, '00; Miss E. McGregor, '12.

C. S. EDWARDS, '06, has given up his position on the Faculty of Woodstock College to become assistant to Rev. W. A. Cameron, '06, in Bloor Street Baptist Church. "Bill" and "Charlie" ought to make things hum between them, especially since neither of them has an "encumbrance."

PROF. ISAAC G. MATTHEWS, '97, is now a full-fledged Doctor of Philosophy. Chicago University granted him the degree at the June convocation.

PROFESSOR GEORGE CROSS, '96, formerly Professor of Church History at McMaster, has resigned the Chair of Systematic Theology, at Newton Theological Institution, and has succeeded Prof. A. H. Strong, LL.D., in the famous Chair of "Systematic" at Rochester Theological Seminary, the foremost in American Baptist Colleges. There are two other of our graduates on the Faculty of Rochester Seminary, Rev. Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, a Woodstock College man of the old days, and Rev. D. Bovington, '99.

AT THE ANNUAL examinations of the Faculty of Education all the graduates of McMaster who tried—eleven in number—were successful. Four qualified for interim High School assistants' certificates, Miss Bessie N. Arkell, '11; Miss Sadie E. Iveson, '11; Miss Georgina McGill, '11; Miss Mayme I. Montgomery, '11. Seven completed the course for specialists' certificates—Miss Martha A. Fitch, '10, Mathematics; Miss A. M. Menhennick, '11; and Miss Gertrude Pratt, '11, Moderns and History; Miss Bessie M. Pugsley, '08, Classics; Miss Madeline E. Young, '11, English and History; J. L. McLaurin, '09, Science; A. I. Ogilvie, '12, English and History.

MCMASTER UNIVERSITY graduates lost a good friend by the death of Mr. John Stark, of Toronto, on June 29th, at the age of 76. Mr. Stark was for many years a member of the Board of Governors, and was prominent in all kinds of denominational work.

Mr. P. C. McLaurin, '01, has been made principal of the Belleville High School. Congratulations.

Rev. Dr. W. T. Graham, Th., '09, delivered a series of lectures as the representative of the Baptists at the Union Summer Conference of British Columbia at Vancouver in August.

Franklin College did itself and McMaster honor in June by conferring the degree of D.D. upon Rev. J. F. Vichert, '97, now pastor of the historic First Baptist Church at Providence, Rhode Island.

Doctorates of philosophy are becoming quite common among our graduates. Here are the names of some of the boys who are now entitled to be addressed as "doctor," who have achieved that distinction lately: Stuart J. Bates, '07, Chemistry, University of Illinois, also awarded a Research Fellowship for 1912-13; George R. M. Wells, '06, Psychology, Johns Hopkins University, now a member of the staff of Oberlin College, Ohio; Fred. E. Lumley, M.A., '07, Yale University, who has joined the Faculty of the American Christian Missionary Society's Training School as Professor of Social Science and Service; Rev. Chester W. New, Th., '06, History, Chicago University.

Mr. E. E. "Bishop" Wood, '00, has been appointed Principal of the Fort William Collegiate Institute.

Mr. Frank Sanderson, LL.D., '09, and a member of the Board of Governors, will have the sympathy of all graduates in the death of his wife, which occurred in July. Condolences will also be extended to Rev. H. E. Stillwell, '94, whose wife died at Hanamakonda, India, on August 3rd.

Rev. J. H. Hunter, '99, who has been principal of the High School at Cowansville, Quebec, has been appointed Inspector of Schools in Stanstead and Compton Counties, Quebec. His residence will be in Coaticook.

Rev. Dr. W. E. Norton, Th., '91, of Toronto, a member of the Board of Governors, and Home Mission Secretary of the Ontario and Quebec Baptist Convention, is convalescing after a serious operation for appendicitis.

Rev John Stuart, Th., '84, who received the first B.D. granted by McMaster, then the Toronto Baptist College, was this summer honored by having the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him by Central University, Pella, Iowa, a college which he served as President for many years. He is now located at Monon, Indiana.

ALL McMASTER STUDENTS who came under his gracious influence will regret the death of Rev. Calvin Goodspeed, for many years Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics in McMaster, which occurred on July 6th at his home, Paradise, Nova Scotia.

MR. E. C. FOX, '06, and Rev. Dr. L. S. Hughson, Th., '90. were this summer elected as representatives to the University Senate as representatives respectively of the Arts and Theological graduates.

A McMASTER GRADUATE who has heard the call of Canada's West and deserted Uncle Sam, is Rev. Dr. H. P. Whidden, Th., '94. He has become the new President of Brandon Baptist College, Brandon, Manitoba, after a very successful eight years' pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Dayton, Ohio. Dr. Whidden at one time lectured in English at McMaster, and was also on the staff of Brandon College for a time, so that he is no novice at educational work. He is glad to be back in Canada, and is keen to make a success of the Brandon job, which is quite big enough for the biggest man in the denomination. McMaster men who are acquainted with him know he will make good with a vengeance.

MR. D. J. McPHAIL, '07, has struck it rich in Vancouver real estate. He is reported to be worth from $300,000 to $400,000. It is expected ''Dan'' will make a handsome contribution to the Alumni Lectureship Endowment Fund.

REV J. FRANCIS INGRAM, '99, who has been assisting Dr. Stackhouse in the American Layman's Missionary Movement. is returning to the foreign field this fall. ''Frank'' labors under the American Board at Rangoon, Burmah.

REV. W. C. PEARCE, '04, has resigned his position in the Teacher Training Department of the Manitoba Sunday School Association, and will re-enter the pastorate in Ontario.

MISS GEORGINA McGILL, '11, has been appointed by the Baptist Foreign Mission Board as a missionary to the Telegus in India. She leaves this month. The list of McMaster ''grads'' in India is becoming quite a long one.

REV C. T. HOLMAN, '09, since resigning his pastorate at Medicine Hat, Alberta, has been Field Secretary for the Alberta

Temperance and Moral Reform League. "Charlie" has made up his mind to return to Ontario.

REV. RALPH E. SMITH, '00, is returning to India this month after a year's furlough.

AMONG THE MCMASTER men who have taken to themselves wives during the past summer are the following: Rev. W. Raithby, '08, of Dunnville, whose bride was Miss Nellie L. Maitland, of Stratford; Ephrem Viens, '05, of the Cement Laboratory of the Public Works Department at Ottawa, who married Miss Anna Bella Robinson, of Arnprior; Rev. A. N. Marshall, '96, of Winnipeg, married to Miss Alice Beatrice Young, of Bridgetown, N.S.; Dr. Calvin A. Detlor, '09, of Eglinton, whose wife was Miss Gladys Jackson, of Toronto, formerly a partial student at the University; Gordon Cameron McEwen, '07, of Toronto, who wedded Miss Jean Loraine McArthur, of Chesley.

MISS M. FITCH, '10, is now teaching Mathematics at Lucan High School. Her place in Moulton College is taken by Miss Bessie Arkell, '11. Miss Ada Menhennick, '11, is teaching Moderns at Markdale, Ont., Collegiate Institute. Miss Sadie Iveson, '11, is principal of the Continuation School at Metcalfe,. Ont. Miss M. Montgomery, '11, is trying to instil French and German into High School students' heads at Stouffville. Miss Bessie M. Pugsley, '08, is teaching the boys and girls of Bowmanville to conjugate Greek verbs and translate Latin sentences. Miss A. Grierson, '10, is teacher of Moderns in the Newcastle, Ont., High School. Miss M. Harris, '08, is teaching History and Junior Moderns at Woodstock Collegiate Institute. Miss A. MacNeill, '03, is teaching Science work at Moulton College.

Woodstock College.

Editor: S. E. Waterland.

THE annual reception of new students took place on Tuesday evening, September 17th. A banquet, followed by a toast list, was given in honor of the new-comers. During the evening two new masters—Mr. A. I. Ogilvie, B.A., and Mr. T. R. Wilkins, B.A.—were formally welcomed.

The Athletic Association opened the season on September 21st, holding a Saturday morning meet. There is much good material among the Freshmen this year.

On Sunday evening, September 22nd, the Rev. J. M. Warner, B.A., preached the annual sermon to the student body of the college. His subject was "The Wrestling of Jacob."

The Ministerial Students in the college held a meeting on September 24th, to discuss ways and means. It was decided to hold weekly prayer meetings and to start a movement for the organization of an Evangelistic Band.

The College Senior Rugby Team met the London O.R.F.U. team in London on September 28th. The college won out by a score of 13-10. This was the first game of the season, and a start in the right direction.

On October 4th, the college was honored by a visit from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Sir Wilfrid, in a powerful address to the student body, laid great emphasis upon the need of courage in Canadian young men.

On October 3rd, the Rev. W. A. Cameron, B.A., of Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto, addressed two meetings at the college. He made a strong appeal to the boys, and turned the minds of many toward the Christ.

Annual Field Day was held October 11th, with an elaborate course of exercises. Some splendid work was done in the various branches of athletics. The Senior Championship belongs to Fred. Hill; the Junior was won by Gordon Hunter. The broad jump of L. Miller, 19 feet, and the pole vault of H. Bain, 8 feet 3 inches, are worthy of special notice.

Moulton College.

Editor: Miss Kathleen Hodson.

MOULTON COLLEGE has entered upon her twenty-fifth year this fall with an unusually large enrolment and every promise for a good year. A large number of the old girls have come back, and many of those who are registering for the first time have been sent to us by our graduates.

During the summer many improvements have been made, which have added materially to the comfort of both teacher and students.

Owing to several changes on the Faculty, we now have Miss Annie McNeill, B.A., taking part of the work in Bible and English: Miss Bessie Arkell, B.A., teaching Mathematics in Miss Fitch's place: Miss Willa Harding, a graduate of Moulton, teaching the Primary Class, and Miss Dempster, in charge of the Art Department.

Once more we have had a visit from our "Moulton mother," but because of illness she was able to meet the whole school only once. Mrs. McMaster is always so bright and optimistic, however, that her very presence in the school is felt, although she may not be able to meet us as often as we would wish.

We very much appreciated a visit from Miss Hatch, Dr. Allen and Miss Ryerse, who spoke to us at our missionary meeting on September 30th and gave us most inspiring talks on their work. Miss Ryerse will probably never know how much she has contributed to the spirit of contentment in this school by contrasting our life with the life in a girls' school in India.

While we have really begun to settle down to hard work, we yet have found time to delight our musical souls by attending several of the splendid concerts given lately in the new Arena and in Massey Hall.

The Old Girls' party for the new girls (for this is the commonplace name which designates our initiation ceremony) took place on Friday evening, October 11th. We believe the new girls almost enjoyed their initiation, because it was much less terrible than they had been anticipating. Since they manifested such a humble, teachable spirit, we decided to adopt them into the family. We are all old girls now, and, with a splendid spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty prevalent in the school, we are trying "per ardua" to make this one of the best years Moulton has ever known.

Here and There.

Editor: B. F. Trotter, '14.

"MY life is one demd horrid grind," said Mr. Mantalini, as he turned the mangle. We might, perhaps, have been pardoned, had we echoed his sentiments, on seeing the weighty pile of reading matter which had accumulated during our absence. And yet, now that it has been read, and entered on the books, we are glad that we did not. Already we are in love with our task. What could be more delightful than to wander through the pages of half a hundred college magazines, gleaning tid-bits here and there, and catching glimpses of the life and thought in as many of our sister institutions! It is impossible that we should share with our readers the full reward of our labor; but we shall serve up each month what seems to us the rarest in flavor of the grist that comes to our mill, occasionally, perhaps, salting it with a reminiscence of some old master, or adding a little of the cream and sugar of contemporary professional literature. Then, if there be any who will think they could have compounded a more nourishing, or a more piquant repast, we shall barricade ourselves behind our solitary Latin proverb: *De gustibus non disputandem.*

It was with a peculiarly reminiscent thrill that we saw again the familiar blue and garnet on the cover of the *Acadia Athenæum.* We would have received the magazine gladly, if only for old times' sake; but when it contained so noble a poem as "Another Reading (of Life)," which we print below, it was thrice welcome.

Away with tears and sighing,
And leaden-eyed despair:
Life is a flight for flying
Serene through sunlit air:
'Tis a ball if you'll but fling it,
A sceptre if you'll swing it,
A song if you'll but sing it,
And singing, find it fair.

What of the darkness pending?
The game may yet be won;
Life showeth not the ending,
But somewhere is the sun.

'Tis a garden if you'll tend it,
'Tis a bow if you'll but bend it—
A fool is he who'd end it
Before the game is done.

The same bells, at your ringing,
Will cheerily chime, or toll –
Say not that life goes swinging
To dirge notes and to dole.
'Tis a dragon?—you can slay it;
'Tis a ghost?—but you can lay it;
'Tis a pipe if you'll but play it,
And playing win your soul.,

—R. E. BATES.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is, perhaps, the most prominent—and permanent—figure in present-day literature; but occasionally he perpetrates "stuff," like "The City of Brass," "The Female of the Species," and "Ulster," at which some of his admirers are feign to weep. The last-named poem called forth a whimsical expression of sorrow at the great man's weakness from the pen of "P. G." in the *Oxford Magazine*. The following week there appeared in the same journal a would-be reply in the form of a serious and fitting tribute to Mr. Kipling's genius; but, as "P. G." cleverly shows in a later issue, it was no answer at all. We give our readers the benefit of the sequence.

TO R. K., IN DEEP DISTRESS.

Oh woe! It was a Poet (and the leader-writers know it),
That the Government in office he could shatter with a prophecy,
An indubitably celebrated singer who believed
And sent it to the Papers and was thankfully received.

They headed it and leaded it and masterly embedded it
Centripetally planted in the middle of the page;
To peruse it might amuse (it would depend upon your views); it
Filled about a column on a very narrow gauge.

There was Rome and Revolution and a lot of execution,
(And the metre got a *B*) and the Bullet and the Sword
And the singularly cynical, serenely Jacob'nical . . .
And somebody that read it was pyramidally bored.

We are very, very sorry when a Writer of Authority, abandoning the Sailor and the Soldier and the Nurse
(Or, in local color, *ayah*) for quotations from Isaiah,
Puts intolerable politics in execrable verse.

—P. G.

R. K.

IN ANSWER TO P. G.

Because he strove among his fellow men
And made his own their lives, their joys and fears;
Because he knew of Earth's first tenderness,
And the great wisdom of th' uncovered years,
He wrote, and fashioned laughter,
And wrote, and fashioned tears.

Because he drew the blind world as it is,
And not as weakling men would have it be;
Because he knew the lowest depth of life,
And yet the heights of lowest depth could see,
He showed us in the world we know
Forms of Eternity.

Because he saw beyond the words men speak,
Because, like us, he wrought with Love and Hate;
Because he met Despair and proved it false,
And chose the Little knowing it the Great,
He wrote, and some of us that read
Reopened Friendship's Gate.

Because he saw naught common on the Earth,
Because he wrote that we might understand;
Because he taught us that the hopes were true
That seemed to have been writ in shifting sand,
He wrote, and we who read could dream
A new life for the land.

Because he watched the lamps that we forsook
To follow each of us his idle whim;
Because he met with Life, and Death, and stayed
When long the dying lamps had flickered dim,
We come, the darkness past, to find
The Light we owe to him.

—M. W. C.

IN RE R. K.

A writer to your paper, Sir,
Enunciating his (or her)
Respect for Mr. Kipling's poem,
Put my initials in the proem.
I really cannot tell you why
I merited this grave reply;
It said that he has written nicely,
To which the answer is, "Precisely";
That other people cannot write so,
To which the right reply is, "Quite so";
That he has put the truth compactly,
To which we all retort, "Exactly";

And also that his name is great,
Which I was at some pains to state.
His greatness was the reason why
I did not like to see him try
Incitements to revolt and arson
If not (constructively) to Carson.

—P. G.

"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew, than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."—*Shakespeare.*

"IF YOUTH BUT KNEW."

The winds of God blow down the sky,
The dawn star trembles in the blue,
The voices of the morning cry,
If youth but knew.

In sunset flames the western sky,
The level lands are wet with dew,
And evening whispers with a sigh,
If youth but knew.

Dear heart, sad heart, if you and I
Were but to love's own dreaming true,
There were no reason in the cry
If youth but knew.

Martin How (*Trinity College Miscellany.*)

"A man can't always regulate himself according to history. There was Samson who lost his life because he had his hair cut, and Absalom because he didn't."

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The Ascetic.

Close by the cloister wall he waits and dreams
  Of all that earth bequests to those who serve.
And from the darkness, when the firefly gleams,
  Flit hopes, resolves, and deeds of brain and nerve:
He views them not. Yet others halt apart
  Amid the dangers of the chase to raise
Their brethren from the dust. Be they in mart,
  They likewise stand within eternal ways.

They speed to service, while he mutely dies,
  And burn at heart to do the very deed
He views afar with hermit ecstasies.
  So, part with part, they see the human need.
And rear the fabrics of eternal states,
While he still wishes at the cloister gates.

H. A. White.

John McLaurin.

In The Monthly for November, 1891, just after Dr. McLaurin had severed his connection with our Ontario and Quebec Foreign Mission Board and started for India again under the American Baptist Missionary Union, the late Dr. E. W. Dadson sketched his career and paid noble tribute to his character and achievements. This article will be in the main supplementary to that.

The founder of our Telugu Mission was born in August, 1839, at Osgoode, Ont. He was born again in 1854 and baptized into the fellowship of the Osgoode Church. He owed much to his home and much to the Church, which for years was under the Elijah-like leadership of Daniel McPhail. The call to the ministry came soon afterward. Indeed, McPhail, in welcoming him to the church, stirred that query. In 1864 he entered the Canadian Literary Institute, where he came under the mighty man-making influence of Dr. Fyfe, drank in strength and wisdom from the virile Christian life of the school, and himself won, in exceptional degree, the respect and confidence of students and teachers. The former called him "Zeus" in recognition of his strength and leadership.

While still a student he accepted the pastorate of the Stratford Church. There, after graduating, he was ordained July 24, 1868. The previous year he had attended the great Ingersoll Convention, when Mr. and Mrs. Timpany were set apart to foreign work. Since his fiancée, Mary Bates, was sister to Mrs. Timpany and daughter of the great missionary pastor, John Bates, it was natural that the question should arise in his own mind. It was settled at the Convention of October, 1868. He had told his friend, J. L. Campbell, that if there came a definite appeal for another man he would take it as God's call to him. The definite appeal came through the lips of the representative of the American Baptist Missionary Union. The two friends exchanged looks across the auditorium, their eyes filled with tears—the great decision was made and their paths would be far apart. The following March he appeared before the Board in Boston and was immediately appointed. Secretary Murdoch exulted as one who had found great treasure and pronounced him a second Andrew Fuller. On October 12th he was married and on December 22nd they sailed for India, which they reached in February, 1870.

The following month they joined the Timpanys at Ramapatam. Two years later they were transferred to the Ongole field to assist Dr. Clough, who, however, soon after returned to America on furlough, leaving the McLaurins in full charge. He was also associated with Dr. Jewett, the hero of prayer-meeting hill nearby. During his two years on that great field he had the unspeakable joy of baptizing 1,185 converts. It was the beginning of the great revival.

It was in 1873 that from the Convention in Brantford Dr. Fyfe cabled "Go to Cocanada on basis of your letter. Send resignation," and on March 12, 1874, Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin arrived in Cocanada. This action had been taken in response to the urgent appeals of Thomas Gabriel, an educated Telugu Christian, who had done much self-sacrificing work and won some scores of converts. But owing to Gabriel's financial mismanagement, affairs were in a very tangled condition. The task of the McLaurins was most trying and called for the utmost tact, wisdom and faith. But they triumphed over all difficulties and established the mission on sure foundations.

The work was fruitful from the first. During the first year 103 were baptized. At the end of 1877 there were 428 members. A boarding school for Telugu girls, a Telugu boys' school, and a Eurasian school were organized, and English services also were started. The Curries were the first to join them. They opened the Tuni station in 1876. The Craigs and Timpanys followed. Mr. Craig opened the Akidu field in 1880, while Mr. Timpany had taken up the burden at Cocanada and the McLaurins had returned to Canada in 1879. That home-coming was made a sad one by the death of their youngest child, who was buried in Bombay, whence they sailed on February 14th.

During that furlough much deputation work was done, and for a year and a half Mr. McLaurin served as professor in the Theological Department at Woodstock.

Early in 1882 they again reached India, and Mr. McLaurin gave himself to the task of founding the Theological Seminary at Samulcotta, for which Mr. Timpany had paved the way. The Seminary was opened in October of that year, with Mr. McLaurin as the first principal and Mrs. McLaurin on the staff of teachers. When in 1884 Mr. Craig and the Curries returned to Canada, double burdens fell to Timpany and McLaurin, with the result that early in the following year the health of the latter was so seriously impaired that he had to seek re-invigoration by a sea voyage to Rangoon. On February 19th the ardent but sadly overtaxed Timpany was suddenly cut off by cholera, and McLaurin, in his weak condition, was compelled to return at once and assume the whole burden. He did it in a spirit of uncalculating devotion. Currie, too, hearing of Timpany's death, cut short his furlough and hurried back, only to die a few months later. McLaurin still plodded on. But the strain was too great, and when, at last, reinforcements arrived, and in 1887 he set out for Canada, he was so completely broken in health that it was feared he would not reach home alive. That he came through the ordeal at all was probably due, under God, to the inspiring faith, cheerful hopefulness and loving care and resourcefulness of his devoted wife.

By the autumn of that year he was well enough to do deputation work, and to take vigorous part in the great educational discussion of the Jarvis Street Convention. At the St. Catharines Convention, in 1888, he was appointed Foreign Mission Secretary, and was the first to give his whole time to the work. For the next three years he held that office, and by his vigor of thought, fulness of knowledge, strength of conviction and apostolic enthusiasm, rendered the cause most valuable service. The effect was seen in very marked increase in contributions, and in a deepened and more intelligent interest in missions and the problems they involve. But he was too much of a missionary to be content at home. His heart yearned for India, and yet return under our own Board was impossible, for he could not live on the hot plains, where our mission is located. But when the American Baptist Missionary Union invited him to become their missionary, make his home at Bangalore among the hills, and devote himself to the production of a Christian literature for the Telugus, he joyfully responded; and thus, from 1892 until his final return in 1907, he gave himself with steady industry to a task which ministered to the Canadian missions as well as the American, and which, for that reason, was all the more satisfying to his own heart. These were busy years. He was editor of *The Telugu Baptist Magazine and Missionary Review*, and Secretary of the Telugu Baptist Publication Society. Each of these entailed much labor. He translated into Telugu a number of important books and many tracts and pamphlets. His largest single contribution known was the publication of a Telugu Commentary on the New Testament. He himself wrote the Commentary on three of the Gospels, the Acts, and two of the Epistles. In 1905 he represented the Telugu Mission at the Baptist World Congress in London, and in 1907 served in a similar capacity (as he was returning home) at the World's Sunday School Convention in Rome.

Dr. J. L. Campbell and myself saw him off as he set sail for India after the World Congress. We remarked to each other that he was not just his old self in vigor and intensity. The fact is that already there had begun the insidious trouble that compelled him to abandon his much-loved task in 1907, and ended his earthly career on March 27th of this year. The intervening years, years of slow passing from weakness to weakness, were such as try a man's spirit as few experiences can. It was pathetic to behold it. But through it all he maintained his integrity. He wondered, but he did not murmur. Indeed, toward the end he said, "In some ways I never was more happy in my life." And in answer to Mrs. McLaurin's query for an explanation, he said: "Well, I am so absolutely certain the Lord is ordering it all for some good, and also because He is so abundantly blessing His work in India." It was an unspeakable satisfaction to him that his son and daughter were giving their lives to the holy task that had so engrossed himself. And so, leaving the earthly task, with thankful confidence, to the second generation of toilers, he passed from our midst into the Master's presence, to take his place among the servants who serve Him there. On the Friday evening, services were conducted at the home by Professor Trotter, and in the Walmer Road Church by Dr. J. G. Brown, Brethren Norton, A. A. Cameron and Farmer taking part. The following day we laid away the body in the beautiful Woodstock Cemetery, where sleep so many of those whose memory Canadian Baptists honor.

Dr. McLaurin was no ordinary man. Intellectually, he was cast in a large mould. Though his mind was not of the encyclopædic type, yet his attainments were both solid and extensive. He knew how to get to the heart of a subject, brush aside unimportant details, seize and master the main considerations, and reach an assured judgment. His thinking was both clear and profound. He had exceptional capacity for organizing and administrative work. Like Carey, he could plod. He had a genius for steady, consecutive work, and possessed an indomitable will.

His moral fibre and early training were such that even if he had not become a Christian he would have been a man of honor, of honesty, and integrity. Meanness, trickiness, and the like were alien to him; even with the unconverted John McLaurin, one cannot imagine such things associated.

But he was more than a moral man. He was a real Christian. He had a genuine Christian experience. He was deeply conscious of his sin and ill-desert before the holy God, and experienced the preciousness of Christ and His saving grace. The Gospel was literally God to him. He rejoiced in it exceedingly. "Lost" and "saved" were meaningful words, and it was the

Gospel that bridges the otherwise impassable gulf between them. So, "with a fearing heart," he gazed upon the unsaved throngs that passed along the canal bank yonder in India. And then, thinking of the Christians, he writes: "Yes, I have sat on a cot in a house that, in many places in Canada, would be called a poor pigsty, and allowed the tears to stream down my face unrestrained as I looked upon those redeemed souls, and heard them sing: "A Blessed Elder Brother." Oh! at such moments I have felt heaven very near. Then my faith in *the glorious old Gospel, the blessed old Gospel,* was greatly strengthened. Then I did not wonder so much at Paul's almost insane glorying in it. *No wonder Festus thought him mad.* It was a kind of mania. The world thinks us mad, and so we want to be; beside ourselves for the overthrow of Satan's kingdom, beside ourselves to bring glory and honor to Jesus Christ." Words like these from a man of McLaurin's rugged type mean something.

It was that deep-seated passion that made him a missionary; that and the definite call of God took him to India at a time when to most men at home the idea of being missionaries never occurred. And the passion grew rather than waned as the years wore on. There was no touch of regret over the career he had chosen. India was on his heart and in all his thoughts. He was prepared for any sacrifice in her behalf. He met difficulties of all kinds; he went through heavy and varied trials; he joyfully gave a son and a daughter to the service; he was in deaths oft, and actually endured it for her sake, and did it all with the calm of a Christian hero, the noble joy of a Christian warrior. During these later days of waning strength, he often exclaimed with exultation: "I'm glad I had forty years in India." The last service he ever attended was one of our Walmer Road prayer-meetings. That massive brain had been steadily losing its power, and usually he was silent. But the heart was true and strong as ever in its yearning. No one at this meeting had mentioned India. But he was thinking of her. And just before the meeting closed, the yearning found trembling but impressive utterance in these few words: "And

India, Lord remember India, and bring to the light the perishing ones there." That prayer is working effectually to-day.

Dr. McLaurin had the insight and wisdom and courage which the right spirit imparts and fosters. His contributions to convention discussions were brief, but always to the point. At the World Missionary Conference in London, 1888, he pleaded for the world's evangelization by our generation, and declared that we had force enough to do it within twenty years if we did our duty. At the same Conference, he spoke brave words about Christian Union, showing that his zeal did not run away with his discretion. His paper at the Baptist World Alliance in 1905 was a masterly review of the situation in India to-day, and it was heartening to hear a man of such experience and possessed of such a judicial mind, say that the attitude of India toward Christianity is, on the whole, an honest, interested, investigating attitude. On that, as on many previous occasions, he showed that he had long ago grasped all the ideas that have been emphasized in the Laymen's Missionary Movement. The comparative indifference of Christians at home, and their lack of an adequate sense of stewardship, were in his mind when he uttered the words, "Do you wonder that our hearts are sometimes sore, sometimes hot with indignation, as we confront these millions with empty hands?" Long before, he had written to the Board:. "You can't imagine how we feel when we see whole districts showing a tendency to join us under the banner of the blessed Jesus, and we cannot take advantage of the favorable time through lack of means. I have trembled with eagerness and melted into tears in quick alternation as I have thought of it." He was a man of God, and such men have visions long before the multitude. May we all catch them soon.

Dr. McLaurin would have been a leader had he remained at home. His clear thinking, forcible expression, confidence in his message and burning earnestness made him an instructive and impressive preacher. It is not at all unlikely, however, that he would have been pressed into the work of teaching. He had that gift, as was abundantly shown in Woodstock and Samulcotta. The denomination's confidence in his ability and appreciation of his character and worth were shown in his call to Woodstock, his appointment as Foreign Mission Secretary, and the fact that he was the first to be honored by McMaster University with an honorary degree. He was made a Doctor in Divinity in 1892. But at our call and the call of God he went to India and became one of the most devoted and influential of missionaries. He baptized over 2,500 converts. He founded a mission which the *Missionary Review of the World* declares "is acknowledged to be one of the best managed and most successful missions in the world." The organization was on true lines, the order of the Commission: first evangelism, then education. All details were carefully planned. Devotion, wisdom, thoroughness became characteristic of the mission. The good precedent set by the founders has been followed. The Board at home has therefore found it easy and advisable to put large confidence in the Conference. That is one of the reasons for the phenomenal success of our work. Dr. McLaurin's literary work is a legacy to India that will bless her for many years to come.

In all this great service Mrs. McLaurin was her husband's earnest co-worker. Talented, cultured, consecrated, genuinely missionary in her own spirit, she sympathized with his ambition, helped by her counsel, shared in his trials at the station and in the Seminary, did invaluable deputation work in the home land, and in a thousand ways, by her brave spirit, her splendid faith, her intellectual strength, her wealth of wisdom and affection, practically doubled the effectiveness and value of his ministry.

Timpany and McLaurin have made a mighty contribution for good to Canadian Baptist life. Their names have a sure place in the bead-roll of our heroes. Their names are enshrined in the hearts of thousands of Telugus. But the greatness of their service and the fullness of their reward will only be known when at the last the Lord Himself will greet them in the presence of perhaps tens of thousands of India's sons and daughters, whose entrance into the Kingdom was made possible because they went to that myriad-peopled land.

J. H. FARMER.

Class Day at Harvard, 1912.

THE buildings of Harvard University occupy about eighty acres in the centre of Cambridge, Boston's largest suburb. The surroundings of the college are of great interest, from the standpoint of American history. From it, westward and northward, run the three principal streets of the city: Brattle Street, past the houses of Longfellow and Lowell; Garden Street, past the famous elm tree under which General Washington assumed command of the American army, and past the Observatory and Botanic Gardens; and Massachusetts Avenue, to Lexington and Concord, the road along which the British soldiers retreated after the battle of Concord. Near the junction of Garden Street and Massachusetts Avenue, on Holmes Place, is the site of the house in which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was born, and in which were the headquarters of General Ward and the Committee of Public Safety in 1775. This stretch of green is also notable for the fact that Samuel Langdon, president of the University, offered a prayer for the Continental troops assembled here before marching to Bunker Hill. On Holmes Place now stand the buildings of the Harvard Law School. Near by is a group of buildings, Massachusetts, Harvard, Hollis and Holden Halls, which date back to prerevolutionary times. These were used as quarters for the Continental army, the college, for a short time during the revolution, being moved to Concord.

Harvard Class Day, or the commencement exercises of Harvard University, consists of two functions. In the afternoon the students and friends of the university assemble in the vast Stadium, across the Charles River, in Boston. In the evening a garden party is held on the college campus. Originally the commencement exercises were held in the First Parish Church of Cambridge, but since the building of the Stadium, in 1903, have been held there. The students, who number between four and five thousand, line up in the college yard before marching to the Stadium, which is about half a mile away. Harvard Yard is the name given to the grounds, which originally formed the back yard of the first college buildings. It corresponds to our term "campus." It is surrounded by a high brick wall, with one large entrance on the west, known as "Johnson Gate." Several classes, on graduation, have had new gates constructed in the wall as a token of their loyalty to their alma mater. On entering the yard, one sees a spacious green campus, forming almost a square, and surrounded by buildings. A rather unique feature, but one of great service to the visitor, is a large map of the university carved in concrete and bronze, embedded in the earth. Of especial interest are the older buildings surrounding this campus. The dormitories, such as Hollis, Stoughton and Holworthy Halls, are typical of the earlier days of the institution. The meagreness of their equipment is quite striking to the visitor. Bare walls, stone floors, a fireplace, bench, table and bed of wood are the scanty accommodation displayed. Yet these dormitories are regarded as peculiarly desirable because of their associations, and during the last few years have been reserved for members of the Senior Class. Of course Harvard boasts of many more modern dormitories, some of which, inhabited by the sons of the rich, are luxuriously furnished; but, glancing at the list of former occupants on the doors of these poorer rooms, one may well understand the attractiveness of places associated in the closest way with the student days of such men as Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Phillips Brooks, and Theodore Roosevelt.

Of the many interesting buildings of Harvard it would be impossible to give an account in this short sketch, the purpose of which is rather to give a brief description of Harvard Class Day. This occasion is so different from anything held in our Canadian colleges that it is of great interest, especially to the student of a small university. For the event, the "Yard" is transformed into a miniature fairyland of Japanese lanterns and fountains.

Early in the afternoon it is filled with a joyous host of students lining up for the procession to the deafening accompaniment of class yells and cheers. In this student procession one of the interesting features is that not only the undergraduates and those taking post-graduate work participate, but graduates of all ages and stages, who come from all parts of the country to join in this reunion.

Over the river, in "Soldiers' Field," as the sixty-three acres of spacious playground is called, the scene is one of equal interest. The site of the great Harvard and Yale games is to-day one of picturesque beauty, modelled after the Colosseum at Rome. Harvard Stadium is an immense oval of white concrete, rising up in forty tiers to the broad gravelled roof, where the reporters' boxes are situated, and from which one may gain a wonderful view of Boston and the surrounding country. Now it is a mass of color. The decorations of red and evergreens form a pleasing contrast to the glistening stone. The variegated gowns and parasols of the thousands of fair occupants, the rippling river in the foreground, the rustic ivy stage erected in the opening of the oval, all reflected beneath the blue tent of the sky above, present a picture which will long remain in the memory.

Soon the music of the approaching band and sounds of hilarity mark the coming of the students. Each class marches in separately at one end of the oval, and, passing around the Stadium amid the applause of the spectators, crosses to the other side and seats itself on the green grass in front of the miniature stage. Each is supposed to do some "stunt" for the amusement of the audience. The first class to enter was, I think, the most interesting. It was made up of white-haired graduates, many of them veterans of the Revolution, some bent, some scarred, each wearing a Harvard red tie and hatband, and cheering like schoolboys. It would take too long to describe the entrance of so many classes, but two were greeted with particularly hearty applause. The class of 1902 were arrayed in white ducks and paddy green coats. They marched in to the music of

"The Wearing of the Green," each carrying a red balloon, and twirling a large green parasol over his head. They were headed by two bearing the class banner, with a bunch of balloons fastened to each corner. When all reached the front of the Stadium they let fly the balloons, and the mass of red soared skyward, to disperse over the town. The class banner hovered over the scene most of the afternoon. Class 1906 danced in to the tune of the "Sailor's Hornpipe," wearing green-and-white-striped blazers. In front, under a canopy of green and white, the class baby rode in a state coach of bamboo. When all were seated, the child opened a large box, and about seventy-five pigeons, decorated with the class colors, rose with shrill cries into the air. This sight was heartily applauded.

After the green oval of the arena had been changed into an agitated mass of humanity, the Harvard Glee Club opened the exercises of the afternoon with the singing of "Johnny Harvard." The University Glee Club is certainly worthy of note. Consisting of twelve or fourteen of the finest voices chosen from the whole student body, its selections, both for the excellent harmony and wonderful expression displayed, were a source of great pleasure to the guests, both in the afternoon and evening. The most important event of Class Day is the "Ivy Oration." This is an oration delivered from the ivy stage erected on the oval, and thence derives its name. Its character, perhaps, is hardly what one might expect. Its success depends, not on the amount of logical acumen which may be displayed therein, but rather on the wit with which it scintillates. This year the Ivy Orator chosen by the school was the President of *The Lampoon*, the Harvard illustrated comic paper. He gave a mock political oration, which appealed especially to the audience in view of the approaching Presidential campaign. Alternate groans and laughter at each successive pun or shaft of wit testified the approval of the audience.

After its conclusion, the president of the Athletic Association mounted the stage and led in successive "Harvard Cheers" for all the different teams and crews of which it was composed, the faculty, the graduates, and the various years. The exercises closed with the singing of "Fair Harvard," during which balls of confetti and rolls of paper ribbon were lavishly distributed. Then followed the prettiest sight of all. Those in the Stadium showered their confetti and ribbons on the students in the arena, and thereupon resulted a miniature warfare. Wires had been strung to catch the ribbons, and soon the vast crowd was covered with a variegated mass of color. As the festive throngs filed back to the university, the narrow streets were carpeted with confetti, and even the river was a flowing mass of brilliant hues, sparkling in the sunlight.

During the interval between the Stadium exercises and the evening garden party, it is customary for the different clubs of the university to invite their friends to the "college spreads." Harvard, although it scorns the name of "fraternity," has many student associations known as "clubs." The largest of these is the Harvard Union, for which every student enrolled in the university is eligible. There are in all about forty clubs in the college.

About seven-thirty in the evening the college campus becomes a scene of great beauty, as the thousands of electric lanterns spring into brilliancy. The splashing of the many fountains gives a refreshing sense of coolness to the June evening. Fifty thousand people surge over the spacious grounds. Two of the best bands of the neighboring city contribute to the festivity of the occasion. From nine till ten o'clock the Glee Club furnishes selections, which are always greatly enjoyed by those fortunate enough to get within sound of their voices. The festivities continue till nearly midnight, and then, the legend goes, after every guest has departed, and darkness once more enshrouds the scene, the students steal noiselessly down to the brimming fountains, there to disport themselves in merriment fitting to the closing function of the college year.

Olive Wilkins, '13.

The Quitter.

IT was sunset hour, and the sun was rapidly disappearing behind the distant bluffs. A wondrous fiery glow overspread the western sky, and even in the east the sapphire blue of the horizon was edged with rose-tinted clouds. A faint globe of light indicated the rising moon. In the hollows below the bluffs all was shadow. It was one of those scenes, wonderful to the uninitiated, which exist almost unnoticed by the ordinary westerner.

There were only three figures to suggest life in the picture. On the highest bluff, in clear relief against the golden glory of the sunset, stood a man and a dog, while a horse grazed below in the valley. At intervals the dog struck off in pursuit of some real or imaginary gopher. But the gopher seemed to find sure refuge in its burrow, and the dog trotted back to its master, who stood with head slightly bent, facing the west, his hands clasped behind him. He was neither short nor tall, and what the Scotch would term spare in figure. His mouth was firm, almost stern, and his eyes—it would be hard to describe them—deep, grey and serious; and yet there was in them that expression that children trust instinctively. He could not have been a bad man, with eyes like those; and yet—well, when a man comes into a new country, he owes something to the people he meets there. He must eat with them, drink with them, smoke with them; if he think with them, so much the better. When he fails in these, why should the old-timers not be suspicious? The Man had done none of these. He had come into the Bluff country two years before, a homesteader; he had built his shack and done his breaking; he had lived on his land; he had fulfilled the demands of the Government. And yet, even in the way he had done his work, the one thing he seemed to do in common with his neighbors, there was something different. He worked like most men fight, desperately, grimly, accepting no quarter. And yet he had the air of a man who did not have to work.

When he had first come, the neighbors had offered him of their hospitality, and he had accepted it courteously, reservedly, but indifferently, and before this indifference they soon gave up the attempt to be neighborly, and he was left to himself. He became simply an x that formed part of no equation. When he was mentioned, it was as "the homesteader on 31."

His shack had been a subject for much discussion in the section. Outside, it was like other shacks, perhaps a trifle less skilfully built than some; but the interior was a bundle of contradictions. On one side of the big square room was the regulation cook stove, with its essential coterie of pots and pans ranged on nails behind it; a table, a shelf with a few dishes, a bin for flour, sugar, etc., and a chair. In another corner was a bunk or stretcher; but in the other corner there was a rough bookcase, a table with a reading lamp, an armchair, and on the wall two framed prints in black and white—one of a knight in armor, leading a white horse, the other merely of a rocky cliff, with a stormy sea beating on it. That was all, save that on the table, back of the books littered upon it, was the photo of a white-haired woman, with deep, grave, kindly eyes, like those of the homesteader. It was a peculiar way to furnish a shack, in a country where books were for ornament, pictures for brightness, and reading lamps unnecessary because people retired before the last tint of color left the west if there were nothing more interesting than a book to keep them awake. The shack stood on the edge of a bluff. To the west a clump of cottonwoods hid the bareness of a higher bluff near at hand, bare save for the low growth of buffalo brush that covered it, and in the spring, when the cottonwoods covered the ground with their down, the brush filled the air with its sweet, subtle fragrance. It was springtime now.

It was on this steepest bluff that the man was standing, waiting for the last of the fiery globe to vanish. When the last point of red had disappeared, leaving the sky still stained with its radiance, he roused himself, took a long look at the scene about him, drew a deep breath, and slowly wandered back towards the cotton trees that hid the shack. As he went, he repeated, half to himself:

> "All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist.
> Not its semblance, but itself . . .
> The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard."

He broke off. "Yes, it might, for a man who can say that. And here again the beggar gets after the same idea:

> "What I aspired to be,
> And was not, comforts me."

"It's all right for those fellows who have done the thing worth while to talk of failure that way; but——. Oh, hang it all! It's a beautiful fizzle I've made of things altogether, and sometimes this last seems about the limit; but at least I'm not mixing anybody else up in it this time. Here you, Socrates! Let those gophers take their evening constitutional in peace! Whatever is the rascal barking at? Sounds like there must be somebody down at the shack there. Why in thunder they can't let a fellow alone——." Here the trail brought him in sight of the house. At first glance it seemed as usual; but presently, around the corner came a pair of blue overalls, a broad-brimmed straw hat, and underneath and within the same, an infantile son of the soil of some seven years, who carried his real estate with him on hands and face. His hair was of the fair, tousled variety, and his face was rather sober and businesslike for one so young. The man stopped short, half-amused, half-amazed. He had been wont to like kiddies of that size down east, and they him; but he had not seen or cared to see any around here. Likely the youngster was lost. Here "the youngster" put an end to any further conjecture. "Hullo, Mister. Youse the homesteader, ain't you? I came to call on you."

The amusement doubled in the man's face. "Indeed," he said. "I'm delighted to make your acquaintance. But who are you?"

"Oh, I'm Gus Carter. Gustave is my real name, but everybody calls me Gus. What's your name?"

The man ignored the question. Carters? They must be the family over on 36, five miles away. But how did the boy get over here, and how was he to get back home?

But Gus, having received no reply to his question, went on: "I go to school, but I don't like it, and I ran away to-day 'stead of going. We got to read out of books, an' say, 'Cuh-ah-tuh Cat,' and things like that. It don't do any good. Say, you've got a lot of books, haven't you? Mother, she has some, too; and she reads them to us nights—all about Hercules and dragons and things, and verses, too. I like them sort; but these school books aren't any good at all. Mother won't like it that I ran away. She wants that I should learn a lot, and I don't like it; but I don't like to go home, 'cause it'll make her sorry. She's just a woman, you know," he added as apology for this sign of weakness.

"So you've been at it, too, you little scamp?" said the man, half to himself. "Cutting lectures thus early—they'll pluck you yet; but you don't think of that till after. You're right, man; the school books are never any good, and it's always the other sort that are. But won't your mother be worrying about you?" He turned to the youngster. She must be above the average if she loved books in this country.

"Yes, I s'pose she will; but I don't know the way, and I'm hungry. I ate the lunch in my pail; and I got off the trail, and I guess I went to sleep in the bluff there; and when I woke up it was getting dark, so I came here. I heard the dog, and I ain't scared of you. Some of the kids are, but I ain't—not now."

The man was thinking it was going to be rather a nuisance riding away over to 36 with the boy, and having to be bothered seeing people; but he was rather an interesting little chap, and he must be hungry. He called the boy into the house and began to search for something eatable. Gus began a tour of inspection, but nothing interested him till he came at last to the bookcase. "My, what heaps of books! I wish mother could see 'em. She likes books, mother does; and pictures. What a big picture this one is. I never saw one so big. It looks like that rock was fighting those old waves coming at it so hard. But this one—the man and the horse—he looks happy about something; and good, too. I like that picture," he added. So he chattered away till supper was ready. Then a new thought suddenly struck him: "My mother always gets me my supper. Haven't you got any mother?"

"Yes," muttered the man.

"Then why aren't you with her? Did you run away, too?"

The man's face took on a shamefaced expression. Well, why not tell this baby? It would be a relief to tell somebody, and the child wouldn't understand too much. With a sudden move, he went to the table and came back with the photo. "This is my mother," he said, "and she's all right, you bet; but I was like you. I didn't like school. They wanted to make a lawyer of me, but it didn't work. I was always reading the other kind of books—about verses and dragons, you know. Well, in the end, they starred me, and I guessed my mother would be sorry. So I ran away, too. I wasn't doing anybody any good back there, and I guess they won't mind being rid of such a quitter as I am." He stopped. Somehow or other the quitting seemed more serious than usual to-night. He looked at Gus. The lad had finished his supper and was looking at the photo. "She looks just like my mother does when I've run away and hurt her feelings; and she's always glad when I go back, and doesn't scold a bit. Why don't you do that? I most wish I was there now."

The man's face had taken on a softer expression than had touched it for months. "You wait here, lad, till I get the saddle on Pegasus ,and we'll get there in no time," he said, and went out into the bluffs. "I wonder, I wonder," he said, as he caught and saddled the broncho. "Like little Gus, 'I most wish I was there,' too. It looks like quitting again, but who cares what people think. I can make good. I'll do it, too. Didn't that man Browning say, too, something about,

> "All I could never be
> All men ignored in me,
> This I was worth to God"

"and to you, too, I guess, mother." And he rode back to the shack.

"All right, Gus," he called, as he jumped off and held Pegasus by the bridle. And Gus, who had been half-asleep, picked up his broad-brimmed hat and trudged to the door. "Why," he said, as he saw the man standing there in the lamplight, "why, you look just like the man in the picture—like you were going to do something good."

"Well, lad, I'm going to try," he said, as Pegasus struck the trail. But Gus' sleepy little head was already resting against his shoulder, and he murmured, "It feels awful good to be going home."

Enid A. McGregor, '12.

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Editorial Notes.

A descriptive sketch of "Class-Day" at Harvard, appearing elsewhere in this number of The Monthly, not only gives us a glimpse of one of the graduation functions of a great American university, but serves as well to indicate, by a contrast which we can hardly avoid, our own lack of concerted action on the part of the whole University body in connection with the graduation exercises. Too much, perhaps, our own commencement has come to be a Graduation Year ceremony, and too little has it been a University function in which graduates and undergraduates and every factor in the school life have full representation. There is little suggested by the Harvard ceremonies which can be directly appropriated to ourselves, but this article, by one of our own undergraduates, serves well to open up a line of thought which should lead to action.

College News.

Around the Hall.

EDITOR: G. M. GOODFELLOW, '13.

"De more I t'ink, de more I'm scare."

NO, the reference is not to that dear, dim, distant period of—dare we say it?—exams! It is merely to the fact that the hungry, seemingly insatiable chief is calling for copy again, and we have almost been found wanting. It is the peculiar privilege of the editor, in his "opening remarks," to register objections or offer suggestions relevant to the conduct of the student body and its organizations. But the said conduct has been of a high order. Wherefore we are almost speechless. And again we say "almost," since the publication, in the October issue of THE MONTHLY, of a communication in reference to the use of library books, affords a basis for a line of thought. To some of the students, the use of these books has an important part in the routine of study. If, therefore, one is missing from its proper place on the shelves, and the librarian has no record of its withdrawal, there is, without doubt, just cause for wrath on the part of the individual affected. His work in one particular branch may be interrupted until the use of the desired book can be obtained. It is a fact that frequently volumes are taken from the library without any record being left, and are retained by the thoughtless borrower, without fear of detection, for a period as long as may be desired. This is very convenient from the standpoint of the one who borrows; it is extremely annoying and embarrassing for others. Public opinion may be useful as a weapon for reform; but with the offenders themselves lies the ultimate solution, the complete discontinuance of the practice. Let us broaden our viewpoint, and strive in future for the general, rather than individual, welfare and convenience.

GREETINGS FROM BRANDON.—At chapel service, on October 24th, the attendance was even larger than usual, because of the announcement that Dr. H. P. Whidden, the recently-appointed President of Brandon College, would speak to the students. Dr. Farmer briefly referred to the stirring addresses delivered at the convention in Brantford by Chancellor McCrimmon and by Dr. Whidden. He believed that both McMaster University and Brandon College held higher place in the hearts of Canadian Baptists because of the powerful words spoken by these men. Dr. Whidden addressed the students briefly, bringing greetings from the new college in the West to the older one in the East with which it is now affiliated. His message to the students was the hope that they might attain the fullest measure of success in their lives by allowing the love of God to dominate them and control their purposes. In so doing they would make the University an increasing power for good in the community, because the students are the University. Dr. Whidden is a graduate in theology of McMaster.

THE DRINK PROBLEM.—Some seventy of the students were surprised and pained to witness, at dinner on a recent faculty day, the appearance of ten bottles of milk at table H. It is suspected by some who are interested that a combine exists between the powers that be and the City Dairy Company.

INTER-COLLEGE DEBATING UNION.—The season of inter-college debates is at hand, and the Kerr Shield, this year held by Osgoode Hall, will again be zealously sought by the eight institutions which comprise the Union. At a recent meeting of the I.C.D.U., the following officers were elected: Honorary President, Rt. Hon. R. L. Borden; Honorary Vice-President, Hon. N. W. Hoyles, K.C.; President, C. B. Crowe, McMaster University; Vice-President, V. C. Quarrie, St. Michael's College; Secretary-Treasurer, A. L. Smith, Victoria College. A schedule was drawn up, which fixed the date of opening of the Union as November 13, the contestants to be Knox vs. University College, and Wycliffe College vs. Osgoode Hall. On the evening of Tuesday, November 19, the teams of Trinity and St. Michael's College will meet, and on the same evening, in Castle Memorial Hall, Victoria College and McMaster University, old-time rivals, will argue the subject, "Resolved that the time has come when the best interests of the Empire will be served by the formation of an Imperial Parliament." F. W. Waters, B.A., and W. M. Turnbull, '13, are the choice of the McMaster enthusiasts, and defend the negative of the resolution.

Bulletin Board Censor.—Following the plan suggested and carried out last year, with such excellent results, the Student Body Executive has appointed a censor for the bulletin board. Mr. G. H. Thomas, B.A., is the choice of the executive. He has instituted sweeping reforms, and has made a general clean-up. Advertisers henceforth must conform to regulations or be denied the use of the board.

Literary Society.—The meeting of the Literary Society, on October 18, was graced with the presence of the élite of Year '13 on the platform. Miss Benner opened the programme with a delightful piano solo. J. D. Morrison then delivered a most learned and humorous lecture on the origin and uses of coal-oil, followed by vocal solos by Miss J. L. Murray, B.A. The programme closed with a 'cello selection by Dr. Swedelius. A very pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of a handsome bouquet to the Secretary of the Society, F. C. Madill, '13, a gift which expressed the friendship and admiration of his classmates. Owing to the Thanksgiving vacation, the regular meeting of the society was not held on October 25.

The Danger of the Unemployed.—The Fourth-Year class in economics was recently thrown into a panic by the citation of a case in which a man was sentenced to jail for refusing to work. Matters were not improved by the additional information that the offender was convicted because he had no visible means of support. Several members of the class were noticed to pale quite perceptibly at the sound of footsteps at the door in the corridor.

Debating Society.—The very important question of Home Rule for Ireland was discussed at the first meeting of the Debating Society on Saturday, October 19. E. G. Black, '13, supported the affirmative of the debate: "Resolved that Home Rule, as proposed by the Liberal party in the British Parliament, is in the best interests of Ireland and the Empire." M. R. Hartley, '13, championed the cause of the Protestant minority in Ireland. The Ulsterites seemed to have elicited a great deal of sympathy from those in attendance, since a majority sat on their side of the house. Victory does not always perch on the banners of the most numerous forces, however, as was proven by the decision of the judges, R. A. L. Knight, B.A., and E. E. Hyde, '13, who ruled that the men from Ulster did not know what was good for them. Home Rule will, therefore, be given Ireland at the next session of the British Parliament. W. M. Turnbull, '13, offered helpful criticisms, while the judges were arriving at a decision. Owing to the failure of A. H. Brodie, '15, to return to McMaster this year, nominations were received for the office of Secretary-Treasurer, thus made vacant. The meeting adjourned with the singing of the Irish National Anthem.

THE MONTHLY extends deepest sympathy to Mr. F. D. Weir, '13, who has recently suffered bereavement in the death of his father, Rev. W. C. Weir, B.A., at Woodstock.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.—The Social Science Club has already commenced operations. The first meeting was held on October 17th, when the speakers were Geo. McColl, Deputy-Mayor of Wanganui, New Zealand, and J. H. Cranston, '05, editor of the *Toronto Star Weekly.* Mr. McColl delivered a short address on the social reforms being enacted in New Zealand, dealing especially with woman suffrage, labor problems and temperance reform. J. P. Whitney's plan to do away with the treating system would probably be laughed to scorn, and N. W. Rowell's proposition to abolish the bar is extremely moderate, when compared with the unusually vigorous measures which reformers are attempting to adopt in that country. Mr. Cranston's address was on the subject, "Journalism as a Profession for the College Graduate," in which he told in a most interesting way of the opportunities, joys, and difficulties that come to one entering the profession. The attendance was large, and in every respect the meeting was an encouraging inauguration of the series of addresses which are to be held under the auspices of the Club.

The speaker at the regular meeting, held on Thursday evening, October 31, was Mr. A. J. Thomson, B.A., a graduate of McMaster in the class of '99. The subject was " Law as a Profession," with which Mr. Thomson, by reason of his ten years' legal experience, was eminently fitted to deal. The speaker outlined the duties of the profession and the qualifications necessary to one entering it. A short informal discussion of pertinent questions followed. To the score of prospective lawyers in attendance, the address was especially interesting and instructive.

PROFESSOR (as he regards the carpetless platform in the chapel): "No wonder some of the Faculty have 'cold feet' at chapel service time."

PRESENTATION TO MISS MCGILL.—On Tuesday evening, October 29, in the Ladies' Room of the Hall, Year '11 mustered its members—that is, those who still remain in the city—to bid farewell to Miss McGill, a classmate, who was to leave shortly for the foreign field. In addition to the members of the class, Chancellor and Mrs. McCrimmon and several members of Year '12 were present to join in wishing *bon voyage* to the guest of the evening. V. W. Price, President of Year '11, was in the chair. After some time had been spent in social intercourse, an address was read and a club bag was presented to Miss McGill. Short speeches were made by the Chancellor and others. Miss E. D. Kellock and Mrs. C. A. Detlor (*née* Gladys Jackson) contributed to the musical part of the evening's enjoyment.

JUNIOR PICNIC.—Never did Nature favor a McMaster class with a more perfect day than Monday, October 14th, when Year '14 held their annual picnic. The scene of the happy event was Scarboro Bluffs. During the afternoon such games as baseball and French tag were entered into with the keen enthusiasm which is so characteristic of Juniors and Juniorettes. Then all decided to count the steps leading down to the lake shore, and presently a gallant company was seen gathered around the glowing campfire at the bottom of the tall, grey cliffs. As the new moon rose out of the foaming deep, she smiled enviously upon this gay group of students, drinking coffee and eating heartily of wieners, and sandwiches, and peaches, and grapes.

They sat them down upon the moaning bar,
  Between the bluffs and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of McMaster,
  Of work, and mystic firsts; but evermore,
Most weary seemed the Greek, weary the gown,
  Weary the dizzy depths of deep theology.
Then some one said: "We will return to town
  No more, but here shall dream of sweet geology."
But all at once they rose; a moment later
They loudly sang, "McMaster, Alma Mater."

Thus the happy event passed into history.

[*Editor's Note.*—This news item is published with apologies to Tennyson.]

HELP! HELP!—The freshman war-cry has at last made its appearance. Although the slogan was hurled tauntingly at the sophomores on Field Day by two-score pairs of lusty lungs, those who were not within the secret circle were utterly unable to grasp the import of the cleverly arranged and mystifying composition. The most difficult contortions of throat and brain are required for its proper rendition. The effectiveness of the yell is slightly marred, however, by the use of one English word. The distinguished linguist who composed this really inspired work, and who modestly refuses to permit publication of his identity, will doubtless be able to remedy this slight defect by translation of the word into the language used throughout the remainder of the poem. With this alteration, a copyright might be obtained, and the yell might be sold to a tribe in the South Sea Islands for a sum which would be sufficient to pay expenses of the Year without the levying of a class fee. We regret that a translation into English has been unobtainable for this issue:

Hyalaka, skyalaka,
Hullabaza bazoo—
Muckety rax,
Kerickety pox;
  Hip de minnega boo,
Banzai, opsomai,
Scrackety rixie roo.
    Sixteen! Sixteen!
Hurrah! Hurrai! Hurroo!

Auction Sale of Magazines.—The annual sale of magazines by the Literary Society was held on October 16 and 17. It is not known whether it was on account of the increase in the number of periodicals to be sold, or because of the financial stringency amongst the members of the freshman year, that two auctioneers were engaged for the occasion. F. A. McGregor, '13, became exhausted in his endeavors to induce the theologues to buy, and was succeeded by A. A. Trembert, '14. The fabulous sums paid for the Liberal papers proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Liberalism is not yet dead in Canada. Owing to the extreme modesty of the fresh theologues, "*Life*" in the ladies' room was sold for only half its real value. A unique feature of the sale was the reckless manner in which a senior threw away his cash, paying ten cents for a paper that comes into the reading-room free of charge. The proceeds show a slight decrease in comparison with previous years.

Freshman-Sophomore Banquet.—The annual Freshman-Sophomore banquet was held in McConkey's palm room on

Wednesday evening, October 30th. The student body and the classes in arts were represented by their respective presidents and vice-presidents. Suitable menu cards in the new college colors added to the appearance of the well-decorated room. When the Freshmen's inner man had been satisfied, E. A. Smith, President of Year '15, welcomed the guests, and then proposed "His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fifth," in response to which the National Anthem was sung. In sympathetic and instructive words, G. M. Philpott, '15, toasted "The Freshman Class." The response was made by P. P. Ziemann, President of Year '16, who voiced the sentiments of his classmates in a neat speech. Mr. Earl Ludlow rendered a vocal solo very acceptably, after which "The Faculty" was proposed by I. S. Reeds, '15, in his own very original manner. Dr. J. B. Tingle, the Sophomore Honorary President, in his ever-witty and humorous style, responded to this toast. R. L. Kellock, '15, took much pleasure in proposing "The Ladies," which was replied to by Miss E. P. Davis, the Vice-President of the same year. Mr. Ludlow again favored the audience with a vocal solo, entitled "When Song Is Sweet." P. K. Hambly, '15, did himself justice by the capable way in which he proposed "Alma Mater." All joined in response to this toast by singing "Thy Praises, McMaster," which served as well to introduce an informal half-hour. In spite of the inherent bashfulness of many of the freshmen, the object of the evening's function was largely realized, and the Secretary of Year '15 is rejoicing in the fact that his efforts have resulted in the breaking down of the reserve which seemed to be the outstanding trait in the character of each and every freshman whom he approached previous to the banquet.

Nip and Tuck Society.—Those who are interested in the work of this society will be glad to know that at a recent meeting the brave little band took a definite step with respect to the principles espoused by the organization, and so definitely set forth in the club yell. The exact nature of the important deal put through can be divulged only to active members, but we take this opportunity of requesting any who were not present at the meeting to interview the Secretary immediately, before the shares in the new concern are all purchased. To all who become shareholders, a bonus of watered stock is being given. In short, a melon has been cut. A precedent was established also, when, for yeoman service rendered the society, the first freshman in its history was admitted to membership.

FYFE DAY.—The first Fyfe Day meeting of the school year was held on the afternoon of October 31st, at which there was a large attendance. After the devotional exercises, the President, T. J. Hind, introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Rev. John MacNeill, B.A., of Walmer Road Baptist Church. Mr. MacNeill gave one of the most eloquent and inspiring addresses heard in the University for many years, on the subject of "Service." Personality, he said, is the most valuable asset possessed by any man; indeed, personality is the man. There were three possible ways in which one might invest his personality. The first is by destroying it, wrapping it up in a napkin and burying it. The second is by misdirecting it. The third is by following the example of Jesus, who came to be the servant of men. In the direction of that service lies the fullest guarantee of the development of personality. The ministry of service is the only use of life that will ever leave behind any permanent name, or carry with it cumulative power. At the close of the meeting, the several years adjourned to classrooms, where prayer meetings were held.

The evening meeting took the form of a farewell service to Miss Murray, returning missionary, Miss McGlish, of the Chicago Baptist Missionary School, and Miss G. McGill, B.A., a graduate of McMaster in the class of 1911, on the eve of their departure for the foreign field. Speaking on behalf of the faculty, Dr. Trotter emphasized the fact that McMaster is a missionary institution, already well represented on the mission field. Miss Jessie Kee, '13, on behalf of the student body, and Miss E. D. Kellock, B.A., for Year '11, spoke of the place Miss McGill had won among them by her devoted Christian character in school life and out of it. Miss McGill replied briefly, and immediately won the sympathy and admiration of all present in her declaration that she counted the giving of her life to missionary work not a sacrifice, but a glorious privilege. In a few words Miss McGlish displayed a most consecrated spirit. "It is not so much the need of India that fills my vision, but the sufficiency of God for the situation," was the vibrant note in a stirring address by Miss Murray. Words of inspiration and encouragement were spoken by Dr. Pearl S. Chute, J. E. Chute, Mrs. John Firstbrook and J. N. Shenstone. The three missionaries boarded the train for Montreal the same evening, whence they sailed by the Teutonic for England.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS JESSIE KEE, '13.

"Why sholde he studie, and make himselven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure,
Or swinken with his handes, and laboure,
As Austin bit?" —*Chaucer.*

THANKSGIVING again, as indicated by the bustle, excitement, and hurried good-byes. The grave Seniorette strives to look still more melancholy when she remembers that this is probably her last Thanksgiving as an undergrad—but what if it shouldn't be! The care-free Juniorette puts lightly away all disturbing thoughts of essays and exams, and even cuts a few extra classes in order to get away as early as her Thanksgiving ticket will allow. The busy Sophette, who at all times and in all places feels the burden of training the Freshette rest heavily on her shoulders, does not even notice that there are several books awry on the Ladies' Room table. And the Freshette?—she rushes around like the little whirlwind that she is, here, there, everywhere at once, asking innumerable questions, yet never appearing to receive satisfactory answers. All are bent on enjoyment, but all have vowed that as soon as Thanksgiving is over they will settle right down to work.

"O, sweet illusion of the brain!"

FRESHETTE (soliloquizing)—"The Sophs are a lot like Rip Van Winkle—only Rip Van Winkle wakened up.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.—What appears to be a metamorphosis of a very startling character occurred at the Junior picnic at Scarboro on October 14th. The reports are somewhat conflicting, but it appears that two of the picnickers were suddenly and mysteriously transformed, each assuming the other's identity. Most of the spectators claim that the change was external, and did not affect the character in any way. Some, indeed, maintain that instead of a change, it was merely an exchange. In any case it cannot be denied that the affair has created quite a sensation in certain circles.

"Early lecture—Maiden fair—
Awful rush—Unsteady chair—
Heedless lass—Sudden fall—
Unwonted tumult in the hall—
Gallant youth—Rescue bold—
Blushing maiden—All is told."

A FALSE ALARM.—Graduate, reading poster in the Ladies' Room—"Review of last year's Mission study! Horrors!!" But on closer examination it was found to be "Preview of this year's Mission study." A liberal application of water restored the fainting ones.

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.—The programme presented at the regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society on October 24th was exceptionally good. The music was supplied by Miss Draper, '15, who gave an excellent piano solo, and by Miss Kellock, '11, who charmed us, as always, with her sweet singing. The humorous reading by Miss Fairbairn, '15, was much appreciated, to judge from the bursts of laughter which continually interrupted her. Miss Davis, '15, gave an exceedingly clever and witty account of her Western experiences. Her subject fell naturally under three heads—"Western Bachelors," "The Marriage Problem," and "Mosquitoes," and her masterly treatment showed clearly that abundant experience had well qualified her to speak authoritatively on all branches of her subject.

THE late lamented Freshette—arrives for the last period every day!

"Here's to the chaperone,
May she learn from Cupid
Just enough of blindness
To be sweetly stupid."

TO THE WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT OF THE MONTHLY:—

Some time ago you asked for a true list of the things we as Freshettes are thankful for. We have had some difficulty in persuading each other to be perfectly frank, and the following is the result of our labor.

We are thankful there are no eight-fifteens on Sunday.

We are thankful we have a class surgeon who knows how to make and to apply splints in case of accidents.

We are thankful we are all so pretty and clever as to attract attention wherever we go.

We are thankful we won out in the scrap on Field Day—the Sophs won't get smart with us again.

We will be thankful if we ever get through Mathematics.

We would be thankful if there were elevators in the building.

We are thankful our parents do not know how hard we are working; they would be worried. We are beginning to be worried ourselves.

Two of us are thankful we recovered ourselves sufficiently to get out before we were forcibly removed, when we absent-mindedly strolled into the Soph's classroom. This life is so distracting!

We are thankful we each had a strong right arm to sustain us on Field Day. Think how jealous the other girls must have been!

We are thankful that chewing gum in chapel isn't encouraged. We despise gum!

Y. W. C. A.—Social Service work as the practical form of the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," was the main theme of the meeting on October 16th, when the term's mission study was so ably outlined by the convenor of this work, Mary Fowler, '14.

Following this, on October the twenty-third, an opportunity was given the members of the Y. W. to enroll in work of this nature. Mr. A. L. Brown, of the Memorial Institute, gave an address on Settlement Work as carried on in the Institute. So interesting and important did he show the work to be that not a few of the girls volunteered to spend some time each week as helpers.

FAREWELL TO MISS MCGILL.—It is not often that the graduates are so delightfully impressed with the fact that they still "belong" to Alma Mater as they were on Tuesday evening, October the 29th, when the Ladies' Room once more opened its doors to them on the occasion of an informal reception tendered by Year '11 to Miss Georgina McGill, '11. The Chancellor and Mrs. McCrimmon, and Mrs. and Miss McGill were the guests of honor, and the girls of Year '12 enjoyed with them the hospitality of Onety-one. The event of the evening was the presentation of a club bag to Miss McGill, by Mr. Price and Miss Kellock. The remainder of the programme was impromptu, and solos by Mrs. Detlor and Miss Kellock were interspersed with words of greeting by the Chancellor, Miss M. Fairbairn, '12, and Mr. Detlor, '09. The refreshments served by the girls of Year '11 were in keeping with their old standard of excellence; and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought the evening to a close, leaving each with food for happy memories.

INFORMATION BUREAU.—Owing to the anxious solicitations of many of our readers, the editor of this department has consented to open an information bureau, and undertakes to answer, if possible, all questions submitted which are of interest to women, from Pink Teas to Women's Suffrage.

SEVERAL have asked for the recipe for Gertrude and John candy. It follows:

Gertrude pours into a vessel two cups of sugar, one cup of corn syrup, and one cup of water. John places this on the stove, and then beats the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth. Meanwhile Gertrude frequently tests the boiling mixture, and when it hairs pours one-half of it slowly into the whites of eggs which John beats vigorously. The other half she places on the stove again until it will harden in water. Then she pours this in and adds vanilla, John still beating manfully. When the candy is thick they may both dip it out with spoons and arrange it on a buttered plate.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—Do the militant Suffragettes still consider it good form to break windows? No, that is hopelessly out of date. The really live, up-to-the-minute Suffragette pours tar, acid, or other chemicals into the mail boxes. This is really a brilliant idea, for it causes an enormous amount of trouble and annoyance.

INQUISITIVE.—Do you believe every woman should have a vote? Well, if not a vote, she should at least have a voter.

WORRIED GRAD.—Is it proper to let a young man squeeze your hand? Please answer before Sunday.—What!!!???—!—?

Athletics.

Editor: H. C. Hudson, '14.

> "He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee
> And tread upon his neck."

IN looking over back numbers of The McMaster Monthly, a significant evidence of the growth of interest in college athletics during the past few years makes itself noticeable in the ever-growing amount of space allotted to sports. In the first six years, from 1891 to 1896, the athletic activities of the University were not deemed worthy of more than passing notice in The Monthly's columns, ten lines each month being the average amount. In 1897 the editor-in-chief apparently relented a little, and in the November issue for that year one page is devoted to athletics, mainly concerning Rugby football. In 1901 the interest had advanced somewhat, and we find three pages of sports, under which heading is included a lengthy account of a hair-raising, blood-curdling *checker tournament!* A year later the first separate Athletic Department appears, with S. M. McLay, '03, as editor. Since that time the department has not varied much in volume, four pages being the average.

It is difficult to forecast the future, but one is almost justified in asserting that the golden mean between too great and too little indulgence has been reached, and that our present attitude towards sport is the one which will bring us nearest to the desired goal, *mens sana in corpore sano.*

RUGBY.

Varsity Seconds, 29; McMaster, 1.—The Varsity Stadium on the afternoon of Thursday, October the thirty-first, was the scene of a football match that we are all going to forget just as soon as we can. On that unfortunate occasion McMaster went down before the Varsity Seconds to the tune of 29 to 1. No one knows just how to account for the defeat, because, to quote one of the Toronto dailies, "The score by no means indicates the play. Varsity played a splendid game, but McMaster was not far behind, lacking, however, the one great essential to football success—the final 'punch.' In mid-field McMaster showed cleverness and ability to advance the ball, but when they came within striking distance of their opponents' goal-line something would go wrong with the works, and they would fail in the pinch.''

The real difficulty, however, lay in the fact that McMaster had been greatly handicapped for lack of a strong team to practise against. As a result the team was swept off its feet until self-confidence was regained after thirty minutes' play against the blue and white fourteen. This confidence, unfortunately, did not come to McMaster until Varsity had obtained an insurmountable lead, with the deplorable result narrated above.

Ashmore's trick plays were the feature of the game, the new backward pass while running with the ball being particularly noticeable. The teams were evenly matched as to weight, speed, etc., but Varsity took advantage all too effectively of McMaster's inexperience. However, revenge was granted two days later, as the following story tells.

McMaster, 5; Varsity Seconds, 4.—On Saturday the teams met again, this time with happier results from the McMaster point of view. The game, as the score would indicate, was infinitely more exciting to watch, and was from start to finish a much superior exhibition of football. No touchdowns were scored by either side, which demonstrates more fully than words could how evenly matched were the two teams. Varsity apparently anticipated another easy victory, but every member of the McMaster team went on the field determined to win or die—and none of them died.

Three rouges were secured by McMaster in the first two quarters, and another was added early in the third. After half-time Frith was replaced by Crawford on the Varsity back division, and the auburn-haired quarter was responsible for two out of three tallies obtained by Varsity in the third quarter. When the teams changed ends for the final period the excitement was intense. McMaster was one point to the good, but a punt over the deadline evened the score. McCrimmon came to the rescue, however, and put McMaster in the lead again with a spiral punt that the Varsity backs could not handle. With ten minutes still to play Ashmore played a defensive game, taking no chances of having the victory snatched from him in the last few minutes. The men on the line, however, had lost none of their enthusiasm, and kept up the strenuous pace they had set up at the beginning of the game, with the result that the ball was on the blue-and-white twenty-five yard line when the whistle blew for full time.

Punting was more frequent than on Thursday, and it was noticed that McMaster generally gained ground on an exchange of kicks, although in the first half Varsity had Basil Frith doing the booting for them. The wing men, also, held the Varsity line better than on Thursday, and time and again stopped three-man bucks almost before they were lined up. In spite of the slippery condition of the field, Ashmore's signals were almost always executed accurately, and it was undoubtedly his generalship that had a lot to do with the winning of the game. To name any one or more of the team except the captain as being particularly instrumental in the victory is hardly fair, because every man on the team played the game of his career, and all share equally in the glory of the victory. Some of the men have other mementoes of the ocasion than glory, however. Browne was unfortunate enough to break one of the small bones in his right hand; Hisey was very severely sat upon, literally, by a man almost twice his weight; while Freeman lost a couple of square inches out of his physiognomy. But that's all in the game, and the consolation lies in the fact that "It was a famous victory," as Old Kaspar says.

As the aggregate number of points scored in the two games was to decide who should meet R. M. C. for the Intermediate title, Varsity, of course, won that honor by their decisive victory in the first match.

J. B. McArthur handled the first game, and Leon McCrimmon held the whistle for Saturday's contest, both officials, needless to say, giving entire satisfaction. The McMaster line-up for both games was as follows:

Flying wing, Browne; halves, Freeman, McCrimmon, McGregor; quarter-back, Ashmore (capt.); scrimmage, Renno, Haddow, A. Whan, and Ziemann; wings, Waters, E. Whan, Hisey, Graham, Hyde, Campbell.

SOCCER.

McMaster, 3; Victoria, 0.—On Friday, November the first, McMaster played the first soccer match of the season, winning from Victoria by 3 goals to 0. As Dents defaulted their game, this victory gives McMaster the championship of Group B of the Intercollegiate Intermediate Soccer League. Rugby has occupied the centre of the stage, so to speak, this fall, at the expense of soccer practices, so the victory of Capt. Hisey's men is all the more creditable. The game was played on Varsity campus and attracted quite a large crowd of spectators. Naturally, individual work was more in evidence than team play, but McMaster excelled in both departments, and notched three goals in the second half. Two of the points were scored by Linton, and the third bounced in on a corner kick by McCrimmon. Hisey, Linton and Browne were perhaps the most conspicuous men on the McMaster line-up, although it is hard to discriminate, so uniformly good was the work of all the players. The team was as follows:

Goal, Browne; backs, right, B. W. Clarke; left, Hisey; halves, right, B. V. McCrimmon; left, Hay; centre, Sorton; forwards, right wing, McGregor, Linton; left wing, McWilliams, Hartley; centre, Campbell.

FIELD-DAY.

The Sixteenth Annual Field-day, held on Monday, October 21st, will go down into history as an unqualified success. Three records were broken, the majority of the contests were close enough to be exciting from the spectators' point of view, the weather conditions were ideal, and the annual bicker of the juveniles was as interesting as ever. Altogether, the Athletic Executive have reason to be proud of this year's sports.

R. D. Campbell, '15, won the Chancellor's Medal and the McNaught Cup, with a total of 26 points, two better than G. M. Goodfellow, his nearest rival. Campbell took first place in the pole vault, the hurdles, the high jump, and throwing the discus. In the last event he set a new record for McMaster, the new mark being 92 feet 7 inches. His six other points were obtained in the broad jump and putting the shot, in each of which he took second place. His performances certainly entitle him to the position of premier athlete of the University, and it is certain that he would bring honor to McMaster if he entered the Intercollegiate Track Meet next fall.

Goodfellow gets the First Association Medal, and Harry Graham the Second Association Medal with eleven points. The Fourth Year secured the largest number of points, namely, forty-three, with the Second Year twelve points behind them. The Juniors, Theology, and Freshmen finished in the order named, with 16, 15, and 10 points respectively.

In a most exciting contest F. W. Waters clipped 12 seconds off the record for the mile, with C. B. Crowe, who was also within the old record, a close second. Waters also won the half-mile handily. The other record that went by the boards was the team race mark, which was lowered two-fifths of a second by the Seniors.

The results in detail follow:

100 Yards (heats)—First heat: 1, Goodfellow; 2, McKissock. Time, 11 seconds. Second heat: 1, McGregor; 2, Bates. Time, 11 2/5 seconds.

Half Mile—1, Waters; 2, Crowe; 3, Knight. Time, 2.11 2/5.

100 Yards, final—1, Goodfellow; 2, McKissock; 3, McGregor. Time, 11 seconds.

Pole Vault—1, R. D. Campbell; 2, Browne; 3, A. Whan. Height, 8 feet 6 inches.

Broad Jump—1, Goodfellow; 2, R. D. Campbell; 3, E. Bates. 19 feet 10 inches.

One Mile Run—1, Waters; 2, Crowe; 3, Quirk. Time, 4.50. (A new college record. The old mark was 5.02.)

Putting 16-pound Shot—1, H. H. Graham; 2, R. D. Campbell; 3, Ziemann. Distance, 32 feet 3 inches.

Throwing 16-pound Hammer—1, Ziemann; 2, H. H. Graham; 3, McLarty. Distance, 67 feet 9 inches.

220 Yards—1, Goodfellow; 2, McGregor; 3, E. Bates. Time, 24 1/5 seconds.

High Jump—1, R. D. Campbell; 2, Goodfellow; 3, McLarty. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

120 Yards Hurdles—1, R. D. Campbell; 2, C. V. Farmer; 3, Goodfellow. Time, 18 seconds.

440 Yards—1, Goodfellow; 2, McGregor; 3, W. K. Anderson. Time, 55 3/5 seconds.

Discus—1, R. D. Campbell; 2, H. H. Graham; 3, Ziemann. Distance, 92 feet 7 inches. (A new college record. Old mark, 88 feet 7 inches.)

Team Race—1, Year '13; 2, Year '14; 3, Theology. Time, 4.00 1/5. (A new record. Old record, 4.00 3/5.)

Winner of McNaught Cup and Chancellor's Medal—R. D. Campbell, 26 points.

Winner of First Association Medal—G. M. Goodfellow, 24 points.

Winner of Second Association Medal—H. H. Graham, 11 points.

That there have been two sides to every story has been accepted as an axiom ever since the day when the loser in a certain fistic encounter refused to be persuaded that his opponent had given him a black eye and claimed that the darkened optic had been obtained when he adroitly stopped his opponent's fist by interposing his own countenance. The result of the little love-feast of the Freshmen and Sophomores is as much in doubt as was the winner of the pugilistic encounter referred to above. Both sides claim a sweeping victory, assuring the hearer that they wiped the ground with the Freshmen or the Sophomores, according as the narrator happens to be a member of the First or Second Year. Therefore, the seeker after truth must inquire among disinterested spectators for the actual fact of the case. From the evidence of eye-witnesses, the scrap centred around the score-board at the Stadium immediately after the conclusion of the last event of the field day programme. The members of the Second Year had placed the ubiquitous image of Verdant Sixteen at the top of the score-board, and defied their deadly enemies to remove it. The Freshies were not long in taking up the challenge, and the resulting mêlée can be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say that no red rag ever stirred an angry bovine to greater activity than did the aforementioned effigy excite the Freshmen. Various and sundry unguents and emulsions were employed freely by both parties; the participants soon resembled the members of different factions at an Irish fair. Timid Freshettes cooed their frightened admiration of the doughty deeds of their champions, while enthusiastic Sophettes urged their classmates to yet more strenuous measures. The upshot of the whole affair was that the Freshmen did succeed in removing the emblem of Ireland, and left with portions of his anatomy as souvenirs of the struggle. Don't believe the Sophomore who tells you that the Freshmen were thrown over a fence. The fence was not more than three feet high, and it is safe to say that the numbers of Sophomores and Freshmen who did go over were about evenly matched.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. H. CRANSTON, B.A.

THE McMaster Alumni Lectureship Endowment Fund is doing well, but not making as fast progress as the Graduates' Committee would be glad to see. Of the thirty thousand dollars required nearly a third has been pledged and about $1,500 paid in. Of course, this is an encouraging start, but unless some of the other graduates—and there are about 450 of them—who have not yet toed the scratch, send pledges along for substantial amounts, it will be a long time before the desired $30,000 is in the Alumni treasury. McMaster University has taken a new forward step in the securing of a splendid new site of 25 acres two miles directly north of the present site, and before long building operations will probably commence. It would be a fine thing, fellow-graduates, if we could instal our lecturer in English the same day that the University opens in the new buildings.

Have you sent in your pledge card yet? I mean YOU. If not, send it in at once. If you have lost it or have never received one, write at once to Rev. H. R. Nobles, the secretary, 586 Clinton Street, Toronto, and he will send you full particulars.

McMaster expects every graduate to do his or her duty. Get in line.

REV. P. B. LONEY, Th., '12, is now a Bostonian. He has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Boston, Ont.

REV. S. E. GRIGG, '00, of Western Baptist Church, Toronto, is recovering after a serious operation, and will soon be able to resume his duties.

THE death occurred on Friday, October 25th, of Rev. W. C. Weir, Th., '00, lately pastor of the Oxford Street Baptist Church at Woodstock, Ont. Mr. Weir was an old Woodstock College boy, and had served successfully as a pastor at Guelph, Vancouver, Carleton Place, Villa Nova and Woodstock. The sincere sympathy of all alumni will go to his son Fred, who will graduate in 1913 and join our ranks.

Rev. David H. Williamson, who was a member of '07, has been appointed membership and employment secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Hamilton.

Rev. C. N. Mitchell, '94, is returning to Bolivia, where he will continue his missionary work as a representative of the Canadian Baptists. He is completely restored in health. Rev. A. A. Scottt, B. Th., '03, and his wife are on the way back to India.

Rev. A. E. ("Kid") Haydon, '01, has resigned his pastorate at Saskatoon to become secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of that hustling Western city. Interested as he is in fully rounded manhood, Mr. Haydon ought to make a great success of the Y. M. C. A. work. At McMaster he was not only a champion athlete, but one of the best debaters that McMaster ever turned out. His record as a student was also a most remarkable one.

Mr. Benjamin Roy Simpson, a member of the class to which Rev. E. W. Parsons, Ph.D., has recently brought distinction, has likewise brought honor to himself and to his Alma Mater. At the age of twenty-one he graduated, taught in a public school for a time, and afterwards became principal of a high school in Cumberland, B.C., for three years; then spent a year at Chicago University and two years at Columbia University, receiving from Columbia the degree Ph.D. At present Dr. Simpson is teaching in the Teachers' Training College, Brooklyn, N.Y. The subject on which he wrote his thesis in securing the Ph.D. was "Correlations of Mental Abilities."

Rev. W. C. Pearce, '04, has accepted a call to the Colborne and Haldimand Churches.

Rev. E. N. Armstrong, a member of Century class, has gone to India as a missionary under the American Baptist Board. He should be addressed in care of his father, Rev. Dr. W. R. Armstrong, of Rangoon, Burmah.

Rev. E. W. Parsons is now a Ph.D., having received his degree *sumna cum laude*, the highest honor in the gift of the University of Chicago. This gives Dr. Parsons entrance to the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity, to which the only admission is brilliant intellectual attainment. Our distinguished alumnus is only the third who has achieved this distinction from the divinity school of the University of Chicago. Congratulations are due to this graduate on his splendid scholarship.

Rev. O. E. Rutledge, '09, is now the Baptist pastor at Sudbury, Ontario.

Rev. D. B. Harkness has closed his work as general secretary for the Western Canada Baptist Union and will study law in Victoria, B.C. *The Western Outlook* has this to say of its former editor: "Whatever the future may have in store for the Baptists of Western Canada, the name of Mr. Harkness will always be associated with those of the strongest men God has ever given to this Western land. Men might differ with him in opinion, but no one can ever think him mediocre or ordinary. He handled whatever he touched with strength and decision. He spoke his convictions on the problems of the day with a certainty that never left a doubt as to where he stood and with a tolerance that always allowed the other man to do his own thinking and perform his God-given task in his own way. He never descended to cater to the passions and prejudices of the crowd with meaningless platitudes, or to take advantage of denominational shibboleths, or names and customs he held sacred, to advance any cause, no matter how good. His appeal was to the business men, on business principles, and the confidence of these men he held from first to last, as the constantly increasing income of Western Baptists will abundantly testify."

Mr. Theodore H. Peine, '05, is now a full-fledged lawyer and a member of the firm of Holman, Bissett & Peine, of which Dr. C. J. Holman, of the Board of Governors, is the head. That "Teddy" will become one of Toronto's most successful lawyers is the wish that all his college friends have for him.

Mr. D. A. MacGibbon, '08, is studying for his doctor's degree in Political Economy in Chicago University.

Mr. K. A. Clarke, '10, Mr. T. E. Layng, '09, and Mr. H. H. McGregor, '10, are studying at the University of Illinois, where they have fellowships in chemistry.

Messrs. Samuel McMullen, '10, and S. R. Weaver, '10, are on the reportorial staff of the *Toronto Daily News*.

Prof. E. J. "Fuzzy" Zavitz, '04, of Guelph Agricultural College is to be Forestry Commissioner of the Province in connection with the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines. As Forestry Commissioner, Prof. Zavitz will advise the department with regard to all matters of cutting. No lumbering operations will in future be allowed without his recommendation. He will see to the destruction of all debris and slash from lumbering, and will also deal with reforestation and conservation on a general scale. Up to the present Prof. Zavitz has been attached to the staff of the Ontario Agricultural College. Although his new appointment brings him under another department, he will continue, for the time being, to lecture at Guelph. His principal work heretofore has been in connection with the reforestation scheme in Norfolk county, where some 1,500 acres of waste land are being reclaimed. Under the circumstances it is not improbable that this work will now be transferred from the Department of Agriculture to the Department of Lands. Forests and Mines. Prof. Zavitz' new position will likely call for some considerable organization, and when this is effected the Government will in all probability extend the work of reclaiming waste lands. Congratulations, "Fuzzy."

MARGARET ARABELLA BAILLIE, '98, wife of Rev. A. B. Cohoe, died at her home in Halifax, N.S., in May, 1912. Margaret Baillie grew up in Toronto, attended and graduated from Moulton College, then entered McMaster University. She took the four years' course, graduating with the Bachelor of Arts degree in 1898. Three years later after completing the prescribed course in Political Economy she received the Master of Arts degree. During these college years she applied herself to the task in hand with diligence and with conspicuous success. She took advantage of every opportunity for culture, and equipped herself thoroughly for the life ahead of her. At the same time she played a most prominent part in the social life of the college. Interested in every student who came to McMaster, always bright and friendly in manner, she perhaps did more than any other one person of her day to make college life attractive and helpful on the social side. There will be many graduates of McMaster who read this, who will remember her home and her social gatherings as among the most pleasant memories of college days. In 1903 she was married to Rev. A. B. Cohoe, a fellow student, and at that time a minister in St. John, N.B. Since then, her home has been in St. John and Halifax, and those of us who knew her are very sure that these nine years were full of unstinted and capable service to her church, of sympathetic interest in all those over whom she and her husband were placed, and in abounding helpfulness to all whose lives touched hers in any way. Death came to her after a long illness, but one from which there had been no thought of such an outcome. She was buried in her old home city of Toronto, the services being conducted by Rev. W. A.

Cameron, '06. She leaves behind her her husband and two little daughters, her mother and her sister, besides a host of friends who will remember her with affection. Her death makes the fourth break in the Alumnæ of McMaster.—J. M. N.

THE EDITOR of this department is far from omniscient. He can only make a success of it in so far as he receives the generous support of the graduates and undergraduates. If you know anything about any McMaster alumnus or alumna that would be of interest to his or her friends write it down and address it to J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto.

Woodstock College.

EDITOR: S. E. WATERLAND.

A STRONG ADDRESS was given on Thursday evening, October 17th, by Mr. Taylor Statten, travelling secretary for the Dominion Y. M. C. A. Mr. Statton likened a man's life to a relay race, in which a bad start means a serious handicap throughout the whole series. He has a remarkable power of vivid description.

THE WOODSTOCK COLLEGE EVANGELISTIC BAND was formally organized on Tuesday, October 22nd. A male quartette will form a feature of the organization. The officers are as follows: Leader, C. Salmon; Assistant Leader, J. Field; Musical Director, W. Hicks; Assistant, J. Crisp; Secretary-Treasurer, D. Hughes.

THE SENIOR RUGBY TEAM travelled to Guelph on Saturday, October 19th, and defeated the O. A. C. second team by a score of 23—10. The game was interesting throughout, being marked by sensational plays in every period. The first quarter found Woodstock kicking with the wind, and they ran up a score of 6 points. In the second quarter the wind blew for Guelph, and they ran up 8 counters during the period. At half-time the score stood 8—6 against the College. Then came some fast work. The College played up to form in the third quarter, kicked the indicator 17 notches higher, and shut out Guelph. In the last quarter the College made a touchdown against the wind, and Guelph made two dead-line kicks, leaving the College with 13 points to the good.

THE COLLEGE TRACK TEAM participated in the interscholastic sports held in Toronto, October 19th. The following indicates the success of the Woodstock representatives: Hill, in the hurdles, 220 and high jump, first, second, and third respectively. Clark, second in the quarter-mile. McKay, third in the hundred; and Warren, second in the discus. The team was entertained at McMaster.

Moulton College.

EDITOR: MISS KATHLEEN HODSON.

A MOST enjoyable afternoon was spent by the Moulton girls on our annual Sports Day, October 18th. The day was a decided success, from many points of view, especially from that of the Fourth Year, who carried off the honors. The competition was keen, as there were just enough contestants from each year to create enthusiastic rivalry. But a fine spirit prevailed, as many of the onlookers remarked; so the Moulton girls are congratulating themselves that they are exceptions to the sweeping generalization that "all women are poor sports."

After having such a splendid afternoon on our own Sports Day, we could hardly be expected to appreciate to the fullest extent McMaster's Day. Our attitude is best expressed in the words of a small junior to the teacher in charge. "Is this McMaster Sports Day?" "Yes," was the reply. "But where are the sports?" Nevertheless, many of the girls were present, and seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

A number of the girls attended and enjoyed very much the first concert given by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, at which Madame Louise Homer was the assisting artiste.

The Thanksgiving holiday has come and gone. The girls have returned, some looking fresh and energetic, others languid. We hear from the Faculty that Monday is the worst day possible for Thanksgiving to be celebrated, but the girls take the opposite view.

And now already the spectre of first term examinations looms up dark before us, and with accusing finger points to all the wasted study hours, and demands to know "Why?" And the voice of conscience echoes "Why?" Then shall we be blamed if we answer just "Because," and give ourselves to a life of quiet meditation and devotion—to study, until the gloomy spectre has passed by.

Here and There.

EDITOR: B. F. TROTTER, '14.

"... i must confess that i hav coppied the whole thing, 'ver batus ad liberating.' "—*Josh Billings.*

A FRIEND remarked to us the other day that he hoped we would be "funnier." We informed him that his cryptic remark was entirely out of place. If we had ever entertained the tiniest ambition to be a humorist, it would have been snuffed out by our first month as exchange editor. We doubt the wisdom of any college magazine trying to be "funny." The best of our exchanges do not attempt it; a few conduct joke departments that are not altogether hopeless; the remainder produce stuff that is a credit neither to the intelligence nor to the good taste of their constituencies. We do not mean to say that the college magazine should have the sombreness of a literary review; indeed, where it is necessary, as with ourselves, to combine the newspaper with the literary publication, we cannot object to local hits, or even to personalities, provided always that they are confined to their proper departments, and are not made at the expense of good taste; but we do think that the ideal should be one of cleverness rather than clownishness, of intellectual humor calculated to provoke the appreciative smile, rather than of the crude variety which calls for haw-haw laughter. As a sample of the thing for which we shall be on the lookout, and for the benefit of the would-be jokester, we clip the following from *The Editor:*

"There was a little writer,
He wrote a little pun,
He sent it to an editor—
He thought 'twas full of fun—
But when he got this answer,
He nearly had a stroke:
'You may be quite a joker—
As a writer you're a joke.' "

—*W. B. Kerr.*

The best college humor often seeks an outlet through the parody. If the work is well and tastefully done, it is a form that rarely fails to please the cultivated reader. We quote one which is deliciously reminiscent of Kingsley. It appears in "T. C. D.," which, as might be expected from an Irish magazine, prints more humor of the sort we like than any other of our exchanges:

"I once had a dear little pen, dears,
The best little pen upon earth,
And I'm utterly miserable when, dears,
I muse on its one-time worth.
It has never grated or spluttered,
Or blackened my finger-tips,
But slid as a muffin hot-buttered
Glides smooth o'er the welcoming lips.

"But I lent that poor little pen, dears,
Like the blithering owl that I was;
That's always the way with us men, dears—
She just wanted to try it because
She had heard such a lot about this pen,
And it would be so nice if she might.
And papa wouldn't let her use his pen.
Papa was undoubtedly right.

"She returned my poor little pen, dears,
Though not for a very long time;
I scarcely should know it again, dears,
For the nib was all splinters and grime,
And the feed like a cataract *of* rain
That surges in turbulent mirth,
And it cost the best part of a sovereign,
The rottenest pen upon earth."

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following publications during the month: *University of Virginia Magazine, The Solanian, Starkey Seminary Monthly, O. A. C. Review, Presbyterian Publications, Notre Dame Scholastic, The Oxford Magazine, The Varsity, Queen's University Journal, Boletin de la Direccion General de Agricultura* (Mexico).

In this scientific age, when we are so prone to speak even of the sweet mysteries of nature in terms of chemistry and physics, it is refreshing to turn now and again to the primitive personifications of the ancients. Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall gives us, in the *University Magazine*, the song of "The Little Fauns to Prosperine," a poem which is marked by the peculiarly haunting melody which characterizes much of her work. By the time this reaches our readers Prosperine will, perhaps, have returned to the "regions of darkness and death," but we trust our offering will be none the less appreciated for that:

"Browner than the hazel-husk, swifter than the wind,
Though you turn from heath and hill, we are hard behind,
Singing: Ere the sorrows rise, ere the gates unclose,
Bind above your wistful eyes the memory of a rose.

"Dark Iacchus pipes the kine, shivering from the whin,
Wraps him in a she-goat's fell above the panther-skin,
Now we husk the corn for bread, turn the mill for hire,
Hoof by hoof and head by head about the herdsman's fire.

"Ai Adonis, where he gleams, slender and at rest,
One has built a roof of dreams, where the white doves nest.
Ere they bring the wine-dark bowl, ere the gates unbar,
Take, O take, within your soul, the shadow of a star.

"Now the vintage feast is done, now the melons glow,
Gold along the raftered thatch beneath a thread of snow.
Dian's bugle bids the dawn sweep the upland clear,
Where we snared the silken fawn, where we ran the deer.

"Through the dark reeds, wet with rain, past the singing foam,
Went the light-foot Mysian maids, calling Hylas home.
Syrinx felt the silver spell fold her at her need,—
Hear, ere yet you say farewell, the wind along the reed.

"Golden as the earliest leaf loosened from the spray,
Grave Alcestis drank of grief for her lord's delay.
Ere you choose the bitter part, learn the changeless wrong,
Bind above your breaking heart the echo of a song.

"Now the chestnut burrs are down, aspen-shaws are pale.
Now across the plunging reef reels the last red sail.
Ere the wild black horses cry, ere the night has birth,
Take, ere yet you say good-bye, the love of all the earth."

HOMER says the Grecian ladies counted their age from their marriage, not from their birth. There's nothing new under the sun.—*Queen's Journal.*

"LAUGHTER is the chorus of conversation."—Steele.

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Elmore Harris.

THE tragical, and, as it seems to us, premature ending of the career of Dr. Harris has invested his going with a melancholy interest, which the highest verities of the faith cannot wholly dissipate. The task of the chronicler carries with it an inevitable feeling of painfulness. And yet, so much of a grateful sort is involved in the life-story of our departed brother, that the pleasure of the task easily predominates.

In responding to the request of the Editors of THE MONTHLY to furnish a memorial sketch for its pages, only a highly compressed contribution is possible within the space that is allotted. It is appropriate, however, in view of Dr. Harris' relations to the University, as a member of its Board of Governors, as a generous donor to its funds, as a lecturer in its halls on Biblical themes, and as a recipient in 1899 of its honorary doctorate in divinity, that some record of his life and work should be preserved in the University magazine. In furnishing the sketch asked for, I shall endeavor to outline the mould of circumstance in which our brother's life was cast, and then to offer some brief characterization of the man and his work.

The second son of the late Alanson Harris, Elmore Harris was born near Brantford on February 23rd, 1854. Shortly thereafter the family removed to Beamsville, and there he spent his boyhood. A bright lad, he entered the High School at eleven years of age. At fifteen, he came to a saving knowledge of Christ, under the ministry of the late Rev. R. B. Montgomery.

At sixteen, in the pastor's absence, he preached his first sermon in the Beamsville Church, Deacon Kilborn, of fragrant memory, opening the service, and heartening the lad by remaining with him in the pulpit throughout. Thus early was the summons to separate himself unto the gospel heard in the young convert's soul, and thus early did the positive evangelistic response begin to voice itself. The last year of his High School preparation was spent at St. Catharines, whither Principal Henderson, formerly of Beamsville, had gone. It was at the request of Mr. Henderson, who had brought the boy along thus far, and wished the honor of sending so promising a pupil to the university, that this arrangement was made.

In 1872 he matriculated into the University of Toronto, obtaining honors in Classics, English, History, and French. The records furnished me by the Registrar show that during the first three years of the course his work was of high rank. At the examination of the first year he obtained first-class honors in Classics, in Oriental Languages, and was awarded the Second Classical Scholarship. At the examination of the Second Year he again secured first-class honors in Classics and in Oriental Languages, and was awarded the Second Classical Scholarship, being bracketed with another student for the prize in Oriental Languages. At the examination of the Third Year, he once more secured first-class honors in Classics and in Oriental Languages, and was awarded the Second Classical Scholarship and the prize in Oriental Languages. The Fourth Year's work was done in purely pass subjects, and the final examination for the B.A. degree was taken in May, 1876. The explanation of this change of procedure is interesting, and discloses an important turning point in the young man's career.

During the vacation following upon his third year at the university, he became deeply engaged in evangelistic work, and was greatly blessed therein. When the autumn arrived, he felt unable to break away and return to the University. He did not return to Toronto until Christmas, when, as I have intimated, he took up simply the pass work for the year, and prepared for examination therein. The development of the evangelistic spirit, seen in him at this time, had been largely promoted by the influence of the late Henry Varley, the famous London evangelist and Biblical expositor, who, a short while before, had conducted a notable mission in Brantford, which had deeply marked the life of the city, and had established for large numbers of Baptists there new standards of evangelism, of Christian service, and of Bible doctrine. Elmore Harris, like his brother, the late Mr. John Harris, and many others, became an eager Bible student, largely adopting Mr. Varley's method of approach and interpretation, and also deeply imbued with his passion for evangelism and his spirit of whole-hearted consecration. It was under these same and like influences that Elmore Harris decided, wisely or unwisely, not to enter any theological institution of learning, but to go to school to his Bible, and to such interpreters of it in book-land as commended themselves to him. Without further time, therefore, for academic preparation, at the age of twenty-one, he entered upon the active work of the ministry.

During the subsequent thirty-six years, in addition to other forms of Christian service to which we shall have to allude, there are three pastorates to record—at Centre Street, St. Thomas, at Bloor Street, Toronto, and at Walmer Road, Toronto, respectively. At St. Thomas the young minister was ordained, in his twenty-second year, by a council in which the late Dr. Fyfe and Dr. Davidson took a prominent part. Here he established his first home, bringing to that home, as his bride, Miss Ruth Shenstone, of Brantford, a noble young woman, of warm, rich, winning personality, who was destined to be his consecrated helpmeet for thirty-four years, and to add greatly to his power wherever he went. Here for six years he labored devotedly. The church grew in numbers and prestige, a commodious house of worship was erected, and a new era of life and progress was begun.

In the spring of 1882, he accepted the call of the Bloor Street Church, Toronto, then known as the Yorkville Church, and worshipping in its original home on Yonge Street. The actual membership of the church was about seventy-five. This numerically small membership, however, included men of outstanding ability, of wide influence, and of gracious spirit. Under the leadership of the new pastor—young, vigorous, sanguine, with a positive message, and full of evangelistic zeal—the church quickly felt the throb of a new life. Congregations increased, conversions were frequent, and by November, 1884, only two and a half years after Mr. Harris had come to Toronto, the church had erected and moved into its new, handsome house of worship on the corner of Bloor and North Streets. It was in the use of these new facilities, and the improvement of the new opportunities, that Mr. Harris' pastorate reached its greatest fruitfulness. Very rapidly a large congregation was built up. Conversions were constant. In a single year, the year 1886, one hundred and sixty-four persons were added to the church; and by the spring of 1889, a few weeks before he resigned the pastorate, the associational letter reported a membership of five hundred and fourteen. During this pastorate also were begun the Birch Avenue Mission, and the Ossington Avenue Mission, now flourishing churches, known as the Century Church, and the Ossington Avenue Church.

At the end of eight years, the Bloor Street pastorate came to an end by Mr. Harris' own motion. He had a vision of a greater opportunity over in the Walmer Road region, an opportunity which, because of his ease of circumstance, he felt he might realize more surely and swiftly than any minister in ordinary circumstances. His proposal to leave Bloor Street was a great surprise to the people, but the pastor's convictions of duty were imperative, and in the end he went forth with the good-will and God-speed of the church, and with nearly a hundred of the members affectionately dismissed to form the nucleus of the new interest. The founding and development of the Walmer Road enterprise is an outstanding illustration of the statesman-like vision, the faith, the devotion, the administrative sagacity with which Mr. Harris carried on his work. With astonishing rapidity a congregation was gathered, and when he resigned in

1895, after six years of labor, the church numbered nearly five hundred members. The splendid material equipment secured during those years was made possible by the munificence of the Harris family, who erected the fine auditorium as a memorial to the late Mr. John Harris. The last year at Walmer Road was the best year of all, but in 1895 the pastor's health became seriously impaired, and on this ground, though with great sorrow, he tendered his resignation. With like sorrow and reluctance the church accepted the resignation, at the same time paying its tribute of love and esteem by appointing him Pastor Emeritus.

The story of these three pastorates, however, does not fill out to completion the story of aggressive Christian service accomplished by the subject of this sketch. He had yet sixteen years of active life before him, years which he earnestly devoted to the Christian ministry, though not in the office of the pastorate. He preached much; he served on several of our denominational Boards; he was actively interested in many forms of philanthropic, evangelistic, and missionary endeavor. In addition to all of this, he gave himself to two special lines of commanding service—his work in behalf of the Toronto Bible Training School, and his lecture work as a Biblical expositor. He founded the Training School while still pastor at Walmer Road. The work was carried on at first in the Sunday School building of the church, the late Dr. William Stewart being his associate. The expansion and success of the undertaking led to the erection of the present building on College Street, Dr. Harris putting his own money generously into the enterprise, and giving his services freely, as president and as a lecturer, until the time of his death. Many hundreds of young people have received longer or shorter courses of training for Christian work in the school, and a good many have gone forth to the foreign field as its representatives. His lecture work absorbed much of his attention, and took him to all parts of the continent. At the time of his death he had engagements reaching two years into the future.

Such, in outline, was the mould of circumstance in which most of Dr. Harris' life took shape. A few words must be added respecting the man in himself considered.

To begin with, he was a genial, open-hearted, transparent, trustful man—an Israelite in whom was no guile. He was also a man of intellectual and administrative ability of no mean order. This is evidenced alike by the academic rank he secured, by the insight with which the various enterprises to which he put his hand were conceived, and the rapidity and efficiency with which they were carried to a successful issue.

And, like Barnabas, "he was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." His devotion to Christ, and to Christian ideals of life and service, was deep and unquestioned. The verities of the evangelical faith were no mere intellectual concepts, but living truths, the power of which he knew in daily experience. By his life, as truly as by his preaching, he magnified the grace of God and illustrated its transforming power. The testings of sorrow came when his son, Frank, in the promise of his young manhood, was cut down, and later when Mrs. Harris was suddenly snatched away. For the time he was stunned and staggered, but faith conquered. He experienced the still sharper testings of abounding material prosperity, and under the sharpest of tests he maintained his Christian simplicity and steadfastness to a degree which many of us, I fear, in like circumstances, might not have attained. To the end, despite the affluence which had come to him, he continued to regard himself as separated unto the gospel.

He was, moreover, a skilful physician of souls. It is rare that there is combined in one man, in such fine balance, an expert gift and passion for evangelism, the gift and passion of the teacher and the shepherd heart going out in loving care for the flock. In all these various activities Dr. Harris displayed unusual skill in ministering the word of healing and helpfulness. His life service was abundant in direct spiritual results.

Pre-eminently he was what Dr. Stalker would style "A Man of the Word." He loved the Scriptures. He studied them constantly and earnestly, and he had a passion for getting other people to do the same. They contained for him a definite, authoritative, divinely inspired message of grace and life to men, of which he was a commissioned messenger. His admonitions to the sinner, his counsels to the awakened in the enquiry room, his sermons throughout his long ministry, his teaching in his school work, his deliverances from the lecture platform, were not concoctions of human wisdom and advice, however sage and appealing. They were definite, purposeful settings forth of the divine message with which he had been entrusted. I think it is just to say that his principles of interpretation, adopted from that school of thought which gave him his bent on the threshold of his ministry, made it difficult for him sometimes to do full justice to attitudes of mind and principles of interpretation different from his own—which is to say that, like other men, he had his limitations—but his ministry had the force, the sanctions, the fruitfulness, which no ministry can have which is not obedient to that divine injunction which came by the mouth of the prophet: "He that hath heard My Word, let him speak My Word faithfully; what is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

The closing chapter of our brother's life—his marriage to Miss Olive M. Culham, of Hamilton; his journey with his bride to the Orient to study the mission fields at first hand; his happy and inspiring fellowship with our missionaries on the Telegu field; the subsequent visit to Delhi to attend the famous Durbar; and then the fateful cable which made countless hearts stand still—this is fresh in all our minds.

Did I say—"the closing chapter in our brother's life"? I should have said "in our brother's earthly life." If there was a man among us who believed in the immortal life, and kept his face towards the sunrise, that man was Elmore Harris. We may be sure that, even as Christ is faithful, his servant was not left without the comfort of "the blessed hope" in that last hour at Delhi; and, though the door through which he passed was a forbidding one, the feast, the song, the life which swallows up death, and is life indeed, were on the other side. On that lone grave in India's ancient capital might be written, with the confidence of abounding faith and hope, the inscription, composed by Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, to be placed upon his own tombstone: *Deversorium Viatoris Hierusolymam proficiscentis,* "The Inn of a Traveller on the way to Jerusalem."

THOMAS TROTTER.

Whitby Abbey.

THERE is a break in the long wall of the Yorkshire cliffs where the Esk pierces through to the North Sea. At this point the banks, whereon the town of Whitby has somehow contrived to dispose itself, rise to a height of two hundred feet. On the crest of the east cliff there stand the stately ruins of Whitby Abbey.

To reach this place one must traverse the most ancient part of the town, through a maze of narrow streets lined with red-roofed cottages, and ascend a long flight of stone steps. But, once there, what glories are spread before us! Away to the north extends a vast expanse of undulating moor, clad in the royal richness of purple heather, through which the green valley of the Esk meanders to the sea. Far in the southern distance the white heads of the Norway foam toss themselves against the sky, while at our feet the billows beat against the cliff with a ceaseless roar.

It was here, between the heather and the Northern Sea, that men saw fit to rear a shrine. All that remains, however, of this once famous Abbey is the choir, with the north aisle and transept, and fragments of other parts. But enough of its pristine magnificence remains to fill us with admiration and delight. The ornamentation of the choir and the decorated windows are prized as splendid specimens of Old English architecture; but its peculiar beauties are the simple stateliness of its massive wall and the harmonious blending of the various colored stones. Although but a ruin, it has been called the Acropolis of Gothic Art.

The Abbey was erected by Osway, King of Northumbria, who appointed his grand-niece, Hilda, its first abbess. The name of this lady is woven into many wonderful tales, and is always associated with deeds of piety and kindness. In Marmion, we read of

> ". . . how a thousand snakes, each one,
> Was changed into a coil of stone
> When holy Hilda prayed."

And even now, on a summer day, when the sunbeams strike the northern end of the choir, imagination can discern the sainted lady, wrapped in a pall of lucid glory, standing in one of the highest windows.

The name which has given this monastery undying fame is that of Caedmon. The story of this simple herdsman is well known,—how, in a dream, the angel touched his lips with celestial fire and bade him sing of the beauty of the stars and the skies, and of all that is in the world. His is the first voice that sang under the inspiration of the new religion. Indeed he is called the "Father of English Poetry," and we are not ashamed of him of whom Bede wrote, "Sweet and humble was his poetry: no trivial or vain song came from his lips. Others after him strove to compose religious poems, but none could vie with him, for he learned the art of poetry not from man nor of men, but from God."

After the death of Caedmon, the Abbey flourished exceedingly until it was destroyed by the Danes in 870. It was rebuilt by one of the early Normans, and under his family became prosperous once more. But, in 1540, it fell under the destructive hand of the sacrilegious Henry VIII., and has never been rebuilt.

The stained-glass windows, the rich marble columns, the tesselated pavements and altars hung with golden cloths are gone; but time has given this old remnant charms which many a perfect structure lacks. It has touched the colors into harmony and softened every graceless line. All that was best in the life of the middle ages found a dwelling-place within these walls. They who knelt before its altars, they whose footsteps broke the stillness of the cloisters were devoted to study, charity and the worship of their God. The stately choir still seems to echo with the voices of worshipping choristers long since hushed.

RALPH E. FREEMAN, '14.

The Betraying Shadow.

A Tragedy of the Forest.

THE evergreen forest stood at the farther end of the great ravine. On either side frowned dark woods of pine and fir, once the happy haunt of moose and deer and fierce-eyed lynx. But now death seemed the sole inhabitant of this rugged wilderness, and a vast silence brooded everywhere. Such was the scene amid which I found myself late one summer afternoon.

Strolling through the forest, I suddenly chanced upon a rabbit's burrow cunningly hidden in the long, coarse grass. Often had I tried to find one of these little homes, but had hitherto been baffled.—Nature had always concealed her children too skilfully. However, on this occasion when I least expected it, I was successful.

Kneeling down I peeped into this snug nest, lined with fur which the mother had pulled from her own coat. Here were three naked little babes, their eyes not yet opened. I lay motionless watching the young bunnies, silently debating whether I should take one, or perhaps two, of them to my home and raise them as pets. But just then the mother came galloping along. I could see by her throbbing breast that she was very anxious about her little ones. I arose and slowly left the scene, determined to visit it again at daybreak.

Now, all the while, a mother fox, urged by the needs of her four hungry cubs, had searched the woods through for prey, but in vain. The sun sank to rest, but still the mother continued her stealthful hunting. One by one the stars began to appear and the full moon rose in the east; but no food could be found. Vixen, downcast, was stealing along when her keen scent detected something. "Rabbit," she thought, and straightened her ears.

The rabbit was sitting at the edge of a rather deep cut brook.

which, owing to the drought of that year, was dry. The unfriendly moon shot its blue-white rays through the leaves and branches of the low saplings, pouring a flood of light upon all the ground and projecting upon the gray rock-bed of the brook the shadow of the rabbit. Stealing nearer the fox saw the image thrown upon this strange screen. It puzzled the wary creature for a moment, but that was all. Soon her keen nose detected the whereabouts of her prey.

Bunches of low thickets and shrubbery lay between them and hid each from the other. With the wind in her favor the fox crept up slowly, steadily and surely. How carefully she made every move, lifting and planting each foot with instinctive foresight! Nearer and nearer she drew to her poor prey until finally there was only a small bunch of evergreens between the two.

Warned by a crackling twig, the rabbit rose on her strong hind legs,—but all too late. A faint cry, as of a frightened child, a scuffle, and the grayish form was seen borne away in the mouth of the stronger animal.

Before long Vixen, carrying her hard sought game, reached the mouth of her den. She gave a low call, and, in response, four reddish forms, images of her own, rushed from the opening. Then the mother looked on with silent pleasure as her young devoured the warm and tender flesh.

Meanwhile three hairless creatures within their well-lined nest wondered why their mother did not return. Minute after minute, and hour after hour passed by, but no mother came. How they hungered, but for *them*, the fates of the forest provided no food, and gradually the damp chill of the night air penetrated their warm home.

At daybreak, when I visited the burrow again, three cold and lifeless forms told the story of another tragedy of the forest.

James D. Morrison, '14.

The Passing.

"He was instantly killed."—*Newspaper.*

Had I my way, not that way would I die.
How the poor soul must shrink, snatched suddenly
From out its common pathway, sun and shade,
Into His presence, blinded by the glare
Of so great glory!
Rather would I know
And see the end far off, as one who stands
Upon a high ship's prow sees from afar
The lights of home, and lets his errant thoughts
Go wandering on adown the sinuous path,
The ever-shortening, sinuous path of light,
That streams from them to him along the waves.
He thinks no more of tempests that are past,
Forgets the raging bar he yet must cross,
Sees only the bright welcome waiting him:
The smiles, the festive joy, the happy tears.
Thus, drawing near to my eternal home,
I would compose my mind, and send it forth
Along the shortening pathway of my days,
Till all my doubts, my fears, were merged, were lost
In the fair vision of the welcoming Christ;
And I should wait Death's kiss with joy and peace.

Then, at the last—be it my lot to lie,
Not girded by four walls, or hemmed about
By beauty-blotting handiwork of man;

But in some forest shade beside the sea,
Or where the mellow wind among the pines
Sings the wild sweetness of our northern lakes,
To souls that listen on their magic isles.
Here the bright day glides tranquil to its close.
I hear the kindly voices that I love,
The water washing on the lonely crags,
The evening call of loon and whip-poor-will.
I feel the cool breath of God's holy night
Breathed round me, on my hand the hand of one
Best loved of all I leave behind. I see—
O Heaven, pity those who cannot see!—
Glory on glory—glory on that face
So near, so dear; gold glory on the wave,
Purple, and gold, and darting tongues of flame;
Calm glory on the cloud-piled dome of heaven;
Glory of fire on the great sun's face.
So slips my soul, scarce heeding of the change,
From glory unto glory: Heaven breaks—
Eternal glory on the face of God!

BERNARD F. TROTTER, '14.

An Experiment in Silk-Worm Culture.

ONE of the most interesting features of nature study is the observation of the metamorphosis of insects, the complete change which they undergo in passing through the three different stages of existence, the pupa, larva, and imago states. It seems almost incredible that the beautiful moths and butterflies which are seen hovering about the flowers darting hither and thither in the golden beams of the summer sun were once repulsive worms. Still more astonishing is the fact that exquisite silk fabrics are, in the first stage of their creation, the work of worms. In certain countries, where the climate is suitable, these worms are cultivated for economic purposes. Even in our northern climate, however, one may have the pleasure of observing these small creatures do their work. I shall relate my experience in rearing silk-worms.

I was teaching in a rural district, and one of the subjects on the curriculum was Nature Study, one branch of which consisted in collecting insects, observing their appearance and habits and discovering their economic value to the human race. I found my pupils intensely interested in this work and new specimens daily found their way into the school room. They came in such increasingly large numbers that I began to fear lest the supply would become exhausted. Then I saw in my Teachers' Magazine that a distinguished educationist was offering to any pedagogical friends, a setting of silk-worm eggs on condition that they would send for them. Gladly I availed myself of this opportunity and soon afterwards received a package containing a piece of cardboard on which were about one hundred little gray things, each of which in both appearance and size resembled the head of a common pin. This, then, was the setting of silk-worm eggs. This occurred early in the month of May.

The eggs were watched with great eagerness, but it was not until four or five weeks had passed that they hatched. One morning, instead of finding the little gray specks, there were tiny, black worms, little more than one-quarter of an inch in length. The next problem was to obtain food for them. When possible to get them, they were fed leaves of the mulberry tree. When these could not be had, lettuce leaves were made to suffice. Of these they ate ravenously. They now required much care, as they had to be fed three times daily; and, since they did not eat the veins and tougher parts of the leaves, it was necessary to clean their box often. The larvae continued to grow until by the latter part of June they were almost three inches long. By this time, too, very many of them had died. Then it was noticed that they had stopped eating. We made some small cones of paper and placed them in the box. Soon a worm was observed crawling back and forth on the cone or funnel-shaped paper, leaving behind it a thin thread of cream-colored silk. This continued until the worm had weaved a cocoon around itself. In this condition it remained for a week. At the end of that time a white moth, much resembling, in form and size, our common millers, emerged from the cocoon. Though different kinds of food were placed before it, the moth refused to partake of any of them, and, soon after depositing a setting of eggs, died. These eggs were put away in a warm room so that the next year we might have more silk-worms.

Some of the cocoons we dipped in boiling water. Upon removing them, with care and patience, we unwound the silk, which came off in the form of long threads. As we had no means of weaving it, we wound the threads on a small form and placed them among our collection of curiosities.

We all felt freely repaid for our small amount of trouble. We understood better than before the process of silk culture; we had observed the complete metamorphosis of the insect; we saw how dependent we are upon these apparently insignificant creatures, and we had a much more friendly feeling for all the small repulsive forms of life which surround us; but the grandest lesson of all,—we learned that God in His infinite wisdom created even these small creatures to serve a useful purpose in life.

Margaret J. Hair, '14.

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VOL. XXII. DECEMBER, 1912. NO. 3

Editorial Notes.

A MEAN IRONY, it might at first blush appear, to utter, at this time, pretty wishes for a glad Christmas season. The days must be very many, we are assured, before the oppressed undergrad. may know happiness again. It is possible that through our much speaking we have come to belief in the melancholy of Christmas. At any rate, our friends have heard much of the joylessness of the Yule-tide. In some such wan light as Mrs. Browning has pictured the student, perhaps, they have been taught to view the test-fearing toiler:

"Vowed am I from the day's delightsomeness,
And dreams of night! and when the house is dumb
In sleep, which is the pause 'twixt life and life,
I live and waken thus; and pluck away
Slumber's sleek poppies from my painèd lids—
Goading my mind with thongs wrought by herself,
To toil and struggle along this mountain-path
Which hath no mountain-airs; until she sweat
Like Adam's brow, and gasp, and rend away
In agony, her garment of the flesh!"

Perhaps in modesty we might make the solitary admission that the "goading thongs" are not of our own weaving: they have been wrought by other hands. Oppression, we would have it appear nevertheless, sits heavily.

The picture is not true. Among ourselves we will surely admit that it is no real representation. If any will say otherwise, let him blush to speak it: his self-seeking has robbed him of the high function of being and making happy. For any such, we strongly wish the grace of courage to attempt a Merry Christmas. For the rest, without irony we extend the wish, a merry Christmas and a very happy New Year!

And to all the readers of THE MONTHLY—ye who have passed beyond the trials whereof we speak, as well as ye who have known them not, we wish an abundance of good Christmas joy.

College News.

Around the Hall.

EDITOR: G. M. GOODFELLOW, '13.

O heavens, that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolutions of the times!

THAT the mid-year vacation is at hand has been forcing itself in upon our consciousness for some time. Almost before the novelty of the first few days at college had begun to wear away, the Freshmen were busy “plugging for Christmas exams.,” and at last even the most improvident Senior has been forced to take heed for the future. It is unfortunate, but seemingly unavoidable, that the mid-year examinations are held after the vacation rather than previous thereto, for, to a large number of the students, the pleasure of the holidays is certainly marred by the presence of the spectre of the approaching tests. Wise, indeed, is he who has so fortified himself with an accumulation of knowledge that the necessity of study during vacation touches him but lightly. The unwise may be able to enjoy the turkey and plum pudding, in the thought that “most of the finals don't come till spring, anyway.” To wise and unwise alike, then, THE MONTHLY extends wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Perhaps some of us should rejoice that we cannot lift the future's sable shroud to behold what the next month will bring; and since such is the case, may we neither fear the future nor weep for the past, but let us all eat, drink and be merry while we may.

NEW PIANO FOR THE CHAPEL.—Those who have had the privilege of whiling away a few moments in the reception room at the song festivals which are held there occasionally will be pleased to learn that a new and better piano now occupies the place of the old. In response to a request made by the student body, the Board of Governors has placed in the chapel a handsome Heintzman Parlor Grand piano, and the instrument formerly used there has been transferred to the reception room.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—The Literary Society meeting of November 1st combined business and pleasure. After a violin solo by F. A. McGregor, '13, a number of magazines from the Reading Room were sold. A. A. Trembert, '14, the auctioneer, by dint of great tact, induced the ladies, the Theologues, and even some Freshmen to bid. A new departure was made by the adoption of a motion regarding the inter-year debates. Henceforth the Debating Union will have charge of them. F. W. Waters, B.A., and W. M. Turnbull, '13, were chosen to represent McMaster in the inter-college debate with Victoria. C. V. Farmer, '15, and C. P. Hope, '15, reproduced a scene from Sheridan's "The Rivals," which was warmly appreciated. A piano solo by Miss Fowler, '14, concluded the programme.

On Friday evening, November 15, the programme was opened by Misses Draper and Benner, '15, who initiated the new piano. F. A. McGregor, '13, favored the audience with a vocal solo, and, as an encore, sang the latest song hit, "I'm Fou' the Noo." A. E. Kochaly then gave an interesting account of his journey from Persia to Canada, and his amusing experiences upon first reaching western civilization. The final number was a humorous reading by L. V. Cockburn, '15.

"Freshman Night" was celebrated at the meeting of the Literary Society on Friday, November 22, and the members of Year '16 are to be congratulated on the quality of the programme rendered. W. B. Clark contributed a vocal solo, delighting the audience with his fine baritone voice. Misses Knight and McCready gave an instrumental duet, and in response to the encore Miss McCready rendered an instrumental solo. The programme was concluded with a selection by four of the male members of the class, who, apparelled in comic costumes, sang songs of a somewhat reminiscent character.

English As She is Wrote.—Recently a sign appeared over one of the wash-bowls in the hall, "These taps out of order boath." The finishing touch was seen next day when the placard was posted, "These is ready for use."

DEBATING UNION.—On November 8, the first in the series of inter-year debates was held. After a splendid vocal solo by W. B. Clark, '16, E. G. Black, of Year '13, the leader of the affirmative, began the support of the resolution, "That the dissolution of the trusts is in the best interests of society." The debate which followed was one of great interest. M. R. Hartley was the other supporter of the resolution, and its opponents were J. Linton and A. Hughes, of Year '16. The Seniors brought forward their arguments in a cool and convincing way, and the Freshmen upheld their side of the argument with no small degree of fire. The former argued that the trusts were injurious to society and that dissolution was the only method of dealing with them. The latter declaimed upon the great benefits which accrue to society through the trusts, and that they could be regulated under a free democratic government. A piano solo by K. H. Kingdon, '14, and a vocal solo by W. B. Clark, '16, entertained the audience while the judges, Prof. White, Prof. Matthews, and Mr. Wallace, were weighing the merits of the sides. The decision was given in favor of Year '13.

A regular meeting of the Debating Society was held on Saturday, November 2. The subject, "Resolved, that a celibate ministry is in the best interests of the church in Canada," was thoroughly discussed. T. J. Hind, B.A., endeavored to convince the budding Theologues in the audience that a minister of the Gospel can do more effective work for the church and the community in general, by going through life without a help-meet. The cause of the married pastor was very ably upheld by R. A. L. Knight, B.A. When the subject had been argued by men who ought to know, L. S. Haverstock, B.A., and W. J. Donald, B.A., in their capacity as judges, decided that it would be unnecessary for the ministerial students to remain single. The severe and yet helpful criticisms tendered by Prof. Swedelius were very much appreciated, and the meeting adjourned with satisfaction beaming from the countenances of all present.

The subject of the inter-college debate, "Resolved, that the time has arrived when the best interests of the British Empire would be served by the formation of an Imperial Parliament," was discussed at the regular meeting of the Debating Society on Saturday, November 9. H. C. Cline, '13, led the affirmative, and the opposing forces were headed by G. H. Thomas, B.A., with the result that the subject was as thoroughly discussed as the limited time would allow. After a lengthy consultation the judges, C. B. Crowe, '13, and G. M. Goodfellow, '13, awarded the decision to the negative. W. M. Turnbull, one of the inter-college debaters, offered helpful criticisms.

The most rousing Saturday debate yet held this term was heard on November 16, in Castle Memorial Hall, on the subject: "Resolved, that the Ontario Liberal policy, 'abolish the bar,' is in the best interests of the Province." The first gun was fired by W. Spencer, '15, the celebrated temperance lecturer. E.

Hyde, '13, leader of the negative, then spoke on behalf of the liquor men, and others. The minor guns opened fire and soon the conflict waxed so fierce that the President maintained order with difficulty. Indeed, during J. B. Smith's fiery words the pandemonium rivalled that of the British House of Commons recently. So intense was the interest that it was decided to add ten minutes to the usual time. Silence was again secured when the critic, Mr. McNairn, M.A., rose to give some helpful criticisms. F. L. Stacy, '13, then undertook to supplement Mr. McNairn's remarks. The judges, M. R. Hartley, '13, and F. L. Stacy, '13, decided in favor of the negative.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.—Mr. E. Carey Fox, '06, assistant general manager of the Wm. Davies Company, was the speaker for the Club at its regular meeting on November 14. He dealt with the subject, "The College Man in Business," to the evident satisfaction of the large number present. Every phase of business life was carefully presented, including both the advantages and discouragements. The freedom with which the students joined in the discussion which followed the address characterized the meeting as the most successful yet held in the series.

Rev. A. L. Brown, B.A., B.Th., was the speaker on November 21, the subject being, "Social Engineering." Mr. Brown is director of the Memorial Institute, which is carrying on social settlement work among the foreigners of the city. Although this is a comparatively recent undertaking, he has made a study of methods in social work, and is able to speak with authority. Mr. Brown dealt chiefly with child welfare and religious social endeavor, the limited time making it possible merely to touch on some of the many phases. He impressed his hearers with the greatness of the opportunities to invest their lives in this form of service, and made a strong appeal for its consideration by those who are choosing a vocation.

GET THE IDEA?—Four members of the Class in Physics 7 are studying an elementary course in dynamics of a particle, preparatory to the second term's work. The branch of the subject under discussion is the mutual attraction between two bodies. The theory is illustrated by much practical work. For the benefit of anyone who may not see the point of this remark, we might say that this is a real joke, and will be explained by any member of Year Fourteen.

FRESHMAN STROLLING CLUB.—On Monday afternoon, November 11, the most valiant supporters of the green mustered their forces and proceeded northward to view the future training ground of McMaster students. Upon reaching the lofty eminence on which it is situated, a halt was called, and the strollers stood aside to view the glorious site, for so reverent were they that not even the most venturesome or impious dared tread the sacred ground. After suitable devotional exercises, the company repaired to one of Nature's amphitheatres, where experiments in gastronomics were conducted. The timidity and hesitancy of the participants disappeared as the demonstration progressed, and everyone, to use a sporting term, was in at the finish. The musical part of the programme was furnished by the Year Sixteen quartette. Suddenly it was discovered that darkness had fallen, and with reluctance the tired but happy Freshmen homeward plodded their weary way.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.—At a well-attended meeting of the Student Volunteer Band on November 5, Rev. John M. Muir gave an interesting address on "Tibet." After sketching briefly the geography of the country, he presented a vivid description of the people, their crude manner of dress, their horrible homes, and their utter lack of civilization. Their extremely low type of religion was then spoken of, and in conclusion, Mr. Muir pointed out that there are evidences that Christianity was once offered to the Tibetans, that they rejected it, and that to-day their religion is but a few crude remains of the religion of Christ.

ON BEHALF of the students we extend sincere sympathy to R. T. Watson, '14, who has been bereaved by the recent death of his father at Sarnia, Ontario.

VISITORS AT CHAPEL SERVICE.—Dr. Chas. A. Eaton, of New York, formerly pastor of Bloor Street Baptist Church, in this city, was heartily welcomed by the students at chapel service on November 8. Dr. Eaton is a vigorous and witty speaker, and his remarks were greatly appreciated by those who heard him. On November 19, President Southworth, of the Meadville Theological Seminary, Meadville, Pa., spoke briefly to the students, as did also President Sawyer, of Okanagan College, on November 21.

McMASTER WINS FIRST DEBATE.—The manner in which the old familiar war song, "Hurrah! Hurrah! We're in the Fight Again," was chanted by scores of McMasterites on the evening of November 19, suitably characterized the attitude of the students of McMaster University toward the opening of the series of inter-college debates. The excitement of the contests in the field of debating has become almost meat and drink to us, and would be missed, if we were deprived of it, even more than the supply of milk at dinner in the dining hall. The fact that Victoria College, an old-time rival, was opposing McMaster in the first round of the series was, therefore, sufficient to fill Castle Memorial Hall with an enthusiastic audience. For Victoria College, H. O. Hutcheson, B.A., and A F. Fokes, B.A., supported the resolution, "That the time has arrived when the best interests of the British Empire would be served by the formation of an Imperial Parliament." Their advocacy of this scheme was based chiefly upon the arguments that Imperial affairs should be divorced from domestic affairs in view of the fact that the British Parliament has now more business on the table at each session than it can conveniently deal with, and that the colonies desire such an institution. It was not considered necessary to prove the plan practicable. F. W. Waters, B.A., leader of the McMaster opposition, contended that such a move would be contrary to the present trend of British institutions, which is serving the best interests of the Empire through the evolution of machinery to preserve autonomy and Imperial unity. W. M. Turnbull, '13, argued that neither the political leaders nor the people had expressed favor to an Imperial Parliament, and that the plan would be impracticable. The judges, J. A. Paterson, K.C., Prof. G. M. Wrong, and Prof. W. T. Hallam, after a lengthy consultation, relieved the high tension under which the opposing forces were laboring, by the announcement that on both style and material McMaster had been awarded the decision. Thereupon pandemonium broke loose, but order was shortly restored sufficiently to allow of the singing of the National Anthem. Mr. B. B. Farmer, violinist, and Miss Etta Pugsley, B.A., reader, were contributors to the evening's programme, and the usual campaign literature was sung by the Glee Clubs of the two colleges.

INTER-COLLEGE DEBATING UNION.—The first round of debates for the Kerr Shield has been completed. On November 13, Wycliffe College, debating the affirmative of the subject, "Resolved, that Home Rule should be given to Ireland," won from Osgoode Hall, last year's winners of the Shield, and Knox College was given the decision over University College, arguing the affirmative of, "Resolved, that modern problems demand the commission form of city government." St. Michael's College won from Trinity College on November 19, opposing the resolution, "That the Privy Council as a court of final appeal for Canada should be abolished." McMaster being winners from Victoria College, the schedule for the semi-finals was arranged as follows: Wycliffe College vs. Knox College; St. Michael's College vs. McMaster University. R. A. L. Knight, B.A., and H. C. Cline, '13, are the McMaster representatives.

McMASTER EVANGELISTIC BAND.—The McMaster Evangelistic Band conducted its first service for the year 1912-13 in the Bloor Street Baptist Church, on Monday evening, November 11. The meeting was led by the pastor, Rev. W. A. Cameron, B.A., a former leader of the Band. There was a large number of students on the platform, and the splendid results augur well for the future success of the Band. On November 15-17, the Band, under its leader, L. S. Haverstock, B.A., held five weekend services in the Wychwood Baptist Church. The attendance at all services was good, and several professed conversion. Monday evening, November 18, the Band visited the Roncesvalles Avenue Church. Although there were no definite responses to the appeal given, a deep spiritual feeling prevailed. A rousing service was held in Ossington Avenue Church on Wednesday evening, November 20, with good results. Sunday afternoon, November 24, a children's service was conducted in the Roncesvalles Church, and in the evening a portion of the Band, under the leader, Mr. Haverstock, held a meeting in the Wychwood Church, while the Secretary, A. A. Trembert, led a similar service in the Roncesvalles Church. The singing of the McMaster Quartette has added much to the success of these meetings.

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the Theological Society was held on November 20, at which there was a large attendance. The speaker was Rev. T. T. Shields, of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, who spoke lucidly and forcibly on the topic of Biblical Preaching. Mr. Shields attributed whatever success he had obtained in this department of preaching (of which he is known to be one of the best exponents on the continent), to the fact that his first charge was a small church where he employed only his Bible and concordance in the preparation of his sermons. Biblical preaching, he said, is trying to open up the Scriptures so that people will come to understand what the Bible has to say. Let the book speak for itself, a thing which it can do to advantage. This kind of preaching is personal, direct. It is the Word of God speaking immediately to the soul. For this special preaching, one needed a very close fellowship with the Holy Spirit and a thorough acquaintance with the Bible.

FOUNDER'S DAY.—Once again have the faculty and students of McMaster University celebrated Founders' Day, and once again has the verdict been returned, "Better than ever," a phrase always employed when, each year, an opinion is asked as to the success of the annual function. Friday, November 29, was a day of strenuous activity in and around the halls of the University, a day of hurry and bustle, a day on which the idler felt as ill at ease as a Freshman who has unwittingly intruded upon a Sophomore class meeting. The motto has always been, "Excelsior! Excelsior!" and invariably ambitions have been realized. Hence the efforts of the students to surpass previous standards. At eight o'clock in the evening guests began to arrive, and until nine o'clock a reception was held in the chapel, where greetings were extended by Chancellor and Mrs. McCrimmon on behalf of the faculty, and by Mr. W. M. Turnbull and Miss Christine Fraser for the students. The rooms and corridors were prettily decorated for the occasion, and the laboratories were thrown open for inspection. In the Seniors' room was represented a Christmas scene, with trees sparkling under a covering of snow, a fire-place, tiny red lights, and a large electric "13" at one end. The Juniors very tastefully converted the ladies' room adjoining into a music room, lighted and decorated in blue. The Sophomores represented a scene in old Cathay, with shrine and fountain, and Year Sixteen fashioned a woodland camp. In the reception room, Theology pitched a tent, and transferred the surroundings in a typical reading camp scene. The feature of the evening was the hospitality extended by the Nip and Tuck Society. In room 23 of the main building, where were hung beautiful decorations, including a handsome portrait of the founder of the society, lemonade and macaroons were served, a menu which attracted a host of members and their friends. Ten promenades in all were enjoyed by the guests, and at midnight the Victrola in the blue room played "Good-Night, Ladies."

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS JESSIE KEE, '13.

"Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast!
  Let every man be jolly;
Each room with yvie leaves is drest,
  And every post with holly.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry."
—*Wither.*

TO many McMaster students, the Christmas season, instead of being a time of joy and mirth, is one of sadness and despair. It is then the weight of their sins of omission falls heaviest on them. Why, O why, all those picnics, parties, receptions, and the thousand and one other distractions that enticed them to forget the inevitable reckoning? Why, O why, those days of idleness and nights of ease, when they allowed pleasure to keep them too busy to be wise? But now nothing must interfere with their work. This determination came with the first snow flurry. They lift up their hands in holy horror at the mere mention of Huyler's, and even the innocent prayer meeting is treated as a delusion and a snare. To the query of the more indolent ones: "Why this unseemly haste?" the answer comes with force and conviction: "This simply *has* to be done before I go home, for I won't do anything there."

ANYONE familiar with the down-town districts cannot fail to have noticed the neglected little waifs that are all too numerous there. It takes very little to make them happy—pathetically little. They are not surfeited with toys, or clothes, or even food. Can we not—

"Deign on the passing world to turn our eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise"?

Social problems are everywhere discussed these days, and if we would become familiar with the practical side also, not being satisfied with theory alone, there are endless opportunities here in our own city.

McMaster girls interested in fancy work will, no doubt, be glad to learn that Toronto is to have a new Women's Exchange, established by the Y.W.C.A. For many years the Ladies' Work Depository has carried on this work, and the Women's Art Association has sold home-made articles. The new exchange, however, will be managed somewhat differently, no commission being charged. The only fee to the producer is the membership fee in the Y.W.C.A. of one dollar a year. Attractive tea rooms, and probably a diet kitchen under skilled management, will be carried on in connection with the Exchange, which will open soon near the corner of Bloor and Yonge Streets.

Theological Reconstruction.—Professor in English, declaiming Wordsworth—"Thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky!" But this is what appeared in the Industrious Theologue's notebook: "Thou need'st not dream of raving in the sky!"

McMaster Abroad.—Some of the girls will remember the Tamil girl student, Margaret Isaac, who attended lectures for one year with the Class of '12. At present she is teaching in Miss Armstrong's school and meeting with decided success. In the examinations set by the British Government last June, eighteen out of twenty-three of her pupils passed; three of these received honors, and twelve, distinctions. We extend heartiest congratulations to Miss Isaac.

Another maid—another chair—
Another weight it couldn't bear—
Another trial—another crash—
But no bold youth to make a dash!
A lowly seat—a tardy bell—
At last release for mademoiselle.

Women's Literary Society.—The meeting of the W. L. S. for November the eighth was in charge of the Freshettes, who displayed an unmistakable desire to impress their elders with their abilities. After the completion of the necessary business, the programme commenced with a piano solo by Maud McCready. This was followed by a paper on Current Events by Ruth Macklem, and a quartette, "Froggie Went to Catch a Whale," by four young musicians of the year. The best was yet to come, however, in the play, "Trouble at Satterlee's," an amusing portrayal of life in a ladies' boarding school.

At the meeting, two weeks later, Miss Stillwell, Vice-President of the society, took the chair. Miss Hooper, '13, delighted us with a well-rendered piano solo, and was followed by impromptu speeches by a number of the girls. These extemporary addresses are really excellent for promoting confidence and ease in speaking; and it is a pity there are not more opportunities for practice. The performance of the McMaster Ladies' Orchestra beggars description. With Mark Twain we can say: "I am glad that no possible combination of words could describe the sound, for I might then be foolish enough to attempt it." Suffice to say, the happy conjunction of wind instraments with string and tin produced an effect startling in its originality and execution. The paper on Current Events, by Miss Macintosh, '14, was particularly bright and clever, and all quite agreed with Mrs. Arnton when she declared there was no room anywhere for criticism.

SHOCKING.—Somewhat interesting developments are almost certain to result from the peculiar and rather unusual seating arrangements in Physics VII. O those bold, bad boys!

Y.W.C.A. AND W.L.S. RECEPTION.—Many friends of the University were entertained by the girls on Friday, November the fifteenth, at their annual reception. The guests were received by Mrs. Arnton, Miss Hooper, President of the Y.W.C.A., and Miss Wilkins, President of the W.L.S. After an hour spent in conversation, a short programme followed. Miss Hooper, in a short speech of welcome, outlined the work of the two societies. Miss Johnson delighted us with an excellent piano solo, after which the Freshettes presented a boarding school comedy. The Freshettes evince remarkable histrionic ability and deserve hearty congratulations on the success of their play. At the conclusion of the programme, the faculty room and the ladies' room were thrown open to the company, and dainty refreshments were served. When all the guests had departed, the girls, chaperoned by Mrs. Arnton, indulged in a banquet, the principal features of which were ice cream and olives. Afterwards they repaired to the chapel to attend the weekly meeting of the Literary Society.

TRUE DAUGHTERS OF EVE!—A certain lecture held in a room not commonly used for that purpose is becoming quite popular. A familiar and tantalizing odor permeates the place, and it is whispered that the students never leave without carrying with them something more tangible and satisfying than a mere odor.

ALUMNAE LUNCHEON.—The Senior girls enjoyed the hospitality of the Alumnae Association at luncheon in the Teapot Inn, on November the twenty-third. At the close of a delightful repast, Miss Jean Graham, of *Toronto Saturday Night,* spoke on the educated woman in journalistic work. She called attention to the power of the press, and pointed out that the educated woman could broaden the field of women's interests. She also showed the advantages to philanthropic work and public morals in general of having women on newspapers. Miss Graham's address was received with a great deal of enthusiasm, and the Senior girls went away delighted with the hearty hospitality of the Alumnae Association.

THE RETORT CURIOUS.—French Professor, teaching the reflexive verb: "Have you washed this morning, Miss—?" Miss—: "Oui, monsieur, avez vous?"

Y.W.C.A.—The week beginning November the eleventh was kept by the University Young Women's Christian Association throughout the world as a week of prayer. At the first meeting, Miss Saunders, in a most interesting talk, brought before our Association the world-wide work of the Y.W.C.A.

Each morning during the week short prayer meetings were held, at which the attendance was representative and the interest was keen.

The study of social problems is proving of great interest. Ada Found, '14, presented vividly to us the problem of the feeble-minded, and Annie Darcy showed us how this and other problems are being dealt with by the numerous existing philanthropies. A new and broader vision of the work of the church was opened up to us by Bessie Farmer, '14, in her description of the institutional churches and social settlements formed to meet present-day needs.

The following have been appointed delegates to the Missionary Conference at Peterboro, the date of which is from November the thirtieth to December the first: Hazel Hooper, '13; Bessie Farmer, '14; Margaret Hair, '14; Mary Fowler, '14; Muriel Draper, '15; Margaret Newton, '16; Louise McLaurin, '16.

AS USUAL!—Professor, calling the Senior roll: Miss ——?" Miss ——: "Talking!"

INFORMATION BUREAU.

[The editor undertakes to answer all questions of interest to women, from Candy Recipes to Woman's Suffrage. Correspondents are requested to write plainly.]

SWEET SIXTEEN.—How can I buy Christmas presents for father, mother, baby brother, and three dear friends, when I have only ten cents and six pink car tickets, and board for three weeks to pay out of the next allowance?

Yours is indeed a perplexing, but not an uncommon problem. The only way out of the difficulty seems to be to give each one a car ticket, and spend the dime at Mother's Candy Kitchen.

SERIOUS SUE.—Although I realize that much has been written on the subject, I confess I feel curious to know what your advice would be to a girl about to marry?

The same as Punch's,—Don't!

JUNIORETTE.—Can you recommend any mechanical device guaranteed to awaken a devout one when she has been on her knees a sufficient length of time to say her prayers? She gets cramped sleeping in that position and it is not fair to expect too much of her room-mate?

Try the alarm clock.

SAD SOPHETTE.—My room-mate abuses me. Would it be possible to get a divorce from her, or should I use some other means of torture?

Until Woman's Suffrage comes in vogue the first means seems denied you. Why not try a sweet reasonableness, which, properly used, should enable you to get even with her every time?

Athletics.

EDITOR: H. C. HUDSON, '14.

"Play up! Play up! And play the game!"

WITH the close of the football season interest naturally gravitates toward the winter sports, hockey, basketball, and the latest arrival in the Athletic family—fencing. In regard to the former two, it may be truthfully said that prospects were really never better for a most successful season. We know that it is our duty to say this whether we think it or not, but in this case we state our opinion unreservedly.

In anticipation of an increased interest in hockey, the Athletic Executive have made application for practice hours at the new Arena, and are taking steps to secure the customary privileges at "Little Vic." rink, which, it is rumored, will provide more satisfactory accommodation this year than heretofore in the matter of dressing rooms, etc. Basketball is receiving their attention, also, and efforts are being made to organize a league with a team from the Ontario Agricultural College, Varsity II., and a team from Hamilton.

The infant referred to above, fencing, promises to become a most husky member of the family. With Prof. Ten Broeke as Honorary President of the newly-formed Fencing Club, and other efficient officers in W. E. McKissock, President and Captain, and F. W. Waters, Secretary-Treasurer, the success of the club is assured. Anyone already interested, or desirous of being initiated into the delights of this fascinating pastime is earnestly advised to get into immediate touch with Captain McKissock.

In fitting up one of the rooms in the basement of the hall for use as an exercising room, the Executive has further enhanced its popularity. Gymnasium mats and a punching-bag have been installed, and the room provides a very convenient, if not commodious, place for indoor exercise.

RUGBY.

AFTER an exciting series of games between the different years, the Seniors finally succeeded in establishing their claim to the premier honors as exponents of the strenuous game. At the time of writing, second and third places have not been awarded, but we venture to predict that if the necessary games are played, the Juniors will finish second, with the Sophomores third, the Freshmen next, with Theology bringing up the rear.

On account of the great interest that Rugby has excited this year, the attendance at the matches was better, and the quality of football played was superior to that of other years. The one unsatisfactory feature of the series is that it extends so far into the fall term, but this drawback will be remedied by the change which has been decided upon, viz: to run off the schedule before, instead of after, the Inter-College season commences.

The feature of the final game, between the Juniors and Seniors, was possibly the fact that the game was played in almost complete darkness, during a very discouraging rain. In spite of this fact, however, both teams played good ball. The only drop kick over goal secured by a McMaster man this fall is credited to Shannon, '14, in this game. In the burlesque between the Fourth Year team and the Theologues, the most interesting feature was the touchdown scored by the Ministers—with all the members of both teams behind the ball, and Mr. J. B. Smith clutching it until he had been shoved over the Seniors' line! The Juniors ran away from Sixteen in the semi-finals, while the Sophomores gave the Champions a struggle, holding them to a 3-2 score until the end of the third quarter. The scores of the series follow:

Juniors, 27; Freshmen, 3.
Seniors, 19; Sophomores, 3.
Seniors, 72; Theologues, 7.
Seniors, 38; Juniors, 8.

The teams were:

Fourth Year—Flying wing, Goodfellow; halves, Cline, McCrimmon, McGregor; quarter-back, Ashmore; scrimmage, Haddow, Ellis, Willoughby; wings, Weir, Hyde, Shields, L. H. Clarke, Stacy, B. W. Clarke.

Third Year—Flying wing, Anderson; halves, Freeman, Shannon, G. Davies; quarter-back, N. Davies; scrimmage, McLeod, Renno, Mitchener; wings, Hisey, W. W. Smith, Watson, Trembert, Cutler, H. Graham.

Second Year—Flying wing, Reeds; halves, McKissock, Philpott, Campbell; quarter-back, Kellock; scrimmage, Spencer, Ballard, Smith; wings, Long, Hay, Pyke, Hawkings, Houlding, Moody.

First Year—Flying wing, Parker; halves, E. Bates, Price, Ziemann; quarter-back, Linton; scrimmage, Buck, W. B. Clarke, Werden; wings, Cole, Fox, Tyndall, Warren, A. Whan, Gill.

Theology—Full-back, Leon McCrimmon; halves, Hutchinson, Donald, Waters; quarter-back, Iveson; scrimmage, Howard, N. R. McLeod, Mitchener; wings, Hackett, Holmes, Thomas, J. B. Smith, Affleck, Knight.

SOCCER.

After McMaster had defeated Victoria College in the Intermediate Soccer League, the Powers that Be ruled that our men should play in the Senior series. Although the promotion came as a total surprise, Captain Hisey's men were equal to the occasion and put up a game fight for the higher honors. Though they did not win out, it was only after three games with the City Teachers that the championship was decided. The Pedagogues won the first game on November 16, by the score of 1-0. McMaster reversed the order of things a week later by winning from the Teachers by the same score. Ten minutes overtime was then played to decide the winners, but neither side scored and a "sudden-death" game was arranged for Saturday, November 30. This was won by the Teachers by the popular 1-0 score, after a hard game, in which the McMaster team showed that they were quite equal to their opponents in individual work, but lacked in the team play that comes from much practice.

From the point of view of the spectator the second game was the best of the three. The pace throughout was very fast, and the fact that it was the only defeat which the Teachers have suffered this year indicates the calibre of the play. The McMaster back division was particularly effective, but a great deal of credit is due to every member of the team. Linton, Sorton, and Hisey were as conspicuous as usual, and worked like the proverbial Trojans, from the first toot of the whistle. In the ordinary course of events the same men will be available for next year's team, which makes McMaster's chances look roseate at this distance. Here's hoping that we may not be disappointed!

The line up was as follows: (First game)—Goal, Ziemann; backs, B. W. Clarke, Hisey; halves, Sorton, Hay, Browne; forwards, Dunbar, Linton, McWilliams, Hartley, Campbell.

(Second and third games)—Goal, Ziemann; backs, E. Smith, Hisey (Capt.); halves, Ballard, B. Clarke, Browne; forwards, Sorton, Linton, McWilliams, Hartley, Campbell.

McMaster Seconds, 1; Forestry, 0.
McMaster Seconds, 0; Forestry, 0.

When the intermediate team was promoted to the senior ranks, a team was organized with E. Smith as captain to finish out the schedule, and to the surprise of all, considering the lack of practice together, the hastily "made-to-order" outfit reached the finals in the series. Forestry, the winners in Group A, went down before the grey and maroon to the tune of 1-0 on Friday, November 15, and the second game with the same team on the following Monday ended in a draw, neither side scoring. This gave McMaster the privilege of meeting the Faculty of Education for the championship. Both games with Forestry were fairly fast, and the success of our men was largely due to their superior staying powers, although the teams were very evenly matched in the matter of speed and combination play.

McMaster Seconds, 0; Faculty of Education, 3. Although they did succeed in reaching the finals, McMaster's hopes were dashed in the first ten minutes of the game with the Faculty of Education. Two goals were chalked up against the gray and maroon men before they realized that they were playing a real team. With that handicap McMaster worked hard, and played good soccer, but it wasn't quite good enough, and the final score was three to nothing for the budding teachers. The feature of the game, outside of the good work of Smith, Ballard, and Reeds, was the enthusiastic rooting of the Faculty supporters, who quite drowned the efforts of the small crowd who turned out to cheer for McMaster. Even in the press and hurry of lectures it should not be forgotten that your support is needed on the sidelines. Accordingly, keep your eye on that bulletin board in the hall, and make it a point to be on hand to cheer for McMaster, even if you can't play yourself. Remember that every team plays better when it has the crowd behind it, and get out to help McMaster win athletic honors, even though you may have to make some slight sacrifice to do so.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. H. CRANSTON, B.A.

McMASTER has every reason to congratulate herself upon the splendid showing made by Morden H. Long, '08, her first regularly appointed Rhodes scholar. Morden spent three most enjoyable years at Oxford, taking the honor history course, one of the stiffest on the curriculum. Of a class of over 300 only thirteen got into first-class honors and but seventy into second-class honors. Morden ranked high among the second-class honor men, and thus brought distinction to his Alma Mater. His old friends extend heartiest congratulations. Morden returned to Canada in August, and is now teaching public school at Vulcan, Alberta. He expects to go into high school work after the New Year.

MR. W. G. CARPENTER, '05, is now principal of the High School at Edmonton, Alberta. There is no keeping back the McMaster men who have gone into educational work in the West, and ''Bill'' is one of the best we ever turned out.

THE REPORT which gained considerable currency this year that W. V. Poapst, '04, had been appointed police magistrate of Lethbridge, Alta., appears to have been ill-founded. We had anticipated that some day ''Wilfy'' would have the pleasure of sentencing James J. Corbett to 30 days for assault and battery, committed many years ago in Varsity ''gym.''

A RE-UNION of all McMasterites living in Edmonton and vicinity was held on November 23rd, in Edmonton. It took the form of an informal banquet. Twenty-three in all were present. This number included McMaster old boys, whether graduates or not, and also old Woodstock College students. Mr. C. A. Grant, '02, presided. Mr. W. G. Carpenter, '05, Principal of the Edmonton High School, replied to the toast of ''Alma Mater'' and made a splendid speech. He drew attention to the splendid work that the University had done, and is doing, and urged that McMaster men get behind the institution. He referred in closing to the task that the McMaster Alumni Association had undertaken in raising funds to endow a chair in English, and asked those present to give it their support.

At a short business session before the company departed, A. W. Wilson, '11, of the law firm of C. A. Grant, was appointed permanent secretary, and arrangements were made for another meeting before the close of the winter. The list of those present included the following: Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Grant, '02; Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Bellamy, '02; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Curtis, '08; Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davies, W. G. Carpenter, '05, of the Edmonton High School; Dr. W. W. Lailey, '04; Messrs. Chas. Moyle, H. S. Sneyd, A. W. Wilson, '11; Ralph Willcock, '12; A. C. Cornwall, Alex. Rutherford, J. A. McCormack and Stanley George, all of the city; and Miss Ruby L. Clements, '12, of Vegreville; J. H. L. Morgan, '09, of Edson, and E. D. Campbell, '12, of Andrew. A number of others were unable to be present.

THE OSGOODE HALL contingent of McMaster students seems to have fallen off considerably in numbers this year. A complete muster of its forces would summon only four enthusiasts, namely, Joseph Wearing, '10, Harold Male, '11, J. E. Anderson, '11, and V. E. Gray, '11, but the ardor of their devotion to the shrine of the blind goddess makes the consideration of the smallness of their number almost impertinent. It can be safely said, however, that an affiliation with a graduate school has brought no diminishing of that loyalty to and love for McMaster which is second nature to a McMaster graduate. Mr. Wearing is now in his final year in the Law School. The members of Year 'Eleven above-mentioned have still a lap and a half to go. Mr. J. O. Robinson, '09, was graduated from the Law School last May and receives his "call" to the Bar this fall. Mr. J. H. L. Morgan, '09, was graduated this year and is now practising law in Edson in the Province of Alberta. Late reports from the far West convey news of his appointment as City Solicitor of that cisalpine metropolis. Mr. W. B. Waters, '08, is now a well-established practising solicitor in Calgary, Alberta, a member of the firm of Lathwell & Waters of that city, and is, as everyone knows, married. This Osgoode Hall list does not include the comparatively large number of McMaster students who, in their preparation for legal practice, have chosen to serve their apprenticeship in the Western Provinces, rather than attend Osgoods Hall. All of Year Twelve's prospective barristers have gone to Western Canada for their law training. In the West there is no law school, but the conditions of service and examinations are very similar to those in Ontario. The relative advantages of the two systems of training is a question which confronts every McMaster graduate who purposes to study law and is one on which too little information is usually available for a well-founded judgment.

The annual fall luncheon of the Alumnae Society was held on November 23rd in The Tea-Pot Inn, Toronto, and was as usual a decided success. About forty members were present, and did justice to a very dainty and substantial repast. The invited guests were the wife of the Chancellor, Mrs. A. L. McCrimmon, and Miss Jean Graham, of *Saturday Night*, Toronto, who delivered a most interesting address on "The Educated Woman in Journalism," and the officers of the graduating year in Arts, Miss Jessie Kee, Miss N. Haines, Miss Minnie Currie, Miss Olive Wilkins, Miss Hazel Hooper, Miss C. Fraser. There were also present four other members of the year—Miss Elsie Ashall, Miss Gertrude Carey, Miss Margaret McDonald, and Miss J. Stenhouse. Among the Alumnae present were the following: Miss Bessie Arkell, '11; Mrs. G. H. Campbell (Blackadar), '02; Mrs. R. A. F. McDonald (Culver), '04; Miss Ruth Denovan, '11; Miss Florence Edy, 09; Mrs. R. J. Marshall (Edy), '08; Miss Jean Eede, '12; Miss Marjorie Fairbairn, '12; Miss Hope Gray, '09; Mrs. Charles B. Lewis (Harton), '06, president; Miss Evelyn Kellock, '11; Miss Emma Kennedy, '09; Miss Enid McGregor, '12; Mrs. H. L. Stark (McKay), '94; Mrs. Winnifred McKinnon, '06; Miss Annie MacNeill, '03; Miss Lillian Murray, '08; Miss Gertrude Murray, '09; Miss Jacqueline Norton, '02; Miss Bessie Pugsley, '08; Miss Etta Pugsley, '10; Miss Grace Stone, '06; Miss Lottie Tapscott, '09; Miss E. M. Wagstaff, '12; Mrs. R. W. E. Burnaby (Wallace), '03; Mrs. J. H. Cranston (Wilkins), '07.

The sincere sympathy of all McMasterites will go out to Robert D. MacLaurin, '02, Professor of Chemistry at Saskatchewan Provincial University, Saskatoon, who lost his wife early in November. She was, prior to her marriage, Miss Mary E. McEvoy, of Toronto, and was buried in her old home city.

R. E. Guyatt, '01, has passed the final examinations of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and is now an M.B. Congratulations, Doctor "Dick."

Perren E. Baker, '00, is an enthusiastic farmer in what is known as the dry farming section of Alberta. He has a whole section of land about forty miles southeast of Bow Island (look up your maps), and is also operating a coal mine. The correspondent who sends the information adds: "He seemed to be very cheerful, and had great hopes for the future," a characteristic of all Westerners, and always of Perren.

REV. P. B. LONEY, TH., 1912, of Boston, Ontario, entered the ranks of the benedicts on Saturday, November 30th, at Port Rowan, Ontario, his bride being Miss Aileen Marie Rolph, daughter of Rev. R. C. Rolph, of the Port Rowan Baptist Church. It took three parsons to tie the knot, the bride's father, Rev. C. H. Schutt, '00, and Rev. C. J. Loney.

MR. E. J. FARMER, '03, won the first prize in a musical competition held under the auspices of the Hambourg Conservatory of Music, Toronto. His composition was arranged for the cello and piano.

THE NEW ORGANIZATION of Canadian Baptist foreign missions under a Dominion Board sees Rev. J. G. Brown, B.Th., '99, at the helm as general secretary. He is succeeded in the Ontario and Quebec secretaryship by Rev. R. R. McKay, of Ottawa, a brother of ex-Chancellor McKay.

DR. FRED W. WESTON, '08, is doing hospital work in the Caledonia Hospital, Caledonia, Minnesota.

REV. DR. E. W. PARSONS, '00, is supplying the pulpit of the Saskatoon Baptist Church.

REV. J. T. PRIEST, '04, has succeeded Rev. J. A. Moe, '10, now of Hamilton, in the pastorate at Jerseyville, Ont.

REV. A. CLINTON WATSON, '01, is meeting with such success in his preaching at Lethbridge, Alta., that the church has been compelled to go to a public hall to find room for the congregations.

REV. C. N. MITCHELL, '94, has returned to the mission field in Bolivia, after a two-year furlough in Ontario. He leaves behind him his wife and two sons. Mrs. Mitchell hopes to rejoin him next year.

REV. W. P. REEKIE, '98, has given up his work at Weyburn, Saskatchewan, to become Superintendent of the Baptist Convention of Saskatchewan.

One of the most successful of our ministerial graduates is Rev. H. A. Porter, '94, who has just celebrated his fifth anniversary as pastor of the Walnut Street Baptist Church, Louisville. In his term 1,073 members have been added to the church, which gives over $12,000 a year to missions.

Rev. Ebenezer Cameron, '03, is now pastor at Midland, Ont.

McMaster had three representatives among the thirty-two Canadians in attendance at the last summer session of Columbia University: W. L. Robinson, B.A., '09, Naramata, B.C., taking work in Medicine; R. H. Roberts, B.A. '07, M.A. '08, Normal School, Calgary, Alta., and R. A. F. McDonald, B.A. '04, Woodstock College, Woodstock, Ont., both taking post-graduate work.

In the issue of April, 1912, a list was printed of those who had responded to the appeal for pledges for the Alumni Lectureship Fund. Since that time other pledges have come in bringing the total amount pledged to $9,000. This is less than one-third of the amount required. It has been pledged by less than one-fourth of the graduates. Although three different appeals have been sent out this is the result. The one disappointing feature about it all is simply this, that apparently many of the graduates fail to appreciate the opportunity of showing in a tangible way their loyalty to the institution that always gives her students vastly more than they can ever hope to repay her for in money value. Surely the 450 graduates who have not even replied to these appeals will come to the front and show our Alma Mater that we will gladly and graciously make this gift as a slight recognition of our grateful remembrance of the valuable asset which she placed at our disposal during college days.

The following years head the list of contributors:—1906, $1,466; 1899, $1,115; 1900, $960; 1905, $800; 1909, $630; 1903, $505; 1910, $482; 1911, $450.

The following have sent in pledges since the publication of the list in April:—Arts: 1894, L. A. Therrien; 1899, J. T. Jones, David Bovington; 1902, Miss Helen A. Iler; 1903, L. C. Fraser; 1906, J. B. Pengelly; 1907, G. C. McEwen; 1910, Laura Craig, Violet I. Dickens, R. M. Dickey; 1912, R. H. Kilfoyl, T. R. Wilkins.

If you have not received the literature explaining the plan, write Rev. H. R. Nobles, 586 Clinton Street, Toronto. Send in your pledge at once, even if it is for only $1.00 a year. We want to get every graduate lined up behind this movement.

Woodstock College.

Editor: S. E. Waterland.

THE rugby season is at an end. Two victories and as many defeats have to be recorded. The College boys split even with the Galt O.R.F.U. team in two games early in November, losing the first in Galt by a score of 27-7, and capturing the home game by 14-9. The game on the campus was one of the liveliest of the season, but the twenty-point handicap was too much. Although we lose the round, we are confident of the superiority of our own team. Some new yells and parodies were introduced from the side-lines. Chancellor McCrimmon, in an after-dinner speech, declared himself well satisfied with the skill of the College team. The Junior team was defeated in Galt on November 2 by the Galt Collegiate, 15-1. On Wednesday, November 13, the Hamilton Collegiate rugby team visited us, with the avowed intention of carrying home the honors. They meant well, but we defeated them, 25-6. Spectators might have called the exhibition either rugby or water-polo.

A male quartette has been crystallized out of the abundant (mayhap superabundant) vocal volume that is heard about the halls. The dramatic instinct also is asserting itself among our student-literati, and we are trembling on the verge of a plunge into amateur theatricals. Of course, it is to be named "Glee Club."

The College Debating Society was organized on Saturday, November 9. The first subject to be examined under this powerful intellectual limelight was, "Resolved, that a university education fits a woman for home duty." The negative won out by a close margin. The Society rendered a playlet-sketch entitled, "Guess Who's Come Back?" at its session on the 23rd.

Among the visitors at the College during the month were: Rev. Jas. Atkins, Burgessville; President Southworth, of Meadville, Pa., and Rev. C. N. Mitchell, our Baptist missionary to Bolivia.

Moulton College.

Editor: Miss Kathleen Hodson.

What was the dreadful thing we heard,
We trembled at the very word,
"Examination time hath come."
The very thought did strike us dumb!
And now examinations o'er,
We surely may have peace once more,
But lo! Results are coming fast,
Each one more dreadful than the last.

THE examinations and that which follows in their wake—the results! At present, while we still have a vivid memory of the mornings we arose in the cold darkness to labor, and while we are constantly seeing the outcome of our labors thrust before us with unappreciative words, we are puzzling our fatigued brains with the question as to which requires the more fortitude—to write an examination or face the results?

Examinations do disclose some startling and original ideas. For instance, we learned from the Primary Class that six things which grow in Canada are: A rose, a plant, a tree, man, grass, and a baby. The Preparatory Department has made a valuable contribution to present-day literature in having discovered two strictly new plays of Shakespeare's, "What Do You Know About Nothing?" and "The Merry Widows."

At the last meeting of the Heliconian Society, held Friday, November 1, a very interesting and instructive programme was rendered. Tableaux of familiar pictures constituted the main part of the programme, which was also supplemented by a few musical numbers.

Many of the girls attended the evengelistic meetings held in Bloor Street Church, and a number also were present at one session of the Women's Convention, held in College Street Church.

Founder's Night at McMaster has come to be a red-letter night for Moulton, as well as McMaster, and this year it was no exception. The girls who stayed at home had a most hilarious and eventful Taffy Pull. But those who attended the McMaster function congratulated themselves on having the best of the bargain; for, besides having a splendid time there, they also had a goodly portion of the taffy forced upon them next morning in order that they might be bribed to tell whom they had seen, what they did, and all about the decorations of the rooms.

With Christmas holidays so near, Moulton girls seem to appreciate the force of R. L. S.'s inspired words:

> "This world is so full of a *number of things,*
> I think we should all be as happy as kings."

Here and There.

EDITOR: B. F. TROTTER, '14.

"Short swallow-bights of song that dip
Their wings . . . and skim away."—*Tennyson.*

SOMETHING has happened! That precious "status quo" of the Great Powers has been mislaid! And the diplomatic workshops of Europe are humming with industry until a new one be constructed to take its place. You have done it, you Balkan States!—and Canada is proud to shake hands with you on it. Especially with Montenegro, who began it all—that little state whose war annals, Gladstone tells us, are the most glorious in Europe, and who, of you all, never bowed her head before the conquering Crescent. We reprint the sonnet of our English Laureate in her honor.

They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight,
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.

O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernogora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and break the storm,
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.'

"WE LEARN from the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin,* that President Eliot advised the freshmen this year thus: 'Look ahead to marriage. The sooner you begin to think about it the better.'" Take notice, men of '16!

A FOOTBALL BALLAD.

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in thy flight,
Put me together just for to-night;
Paste on the ear that was torn off last week,
Rip the adhesive tape off from my cheek;

Grease up my knee so it works as of yore,
Make me dependent on crutches no more;
Make me look less like a nursery puzzle,
Reset the teeth in my battered-up muzzle;
Pull out the kinks that are wound in my spine,
Fill in the holes that are cut in my rind;
Extract the rainbow that shines in my eyes,
Fix up my nose to its natural size;
Put me together and fix me up right,
Make me a boy again just for to-night.

—*The Collegian.*

THE FOLLOWING exchanges have been received: O. A. C. Review, St. John's College Magazine, Vox Wesleyana, Lux Columbiana, Dalhousie Gazette, University Monthly, University of Ottawa Review, Vox Collegii, Acta Victoriana, Trinity University Review, Philomathean Monthly, University of Virginia Magazine, Mercerian, Bessie Tift Journal, Collegian, Oberlin Monthly. Notre Dame Scholastic, "T. C. D.," Varsity, Manhattan Quarterly.

LIES.

See the maiden with the eyes,—
(Naughty eyes!)
How they twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,
Like the little stars above:
And each whispering lover sighs,
As with honeyed words he tries
To convince her of his love.
See her pretty feigned surprise,
When he starts to rhapsodize,
While imagination wafts him to a dreamland in the skies,
And he lies, lies, lies, lies,
Lies, lies, lies,
'Bout the beauty and the glamour of her eyes.

Oh, the wonder of her eyes!
(Both her eyes!)
How they keep him in suspense
With their coy sweet innocence,
Till his prayers become intense,
For his prize.
How she tries, tries, tries,
To demurely put him wise;
And tho' she's half confessing how she loves to keep him guessing
With the light that lies, lies,
Lies, lies, lies,
In the beauty and the glamour of her eyes.

—*St. John's College Magazine.*

THEOLOGUES!—"Two persons are the foes of a state, and of religion: a king without clemency, and *a religious man without learning.*"—Sa'di.

THOUGHT'S PLACE.

Hast thou a strong, true thought?
Give freely to life's toilers on the way,
That they may meet the burdens of the day,
And bear them bravely as brave spirits may;
For so God's work is wrought.

Clothe thought in gracious guise;
Though true as truth itself it may be kind;
Though strong as life, 'tis thought's fine cords that bind;
Though firm as rock, let timid spirits find
Thy great thoughts sweet as wise.

Give thought its royal place;
Thou art as are thy thinkings, and thy power
To uplift and to comfort is the dower
God gives thee with the growth of every hour,
That He alone may trace.

THE POEM printed above is from *Acta Victoriana.* We have just received the November number, and we feel like saying a special word of appreciation. In make-up and in contents it is distinctly the best Canadian exchange of the month. The editors are undertaking some rather ambitious projects; but if the present number is a fair sample of their work, we see no reason why they should not succeed. We give them our best wishes; and recommend McMaster students to visit the exchange shelves in the reading-room.

A MATRIMONIAL RESTRICTION.

One speaks of "free thinkers" and others,
Of whatever creed they may be;
But the men who are really free thinkers
Are those who aren't married,—you see?

A PIED PIPER AT OLD HARVARD.—To prevent the destruction of many interesting books, papers, pictures, and valuables of various kinds, in the college buildings, Harvard has added to its staff of employees an official rat-catcher, the first appointee of the kind in the history of the university. He has the help of a clever fox terrier, two ferrets, and many traps.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

Harvard began its 276th year on September 23, with an estimated enrolment of 4,500 students. Yale opened its 212th year, Dartmouth its 144th, and Brown its 149th.

While Woodrow Wilson was at Princeton he stood fortieth in his class. Cheer up! Better things may be in store for some of us.

Kansas professors have discovered that bacteria can live in "pop." Eighty-seven per cent. of America's undergraduates live on "pop."

Franklin Field at the University of Pennsylvania has been so enlarged that the stands will now seat over 31,000 people.

Women are the best students at the University of Wisconsin. Out of 400 first year men, during the last school year 37 per cent. were either conditioned or failed, while but 21 per cent. of the women failed or drew conditions.

Last year Harvard students owned 37 automobiles; this year there are but 21 in their possession. An advance in democracy?

A MISAPPREHENSION.

Stanley Bent, in the New York Sun.

(Dedicated to His Excellency the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar.)

"It was back in the year nineteen hundred and eight
That your rhythm syllable first entered my pate,
When I read in the papers there might be a war
On account of the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar;
And I pictured you then as some grand potentate—
A Sultan or Emir or Pasha, so great
That the Concert of Europe was all set ajar
By the schemes of the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar.
I saw you surrounded by Orient state,
The very personification of Fate,
While your minions fell down absolutely prostrate
In the dust that was made by the juggernaut car
That carried the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar.
And now, though I've gained the intelligence late,
And admit that my knowledge was not up-to-date—
Though now I am cognizant just what you are,
You troublesome Sanjak of Novi-Bazar,
Into Austria forming a kind of a gate—
Yet your rhythm syllable still pounds in my pate,
As a suitable monarch for light opera—
The Most Excellent Sanjak of Novi-Bazar."

An ant, laden with a grain of corn, which he had acquired with infinite toil, was breasting a current of his fellows, each of whom, as is their etiquette, insisted upon stopping him, feeling him all over, and shaking hands. It occurred to him that an excess of ceremony is an abuse of courtesy. So he laid down his burden, sat upon it, folded his legs tight to his body, and smiled a smile of great grimness.

"Hullo! what's the matter with *you?*" exclaimed the first insect whose overtures were declined.

"Sick of the hollow conventionalities of a rotten civilization," was the rasping reply. "Relapsed into the honest simplicity of primitive observances. Go to grass!"

"Ah! then we must trouble you for that corn. In a condition of primitive simplicity there are no rights of property, you know. These are 'hollow conventionalities.'"

A light dawned upon the intellect of that pismire. He shook the reefs out of his legs; he scratched the reverse of his ear; he grappled that cereal, and trotted away like a giant refreshed. It was observed that he submitted with a wealth of patience to manipulation by his friends and neighbors, and even went some distance out of his way to shake hands with strangers on competing lines of traffic.—Bierce.

THAT STUDENT LADEE.

A FRAGMENT.

Which it is not my wont
When things work out wrong
(And it's seldom they don't)
To resort to a song—
For the making of such is my horror,
And of horrors my hatred is strong.

Yet I wish to declare,
Though words are but weak,
And expressive ones rare,
That for actions oblique
And for doing the things that she oughtn't
The girl undergrad is unique.

Which both Edward and I
For an honor were in,
And I said with a sigh
That the wish for to win,
In the matter of notes and of cribbing,
Is a dreadful temptation to sin.

And I will not conceal
 That my conscience is tough,
Yet I'm bound for to feel
 That more than one cuff
(If it's broad) is approaching the limit,
 And Edward had more than enough.

A girl sat ahead,
 And her face it was fair,
With which you'd have said
 That her actions would square,
But as I remarked unto Edward—
 "My boy, you were out of it there!"

Which those actions were such
 As I'd designate base,
Yet she never once blushed
 As she sat in her place,
And she smiled in the face of a Fellow
 In a way that *I* called a disgrace.

Which I never surveyed
 So much contraband freights!
For the books she'd conveyed
 Were quite ponderous weights,
And she'd wrote on her palms, which were pretty,
 What is frequent on palms—that is, dates.

—ROGER WRAY, in "*T. C. D.*"

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Speech.

Rare as new gems that laughing come to light,
Rich as the gold by Sheba's queen displayed,
So rare and rich the tributes time hath paid
To speech, bold seraph, clad with truth and might,
That, fraught with fire from one soul's altar bright,
Inspires a thousand, who are instant made
Soldiers, alert for battle, not afraid
To face a million foes and bravely fight.

What other power was thine, what other art,
Columbus? Did the great winds madly blow,
And mutiny, more mad, attempt to thwart
Thy life's achievement? Quelled was every foe
That sought from thee surrender, when thy heart
Sent burning to thy lips a captain's "No."

R. G. DUNBAR, '13.

A Tete-a-Tete on the Divan of Hafiz.

"I WAS sent into the village on an errand; and, taking a book of fairy-tales, went down alone through a fir-wood, reading as I walked. How often since then it has befallen me to be happy even so; but that was the first time: the shock of that pleasure I have never forgot, and if my mind serves me to the last, I never shall; for it was then that I knew I loved reading." Thus writes our beloved "R. L. S." in "Random Memories."

With a somewhat similar "shock of pleasure" did the present writer stumble, as it were, on Persian poetry—and Hafiz. It was in the library of the late Robert Cameron Rogers, the poet, so widely known as the author of that exquisite song-lyric, "The Rosary." Rummaging casually among the books upon the table, a white parchment-covered volume caught my attention. I picked it up. The title-page informed me that it contained Odes from the "Divan" of Hafiz, put into English verse by Richard LeGallienne. I turned over the pages, and my eye fell upon some such passage as this:

"Because the night-wind kissed the scented curl
On the white brow of a capricious girl,
And passing, gave me half the stolen kiss,
Who would have thought one's heart could bleed and break
For such a very little thing as this?"

Is it any wonder that I did not stop there? Hafiz meant nothing to me. Richard LeGallienne was at that time only a name; but this combined product of theirs was something that I could understand and appreciate. Before I laid down the book at the call of mundane duties I knew that I loved Persian poetry.

A good deal of that first charm must, I think, be attributed to Mr. LeGallienne. Some of the translations that I have read are so obviously translations; but his—is Hafiz himself, singing his sweet eastern imagery in our familiar tongue, and to such music as suits best the English ear. I have since come to appreciate Mr. LeGallienne as an original poet, just as I have learned to love the Persian poets who were not fortunate enough to have him as their sponsor; but for me Hafiz and LeGallienne are as inseparable as Fitzgerald and Omar Khayyam—now their rivals in my affections.

Unfortunately, the lovers of Persian poetry, apart, at least, from the "Rubaiyat" cult, are not as numerous as they should be, which makes the publication of such literature a somewhat precarious venture. The volume that I discovered was one of a hundred, printed privately for circulation among LeGallienne's friends, and presented by him to Mr. Rogers. So far as I have been able to ascertain, he has not as yet given the work to the general public. If I am mistaken on this point, I shall be only too glad to be corrected. Such a course does not, however, seem unnatural, when we remember that the bulk of the first edition of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat" was thrown into a box by a London bookseller to be sold for "a penny apiece," and was only rescued from oblivion when discovered there by Rossetti and Swinburne. Be that as it may, for present purposes I am forced to rely on memory, and on a few jottings in an old note-book; and my quotations must be, accordingly, of a somewhat fragmentary nature. But perhaps they will serve as material for informal chat concerning a few aspects of the poet's work. I trust that they will prove, also, a sufficient apology for this paper, the purpose of which is merely to point the way to an attractive by-path of literature. Here, then, speaks the fourteenth century Persian through the lips of the twentieth century American:

"O Love, the beauty of the moon is thine,
And on thy chin a little star doth shine,
The jewel-dimple of thy little chin;
O how my soul desires the sight of thee,
And rushes to the windows of my eyes,
And to and fro about my body flies,

Half out of doors, and half constrained within;
Ears all atremble for some word of thine,
Tongue tip-toe on the threshold of the lip,
And my heart is like a stormy sea.''

That is Hafiz in his major rôle. This ''greatest lyric writer of Persia'' is first, and above all things, the lover, singing the praises of his mistress. The maker of valentines should find in him a never-ending source of inspiration. Here are some more fine bits for the Fourteenth of February:

''Thine eye, ah! what an arrow! thine eyebrow,
How strong a bow! and what an archer thou!
Ah! what a target hast thou made of me!''

''Thy beauty, love, is just a miracle,
An innocent gift that heaven gave to thee;
But ah! the uses thou hast put it to
Are downright sorcery.''

''One thing have I asked of this life—to look day
and night in your face;
My wealth was the thought of you, and my fame was the
hope of your praise.''

Who but the most abandoned of women-haters could read such outpourings of devotion without an answering music thrilling through his soul!

Like all the Oriental poets, Hafiz is something of a moralist. He knew what sorrow meant, in the loss of his wife and son, and in the calamities which overwhelmed his beloved Shiraz—it was conquered five or six times during his life—but he consoled himself thus:

''Comfort thee, heart, this much at least is true:
Nothing forever lasts, and this thy pain,
Even as thy joy is gone, will leave thee too;
Nothing remain
Of all this grief that is so near and new.''

He warns us against envy:

"Cherish not envy of thy rival's state:
'T will some day be with him as with thee now;
None to be great
More than a moment the high gods allow."

He praises kindness:

"In gold upon the mansions of the sky
The stars write this last word for us below:
'The good deeds of kind hearts will never die;
All else will go
With the spent candle and the butterfly.' "

And he sums it all up with:

"This is the way to live—that when thou diest
No one believes that thou art really dead."

But with philosophy and fatalism this singer is, after all, little concerned. He is sufficiently occupied with love and wine and roses, and considers time as lost which is spent in contemplation of unfathomable mysteries.

"Speak not of fate—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine;
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom;
'T is all a cloud, 't is all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom."*

It seems rather odd to the western reader that Hafiz, who, Emerson says, "tears off his turban and throws it at the head of the meddling dervish, and throws his glass after the turban," should be reverenced by some of his countrymen as a Sufi saint. It may be true that all his odes have a "secondary interpretation and a moral significance," but if so it is rather successfully veiled. Perhaps it is significant in this regard that his orthodox contemporaries refused his body religious burial, until warned by the drawing of a lot from his own works, on which was written:

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*From Sir Wm. Jones' translation of the first ode.

> "Withdraw not your steps from the obsequies of Hafiz,
> Though immersed in sin he will rise into Paradise."

In any case, it is clear that the poet himself made no great effort to please the devout reader. He seems rather to deliberately flout him, when he says:

> "Talk to me not about the Book of Sin,
> For, friend, to tell the truth,
> That is the book I would be written in—
> It is so full of youth."

The rest of the passage is somewhat naïve. I quote it for its own sake:

> "And, mark me, friend! When on the Judgment Day
> The black book and the white
> Are angel-opened there in Allah's sight,
> For all to read what's writ;
> Just watch how lonely the white book will be!
> But the black book, wherein is writ my name,—
> My name, my shame, my fame,—
> With busy readers all besieged you'll see,
> Yea, almost thumbed away—
> So interesting it."

This may be heresy; but it is a whimsical heresy; and the touch of humor robs it of all evil influence: for never since the world began has sin endured in the presence of real laughter. Here, then, is the conclusion: You may not see life from the viewpoint of Hafiz; it may seem to you a more serious thing than it did to him; but he will not hurt you; and from the standpoint of culture, both his life and his work are distinctly worth while, even though Mr. LeGallienne's renderings be not available.

BERNARD F. TROTTER, '14.

The Badge of Courage.

WHITE Swan Feather strode impatiently to and fro with the Nipissing branch of the Algonquin tribe, to house the members of the tribe with which he had but recently allied himself. Formerly an Iroquois, he had been captured in a skirmish with the Nipissing branch of the Algonquin tribe, and, on account of his splendid physique and bravery in the struggle, had been given the choice of joining the conquerors' ranks, or submitting to death by torture. The love of life had led him to adopt the former alternative, but his very acceptance of deliverance on their own terms had aroused the open contempt of the tribesmen who were nominally his brothers.

"I could endure their scorn," he exclaimed with bitterness, "if only Wauchita would listen to me, and let me show her that I am not the coward she seems to consider me! Flying Hawk, favored of the tribe though he may be, is no more brave than I. If I were not forced to stay in the wigwam to protect the women, while he is on the hunting ground I could make them see that I am more worthy of the badge of courage than he who now wears it so proudly!"

"What boasting is this, Faint-Heart?" tauntingly asks Wauchita, who had emerged from one of the lodges in time to overhear the latter part of Swan Feather's complaint. "Surely you don't think that the one who feared to die at the stake like his comrades deserves to be called brave? Why, you are no more to me than that squirrel!" With which scornful taunt she hurried away, leaving Swan Feather biting his lips in his chagrin.

As she tripped lightly down the path toward the river, he could not but follow her longingly with his eyes until she had disappeared from view. Wauchita was a typical specimen of the Indian woman at her best. Of medium height, she had inherited the lightness of foot of her sturdy ancestors, while her own active life in the open had endowed her with a singular beauty of form. Her face, while it was not one which would appeal to the white man, had a peculiar fascination for White Feather. The dark, swarthy complexion, the beautifully moulded high cheek bones, and above all, the snapping jet-black eyes appealed to him as the women of his own tribe had never done. He himself was, as she had once frankly told him, perfect in development, and handsome in what would appear to a white man to be his very ugliness.

The band was encamped on the banks of the Ottawa River, a half-mile above the Chaudière Falls, that foaming cauldron which Champlain had seen for the first time but a few years before. The roar of the turbulent waters served as a compass in guiding the forage parties as they scoured the district for game. An irregularly-placed row of birch-bark wigwams, three smouldering camp-fires, over which were suspended from rickety tripods pots containing *sagamite*, the Indian maize porridge, and several untidy piles of brushwood, comprised the most conspicuous objects around the camp. Three or four repulsive squaws, half a dozen noisy children, and a score of braves engaged at the moment in canoe-making, composed the human element of the place. The omnipresent Indian cur was, of course, very much in evidence, hastening here and there throughout the camp as if engaged in the most urgent business, although, as a matter of fact, an opportunity for unobserved petty larceny was probably his primary consideration. He was by no means the least attractive figure in the rather repulsive panorama of the encampment.

But if man's handiwork was uninviting, Nature's efforts still retained their pristine charm and beauty, and the surroundings of the encampment were as delightful as heart could desire. The winding river, ever-narrowing, and deepening in preparation for its noisy plunge over the precipitous cliff of the Chaudière, glittered like a band of silver in the afternoon sun. Above the falls a playful breeze was raising little fleets of curling ripples and then chasing them helter-skelter across the broad surface of the lake expansion. Here and there a flock of ducks could be seen, their iridescent plumage shining as if set with jewels as they bobbed up and down in the sunlight. To the east rose the massive cliffs whose lofty pinnacles were to be crowned a century and a half later with the administrative buildings of a great nation, but whose only adornment now was a towering forest of sturdy evergreens. Away in the distance to the northward, undulating hills, carpeted with the delicious greenery of the early summer season, seemed to lead into a veritable Happy Hunting Ground.

So, at least, it seemed to White Feather, who even in his present sullen and discontented mood could not but compare it with the bleak and barren Labrador which had formerly been his home. His thoughts were suddenly diverted, however, by the shrill cry which went up from one of the squaws at the water's edge.

"Ee-wan-ika! Danger! Danger!" it rang out with piercing shrillness, and at once every member of the camp sprang to his feet, and peered anxiously about to ascertain the reason for the alarm. It was soon apparent, when the band saw little Violette, the daughter of the solitary Frenchman who lived near the village, seated in one of the birch canoes, which was resting peacefully in the small lagoon which served as a harbor, but was in imminent danger of being swept into the main current and over the falls. Straying alone, as was her custom, Violette had been attracted by the shining paddle of the canoe, and clambered into it, totally unaware of the dangerous nature of her plaything.

Wauchita, who had been attracted by the alarm, rushed up to the group of braves, and implored the one to whom had been given the symbol of courage, to save the child.

"O Flying Hawk," she implored him, "show now thy bravery, and save the daughter of the Pale-Face! Much wampum will be showered upon thee, for the chief loves Violette. O Flying Hawk, if you love me, delay not!"

But the element of personal danger which would attend the attempt to rescue the girl loomed larger in the Algonquin's mind than the maintenance of the reputation which he had obtained rather by boasting than by merit, and he stubbornly refused to stir, in spite of the pleadings of the one whom he professed to love.

But even as the hurried dialogue was in progress, White Feather, realizing the situation at a moment's glance, seized one of the newly finished canoes and dragged it down to the water, where he threw himself into it without stopping to see if the pitch in the joints were set firmly enough to keep the water out. He had no thought of his own danger. Violette must be saved, and this was the only canoe available, as the others were all out with the hunting parties.

By this time the canoe with its precious burden had been wafted by the light breeze and the treacherous undercurrents out into the main stream, and was going faster every moment as the channel narrowed above the falls. Her rescue was to be a fight between the forces of nature and the strength of man.

Bracing himself for the struggle, White Feather drove his paddle into the eddying stream, and set out at a tremendous rate of speed after the drifting canoe. The play of the powerful muscles of his back and shoulders excited from the chief even in that moment of peril a cry of admiration. The tribe had gathered on the shore to watch the contest, and a runner had been despatched to inform the parents of Violette of their daughter's danger.

"Can he overtake the child?"

"Will he be able to turn back from the cataract if he does?"

"Surely the Manitou of the river will pity the brave one!"

These and a hundred other exclamations poured from the lips of the excited watchers. The usually taciturn braves were now aroused from their customary state of indifference, and were following every change in the position of the two canoes with tense muscles and straining eyes.

Not the least interested among the watchers was Wauchita. The failure of the one whom she trusted was so strongly contrasted with the bravery of the one whom she had mocked but a short time before that her attitude of mind toward the two had been completely reversed. White Swan Feather was proving his statements of their conversation, and she prayed that his courage might have a culmination in the rescue of the child.

As he paddled out into the swiftest part of the current, taking advantage of every favorable eddy and cross current, the two predominant emotions in White Feather's breast were the love of freedom, and the love of revenge. Failure in this desperate enterprise meant certain death; but death meant freedom from the unbearable taunts of his tribesmen. Success meant the sweetest sort of revenge, the sense that he had showed himself worthy after the cowardice of his rival. But his consideration of the question from all its aspects did not interfere with his efforts to overtake the drifting craft ahead of him. On the contrary, he was rather spurred on by them, and he forged ahead, rapidly gaining on the object of his pursuit. The spectators could see that he was within twenty yards of it, with, however, only about three hundred yards of open water between himself and the head of the cataract.

Suddenly a cry of dismay arose from the assembled braves! White Feather had suddenly swung his canoe around on its axis, and was drifting along backwards without exerting any effort!

"Has his strength, or worse, his courage, failed him?" exclaimed the excited chief.

"No! See he has caught up to the other canoe, and is fastening the two together in feverish haste!"

Realizing that once he had the added encumbrance of the other craft he could not turn in the swift stream, White Feather had executed this strategic move, and was now in a position to fight his way back to the shore with what strength he had left.

Inch by inch he advanced. The exertion was now doubled, while his strength was waning. Stroke after stroke of the paddle seemed to tear his very muscles, but still he fought on. To the anxious watchers on the bank, to whose ranks had now been added the half-crazed parents, the strained expression of his countenance seemed to indicate that he felt that he could never hold out long enough to reach the shore. Suddenly, however, a new light shone from his face, his efforts were redoubled and he could be seen to fix his gaze on a promontory a little below the customary landing place.

"Why Wauchita is there!" exclaimed the crowd. "Look, she has found a place where he can land!"

The resourceful Indian girl, even in the time of peril to the one whom she now regarded with the greatest admiration, had bethought herself of a miniature bay in which she had once steered her canoe while venturing along the shore near the head of the rapids. Now she stood, with arms outstretched in her eagerness, and called to the heroic paddler:

"Here is safety! Don't fail now, O Brave Heart!"

Thus incited to renewed effort, White Feather, with a final burst of strength, brought both canoes into the sheltered water, where Wauchita was the first one to rush in waist deep and help him bring his precious burden to land.

That he was received as the bravest of the brave, and almost overwhelmed by the praise of his fellows, and the thanks of the demonstrative parents of Violette, goes without saying. The little girl, who had been serenely unconscious of the danger she had been in, and who laughed gleefully at the excitement of the whole affair, added her thanks at her mother's injunction. The lisped *"Merci, Monsieur Indien,"* was the only praise that White Feather appreciated. His thoughts were elsewhere, and he peered anxiously about to discover Wauchita, whose own forwardness in urging him to reach safety had apparently made her feel chagrined at herself now that the danger was over, and caused her to hide herself from the sight of the tribe, and most especially from White Feather. He could not break away to look for her until a fire had been built, and the badge of supreme courage torn from the discomfited Flying Hawk and placed on his own shoulders amid the beating of tom-toms, and the steps of the Triumph Dance. At the same time it was solemnly proclaimed by the chief that he should no longer be called White

Feather, but Strong Heart, and that henceforth he should occupy the place of honor at the tribal councils. All these rewards meant nothing to Strong Heart, unless he could share them with the one whom he could now approach on a footing of equality, and he soon slipped away from the camp-fire as the shades of evening fell, and went in search of Wauchita.

He found her crouched by the water's edge, gazing out across the quiet surface of the river, apparently lost in contemplation of the glorious sunset. At his step she turned quickly, however, and running up to him threw herself at his feet in token of perfect submission. Stooping he raised her tenderly.

"Am I worthy now, Wauchita, to tell you my love?" he murmured.

"O White Feather, I am the unworthy one, forgive me. I know now that you are the truly brave one, and that I should not have taunted you so to-day. Please forgive me. I will try to make amends for my cruelty to you!"

He checked the impetuosity of her needless apologies, and as the after-glow died away in the west the two sat side by side at the water's edge and told each other the old, old, ever-new story.

HAROLD C. HUDSON, '14.

Björnson: Poet of the Norseland.*

A Sketch Descriptive of His Early Career.

Björnstjerne Björnson was born at Björgan parsonage in the parish of Kvikne, amid the Dovre Mountains, a few miles south of Trondhjem, in Norway. His father was pastor in the parish. "Björgan lay so high that corn would not grow there. The winter set in very early at Björgan. . A field which my father had planted, in a warm early spring, by way of experiment, one morning lay covered with snow. The new-mown hay might receive a fall of snow instead of a shower of rain. And when the winter did come, the cold was so intense that I did not dare to grasp the knocker on the front door, lest my fingers should stick to the iron. My father, who was born in the country about Randsfjord, and was thus very hardy, frequently had to wear a mask, while driving to his most distant "annex." The road creaked and screeched at every step, and if there was a large company, they made a fearful din. The snow often reached the level of the second story of the main building, while the smaller buildings were completely covered. Brooks, bushes, and fences were entirely obliterated, and all around extended an ocean of snow with the tops of the stunted birches swinging in it, and collected together in waves, with hollows between them, scooped out by the storm. I stood on the table looking at the ski-runners going down towards the valley. I saw Finns coming out of the forest of Röraas with their reindeer, whistling on their way down the mountain side and up again. The sleighs pitched from side to side, and I shall never forget the moment when, at last, the procession halted at the town, and a little ball, which proved to be a busy, contented little man with reindeer meat for sale, crept out of each sleigh.''

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*The name of Björnson is probably not so familiar to western readers as that of his great contemporary Henrik Ibsen. As poet, novelist, and dramatist, Björnson must be considered in the same class with his better-known countryman.

The writer of this article wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to "Björnstjerne Björnson: Hans Barndon og Ungdom" (His Childhood and Early Manhood), by Christian Collin, for much of the material used herein.

Immediately following the foregoing extract, Björnson gives us a picture of his father's parishioners. ''In more recent years the people of Kvikne have become enlightened and clever, but at that time the parish was one of the worst in the country. Not very long ago one pastor had to carry pistols to church with him, while another came home from church only to find his furniture smashed or pulled apart by men with blackened faces, and his wife, who had remained at home, frightened almost to death. The last pastor had fled from the parish and refused decidedly to resume his work. The parish had been without a pastor for several years, when my father was appointed, perhaps for that very reason, because it was thought that he could manage a boat in a storm.

''I have a distinct recollection of climbing up the steps leading to the study on all fours one Saturday morning, because they were covered with ice after the scrubbing. I had not climbed many steps, when the sound of a crash from the study chased me down again in terror, for the champion fighter of the district had undertaken to teach the stubborn pastor the customs of the people, but found to his horror, that the pastor wished to teach him his own first. He came out of the door with such an impetus that he fell right to the bottom of the stairs, and, gathering up his several limbs, found the front-door in a trice.''

Björnson was greatly influenced by the widely different character of his parents. His father was descended from an old peasant family, who had lived for many generations about Randsfjord. They were compelled to hold a continual battle against a cruel, niggardly Nature, and it is without doubt this fact which explains the gloomy, stubborn character of the poet's father. To this, too, Björnson owes his own fighting qualities, which during the contest for a Norse theatre and about the statholdership were of such great assistance to him. The poet's mother was of quite a different mould. Although of peasant family, she had Danish blood in her veins, and was related to

Grundtvig, one of Denmark's most noted pastors. From his mother's side Björnson must have inherited his poetic fancy, although on his father's side, also, there was not wanting a trace of it. In his "Reminiscences" of 1897, Björnson says of his father and mother: "She was the bright, kindly and gliding one. He could not express his deepest feeling, not even his love for us children. He never told us how deeply he loved us,—not until the time when he looked upon us at his death. He who bequeathed a large portion of his powers as an inheritance to future generations, had kept this in reserve. His was a strict, complex nature. I have painted both, mother at Solbokken,—she lived in a place where the sun shed its rays,—and father in Samund, who lived in the shadow of spruce forest. It may be said that it was not least their defects, which brought them together. For a fault is not always, as is often preached, merely a thing to be cast away. There is an element of good even in our defects."

From his experience of a stringent Nature, from his parents and the peasants around him, the poet began to develop the broad and sympathetic view of the people and history of Norway, which characterized him in later years. But most of all, he obtained from both his parents his keen sympathy for the Norse peasants, which he exhibited throughout his life. After his arrival at his new home, the boy found many fresh companions. The tenant-farmer at Næsset had two children, a boy and a girl, who, for a long time were his best playmates. They taught him to use ski, sleigh and boat. He could scarcely bear to leave them even to sleep or eat. No food tasted so good as herring or water-gruel eaten at their home. Then too, he spent much of his time with the servants on the farm. By this means he obtained that fine insight into the inner life of the Norse peasant which makes his splendid tales such a true portraiture of the peasant's character. "He was on errands for them, wrote letters for them to their dear ones, and lived with them in their devotion to each other."

Björnson gives us portraits of two of his friends during his life at Næsset. Einar Veiten, says Björnson, was "the merriest, the wittiest man I ever knew. He laughed and talked, but never anything wicked. People always assembled where he was, and when he came to the parsonage, I was in my glory. I loved and worshipped him, following him wherever he went." This man became the model for the hero in "En Munter Mand" (A Merry Man), an early story, which the author re-wrote under the title of "Arne," the story of a boy, who, handicapped by the circumstances of his birth, with the aid of love overcomes all his difficulties.

In "Björnejægeren" (The Bear Hunter), there is a slight sketch of Björnson's first school-master, who sometimes grew angry, but was soon kindly again. In that strong, virile story, "A Happy Boy," there is present a complete portrait of two of the poet's school-masters in the character of Baard. He taught in the same school for many years, having known all the children from their birth. He had a lively interest in the welfare of each child, and, although his discipline did not call for silence, he was a wise teacher and a good man. A dire experience in his earlier life had mellowed his hitherto stubborn character.

Of great importance for Björnson's development was his love at this period for tales of adventure, especially of the exploits of animals. His lively imagination led him to tell fictitious stories to the peasants, and even to the children at school. His tales were always exciting, and often frightened the children very much. In "Björnejægeren" the poet gives us an impression of this early accomplishment, where he appears under the name of Thorwald. The story is too long to be quoted in full, but the first paragraph is worth inserting: "There was scarcely a worse boy for lying, in the whole district, than the pastor's eldest son; he read with much diligence and to good purpose. The peasants liked to hear the stories, which he read, but when he found that they enjoyed them, he added as much more of the same sort as he thought they would like. The tales were always about strong men, and about love which endured unto death."

That Björnstjerne Björnson afterwards became the typical

Norseman of modern times is very largely owing to his early association with the Norse peasants.

At the age of eleven and a half years, Björnson was sent to school at Molde, a town on the coast of Romsdal. The school was called "The Molde Middle and Real-School." He lived in the house of one Madam Abelseth, in a long, narrow room in the second story, where he used to assemble a number of his companions. Here they discussed all the prominent questions of the day. Björnson and his companions were interested especially in the revolution of 1848 in France, and eagerly awaited news of the triumph of the republic. These friends, too, organized a play down on the quay. Even thus early in his life Björnson's splendid qualities of leadership, which accomplished so much for the development of Norse culture, were seen.

A hand-written journal, called "Frihed" (Freedom), was published by Björnson and his friends. It had a strong patriotic and republican flavor, and Björnson wrote poems and articles for it. He had a great veneration for the great Norse poet, and greater man, Henrik Wergeland, who, among his many other labors for the public weal, had worked for the appointment of the seventeenth of May as the National Day, for on that day in the year 1814, Norway's constitution was adopted. That was a proud day for every patriotic Norseman!

It had been proposed to suspend the celebration of this day in the school at Molde, in 1848, because the Danes were at war over Schleswig, and it was a year of need at home. Björnson and his friends did all in their power to have the National Day celebrated. The poet wrote a glowing article in "Frihed," in which he makes Freedom herself plead for the celebration of the day by every Norseman. The day was not celebrated by public festivity, but a list was circulated in aid of the poor, and at a private festival a sum was collected for the widows and children of the fallen Danes.

Of Björnson's schoolmasters at Molde, Thomas Rechdal, made the deepest impression upon him, but he remembered also the head-master "as a stimulant-teacher of history." He excelled in history and Norse style, and made very good progress in Latin and French, but was rather dull in mathematics. But the real significance of this period for the poet's development did not arise from the school. Björnson had the opportunity of borrowing books from a private library. He read the romances of Sir Walter Scott, the historical novels of Ingemann, the dramas and poems of Oehlenschlager, and other books. But the work which had the greatest influence upon his future life-work was "The Sagas of the Kings of Norway," by Snorri Sturlason, perhaps the greatest historical work of the Middle Ages, the style of which is worthy of Herodotus. From this book he obtained the terse, dramatic style which characterizes all his peasant stories. In these he portrays the inner life of the Norse peasant. Like a true portrait painter, the writer penetrates into the soul of the peasant, and seeks to bring this inner character to most fitting expression in these tales. All these characters are idealized by the poetic sense of the author, but both good and evil traits in the peasant's character are faithfully represented. Now it is the lovable, sedate Synnöve, always good, contrasted with the light-hearted, but faithful Ingrid; while in strong contrast to both is the somewhat wayward and headstrong, but true-hearted Torbjörn, and the strict, moody Saemund, a man of few words, who yearned in love towards his son and all his family, but who also could not bring himself to express it,—a true picture of Björnson's own father. In the same tale, too, the poet gives us a picture of his own mother in Synnöve's mother, who was a Haugianer, but a kind, good mother.

What beautiful examples of fidelity are Eivind and Marit in "A Happy Boy!" Eivind is born in the home of a humble tenant-farmer. He loves the daughter of the owner of the big farm. They meet first as little children on the mountainside near Eivind's home, when Eivind gives Marit his goat, which her grandfather, Ole Nordistuen, promptly makes her restore to its owner. They go to school together, and on winter nights coasted down the hillside together. But as they grow up class distinction divides them. In the first flush of his disappointment

Eivind seems to give way to despair, but a mighty resolve takes shape within him. He will raise himself to a higher position through study and education. At first he works in a selfish spirit and with a bitter feeling in his heart, but through the kindness and sympathy of the schoolmaster, this passes away, and he goes to an agricultural school. Here he excels all his schoolmates, graduates, and comes home to apply his new ideas upon his father's little farm. Meanwhile Ole Nordistuen's opposition does not abate, but he can not keep the two apart. Marit is not less faithful than Eivind. She steadfastly refuses to marry another, although Eivind is absent for several years. At last Eivind obtains the post of Superintendent of Agriculture in his district, and assists in improving the farms of those who apply for his services. But Ole Nordistuen was too proud to apply for assistance, until, worn out by age, he grieves to see his farm in worse condition than those around it. He sends for the school master, who after much reasoning, persuades him to offer Eivind the farm and Marit too. Together they walk down to Eivind's home, and there, in a happy scene, very different from his previous visit to the same spot, Ole Nordistuen offers to Eivind the farm and his granddaughter for his wife.

Space will permit only a passing reference to the naïve but fresh and light-hearted fisher-maiden, and the dreamy Arne, always yearning, yet achieving success. All these books deserve to be read, not only on account of their important place in modern Norse Literature and their author's fine insight into the character of the Norse people, but also on account of their stimulating energy and virility. We must now leave Björnson in Christiania, where he spent six years of study and threw himself with all his powers into the conflict for the independent development of the Norse spirit in politics, in literature, and in the drama.

ALFRED S. FARMER, '98.

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Editorial Notes.

IT WILL NOT be easy to forget these golden days of undergraduate life. The anticipation of them used to fill many hours with rich delight; the present is big with the enjoyment of their myriad activities. How little there may be to keep fresh in mind the memory of all this work and play and foolishness! Someone has made the suggestion—this paragraph will serve to carry it along—that there could be no more lively remembrance of each college year than a volume containing just such a record of the chief activities and best literary productions of the school as is found in the magazine you hold. Within two covers could be preserved such tales as would some day bring to mind a thousand happy memories which otherwise might be lost. We give the suggestion, with no least thought, of course, of seeking further patronage; with naught else, be assured, than the most high-minded intent. Undergraduates, keep your MONTHLIES! Some day you may wish to take the counsel of our good friend, "Someone."

College News.

Around the Hall.

EDITOR: G. M. GOODFELLOW, '13.

> "Where, twisted round the barren oak,
> The summer vine in beauty clung,
> And summer winds the stillness broke,
> The crystal icicle is hung."
> —*Longfellow.*

THE recent victory in the field of debating recalls to mind the fact that this is the seventh consecutive year in which McMaster has qualified to contest the final debate for the championship. A review of the file volumes of THE MONTHLY has elicited information in this respect which should be of interest. to us of the younger generaeration, at least. In the autumn of the year 1898 the Inter-College Debating League was organized, Wycliffe College and St. Michael's College being the only institutions now entered that were not represented at that time. The first two years were not successful ones for McMaster, but in the term 1900-01 the championship came to the halls in which it was destined to rest so many times. Twice in succession did it return, but in 1903-04, after ten consecutive victories, McMaster lost the championship to Osgoode Hall in the final debate, and during the next two years reached only the semi-finals, Wycliffe College being the ultimate winners each time. The remainder of the record is modern history. In 1906-07 the Kerr Trophy found a lodging place in our halls for the first year of its existence. Twice again was it won in as many years, and the Kerr Permanent Debating Trophy came to McMaster to stay. Not satisfied with these achievements, our debaters won the fourth consecutive championship in the following year. The apostolic succession was destined to be broken, however, and the past two years have witnessed for us defeat in the final debate. Once more McMaster representatives will fight for premier honors, and this year may "the ark come back to Jerusalem." McMaster's record is thirty-one victories and seven defeats. Her men have participated in ten championship debates and seven times have won. Surely this is just cause for pride.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—Short and very sweet was the programme at the regular meeting of the Literary Society on Friday evening, December 6. Dr. Swedelius opened the evening's enjoyment with a 'cello solo, to which an encore was demanded; E. D. Renno. '14, caused much merriment by very humorous readings; Miss M. Gill, '15, rendered two vocal solos; and as a fitting conclusion of the programme D. A. Bates, '13, read "News of the Week," a review of events, past and present, that have transpired around the halls.

LITERARY SOCIETY REPS.—The Literary Society has been represented at recent functions of sister institutions as follows: December 3, annual dinner of the Literary and Scientific Society of University College, G. M. Goodfellow; December 6, Victoria College Conversazione, H. Merritt; December 12, annual dinner of the Arts Society of Queen's University, C. B. Crowe.

CHECKERS.—The ancient and honorable game of checkers has been revived around the halls, and each evening some thrilling contest is witnessed by the assembled company. Boys will be boys, and everyone, of course, requires a certain amount of good, healthy physical exercise.

DEBATING SOCIETY.—The deliberations of the Debating Society on Saturday, December 7, were distinguished by their parliamentary character. The subject was that of the approaching inter-college debate. E. E. Hyde, '13, and his cabinet hotly contended for government ownership of all railroads in Canada, on economic grounds; G. H. Thomas, B.A., and his followers as skilfully championed the present system, for practical reasons. The leader of the opposition, in his capacity as Chief Whip, marshalled his men with telling effect and endeavored to out-talk those on the government benches. This, however, was frustrated by the vigilance of Deputy-Speaker Morrison, who incidentally gave the House valuable hints on parliamentary procedure. Just before adjournment the members of the Press Gallery, Messrs. Waters and Turnbull, announced that the Government had been sustained. Dr. Smith's criticisms were helpful. He advised conciseness in speaking and instanced the British Parliament, where almost invariably the speeches are short and to the point. In refutation he recommended speakers to meet large issues instead of trivial points, and to attack general principles rather than particular cases.

An interesting meeting of the Society took place on Saturday, December 14. The subject for discussion was: "Resolved, that Socialism is in the best interests of society." W. K. Anderson, '14, ably led the socialist ranks, showing that under the capitalist régime the workingmen are indirectly dependent on charity; and N. Davies, '14, who led the opposition, was certain that the advent of socialism would be fatal to society. Among other speakers were W. M. Turnbull, who argued with conviction for the socialist side of the question, and J. B. Jackson, who, from a theological standpoint, opposed the resolution. The judges, L. H. Clarke, 13, and H. Merritt, '13, after grave deliberation, awarded the decision to the negative. While the judges were summing up the various arguments, Dr. Farmer gave a general criticism, which was duly appreciated.

HEAR! HEAR!—It is reported that the members of table F, familiarly styled "The Trough," are to purchase ear-trumpets for use on Faculty Day. The feebleness of sound which comes from the Faculty table during the offering of thanks is due, no doubt, to the vocal strain caused by much lecturing, but the Troughites, situated in the farthest corner of the room, must suffer most. They usually make the mistake either of "starting in" too soon, which is manifest unfairness, or of waiting too long, which gives them a heavy handicap to work against during the remainder of the meal.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.—A very interesting and instructive meeting of the Student Volunteer Band was held on December 3. Preceding the reports from the various delegates, F. L. Stacy explained to the members the nature, purpose and aims of the recent conference held in the Murray Street Baptist Church, Peterboro. A. Haddow reported on the first two meetings of the session, at which the chief speakers were President Falconer, of Toronto University; Dr. Gilmour, of McMaster, and J. Lovell Murray, their subjects being "Objections to the propagation of the gospel among the heathen," "Cultivation of a devout life," and "Methods of the various bands of the Y. M. C. A.", respectively. Dr. J. A. Macdonald's lecture on the "World situation and the relation of the student to it" was ably repeated in part by J. D. Morrison, who began by saying that Dr.

Macdonald was in his element in porridgetown on Saturday night, November 30. After T. J. Hind had voiced the impressions which he had received at the conference, F. L. Stacy, the President, gave the substance of the Sunday night meeting.

The Student Volunteer Band had the pleasure, on December 10, of listening to an address by Rev. R. V. Bingham, Secretary-Treasurer of the Sudan Interior Mission. Mr. Bingham spent some time in the Sudan as a missionary, and was, therefore, able to give first-hand information. Some of the facts worth remembering, brought out by the speaker, were that the Sudan is as large as the whole of Europe less Russia; the population, formerly estimated at from sixty to ninety millions, has been reduced by slave-raiding wars to not more than fifty millions; the whole region has less than seventy-five missionaries, the greater number of whom have but recently gone to the field; the pagan tribes are urging us to send them missionaries, and unless we respond to their appeal they will go over to Mohammedanism, whose teachers are flocking in since the British conquest; if we were to send out one new missionary every day, and give to each one a parish of ten thousand people, it would require over thirteen years before the Sudan would be occupied. The Band will heartily welcome Mr. Bingham should he return at any time to address them.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.—On Monday, December 9, Mr. James Simpson addressed a large meeting of the Social Science Club. His subject was "Socialism," a movement which has been absorbing the attention of a number of the students during the past few months. After outlining the rise and growth of Socialism in Toronto, the speaker went on to explain the aim and scope of the movement as a whole. His creed seems to be a collectivism to be attained through Parliamentary action. According to Mr. Simpson, the spirit of the movement is the deep-seated conviction that the present industrial system is not in accordance with the will of Christ. The objective of Socialism is the control of the governments of the world in order to administer industry on a sound, democratic basis and to insure a fairer distribution. Feeling on the subject ran high, and at the close of the address the speaker was bombarded by questions. A majority of those present felt that Mr. Simpson gave a very attractive definition of Socialism, and it is even whispered that the leaven of Marx is making headway among the student body.

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Dr. W. T. Graham delivered an address under the auspices of the Theological Society on Wednesday, December 11, the subject being, "Some temptations that come to the preacher." He first spoke of the temptation to the preacher to belittle his office, then of the temptation to neglect the spiritual life. Following this, he made a strong appeal for a thorough course, especially in theology, because this was necessary in order to understand a subject clearly and to make possible the indoctrination of the people ministered to. Lastly, said Dr. Graham, there is the danger of a man not preaching the very thing he was sent to preach, namely, the gospel. Seeking popularity by using sensational topics will not do, and yet there is a tendency in this direction. In this conviction, he urged the importance of expository preaching, which would yield the best returns and render a man's ministry effective and satisfactory in every way.

THE SHIELD IS COMING BACK!—St. Michael's College Hall was filled to overflowing on Friday evening, December 13. The occasion was the semi-final inter-college debate between McMaster University and St. Michael's College, on the subject, "Resolved, that government ownership and operation of all railways in Canada would be more beneficial to Canada than private ownership and operation." The affirmative was ably upheld by B. T. Kingsley and E. M. Brennan, of St. Michael's College, and R. A. L. Knight, B.A., and H. C. Cline, of McMaster University, presented a strong case for the negative. The judges were Rev. Provost Macklem, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Hon. Justice R. L. Sutherland, and Hon. Justice Latchford.

In opening the debate for the affirmative Mr. Kingsley endeavored to show the good results which would accrue from government ownership and operation of Canadian railways. Assuming that the government could operate the railroads as effectively as private companies, he pointed out the financial gain which the country would receive. But the government could do the work even more effectively than private companies, he contended, and cited Germany, Australia and the City of Glasgow as examples. Mr. Knight, in taking up the negative case, showed that the conditions and experience of the countries in which this scheme has been adopted would not warrant its introduction into Canada, as the conditions that obtain here are totally different and unfavorable. He then enumerated some of the evil effects such a railway would have on the state, and *vice versa.* Mr. Brennan, following up the affirmative proposition, drew attention to a number of great uses to which the profits accruing to the government from their railway system might be devoted—the thirty-five millions for the navy, amongst others. H. C. Cline concluded the debate for McMaster. He showed that the affirmative had to present some practicable form of government management and of buying the railways now in use, that government ownership had already proved a bad policy for Canada, and that private ownership alone provided those elements essential to the operation of the railways in the best interests of the public. The debate, all through, was of a very high order and the judges congratulated the debaters on the excellency of the contest. But we record with pleasure that McMaster triumphed, not merely in matter, but in style also.

During the evening musical and humorous selections were rendered by the St. Michael's Quartette, Gilbert Reynolds, and E. J. Brazil. The rival singing of the contesting Colleges added much to the interest, the McMaster division, under the leadership of F. A. McGregor, being especially good. It is predicted that the Kerr Shield, after two years of restless wandering, will come back to its old home for *another* long rest.

INTER-COLLEGE DEBATING UNION.—Gradually the number of contestants for the Kerr Shield has been decreased until finally only two remain. On Friday, December 13, Wycliffe College won from Knox College, debating the subject, "Resolved, that the German system of controlling Kartels should be adopted in application to the trusts of Canada and United States." Wycliffe very easily proved the negative of this proposition, by simply establishing the fact that there is no system of controlling Kartels in Germany. McMaster and Wycliffe will therefore be in the finals for the much-coveted shield.

NIP AND TUCK SOCIETY.—In the wee sma' hours of the morning of Saturday, December 14, the Nip and Tuck Society held its first mock trial. The audience was so large and enthusiastic that the vociferous and oft-repeated cry of "Or-dar" from the corpulent court crier had slight effect. This tendency to contempt of court was, however, nipped in the bud by the assiduity of the court constable, whose effective work with the truncheon elicited groans of agony from those whose heads came in contact with it. During the progress of the trial of an ostensible Theologue, it was found necessary to remove the Freshmen, owing to the language involved in hearing the evidence. In refreshing contrast to this case was the sentimental nature of the next, in which the prisoner was accused of breach of promise. At the conclusion of the case, the accused, taking the object of his affection in his arms, promised thenceforth to shield and protect her (?) from all harm. Some delay was occasioned in the trial of one prisoner, the length and breadth of his shoes necessitating an enlargement of the witness box. A more serious charge against him, however, was that of frequenting a blind pig, in the investigation of which accusation it developed that he had cruelly maltreated said blind pig. Pending the recovery of the ill-starred animal the prisoner was remanded and the court adjourned.

EVANGELISTIC BAND.—The McMaster Evangelistic Band visited the Swansea Baptist Church on Sunday, December 8, holding three services. The attendance at each of the meetings was very gratifying and several decisions were made. The following Sunday, December 15, the Band held afternoon and evening services in the Ebenezer and Dixie churches. All the meetings were marked by good attendance, attentive hearing, and encouraging results.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS JESSIE KEE, '13.

> ''So he gowned him,
> Straight got by heart that book to its last page:
> Learned, we found him!
> Yea, but we found him bald, too—eyes like lead,
> Accents uncertain.''
>
> —*Browning.*

THE Thing is upon us! That terrible nightmare, Exams., is running us down! How shall we escape? Distractedly we snatch up a book—no matter what!—and immediately our thoughts fly to another, and still another, equally neglected volume. Where to begin we know not, but the end seems certain.

The more we reflect on this subject, the more convinced we are that examinations are a barbarous institution, inaugurated by some creature with adamantine heart. Why should students be compelled to display their ignorance in this distressing manner? Why indeed! As there is apparently no remedy, however, perhaps it is as well to treat the matter philosophically. It is too late to begin studying now anyway; so come, let us eat, drink, and be merry. for to-morrow is shrouded in gloom.

And if disaster should come—may Heaven avert such a dire calamity!—let us stoically grin and bear it, consoling ourselves by reflecting that we can rest in peace, for we have at least escaped the fate reserved for the scholar:

> ''Fatal learning leads him to the block:
> Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
> But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.''

It would be reasonably safe to say that there is a surprising sameness about those New Year's resolutions that McMaster girls are foolish enough to indulge in. It does not require a clairvoyant to divine some of the things the girls have sworn to do or not to do. Is it necessary to mention them? You have heard them scores of times, but are probably quite willing to meet again those old friends that have so often served as balm to your troubled spirit. Listen!

"Girls, I'm going to start studying as soon as I get rested up after this Exam. scare I've had. I'm never, never going to let my work pile up like this again!"

Ever hear that? As a Freshette you had amazing faith in your power to keep your resolutions. As a Sophette you were sure you'd do it next time. As a Juniorette you hoped you would, but felt reasonably sure that you wouldn't. As a Seniorette you made the resolution merely from habit, and also failed to keep it—from habit!

ORIENTAL SQUAWS.—The missionaries in India tell us that when natives become Christians, they are thrust out by their families and are forced to take refuge in the mission houses. The women do beautiful crochet work, but unfortunately there is almost no sale for it in India. And that reminds me! A few days ago a young lady displayed a beautiful lace collar. "I bought it from a missionary's wife who has just returned from India," she explained, "she got it from one of the squaws there!"

W. L. S.—It was thought wise to place the last Women's Literary Society meeting in the hands of the Senior girls, since the executive desired a particularly good programme. They were not disappointed. Who would ever suspect that the staid and proper Seniors could degenerate into those naughty little country children, the pride and despair of their much-enduring teacher? Never were children more unruly, but they all spoke their little pieces, and sang their little songs with a charm and a naiveté that immediately captivated the audience. Many indeed were moved to tears by having their childhood days brought so vividly before them. There was only one note of criticism—and that from a Freshette, if you please! She suggested that the village dressmaker be requested to buy a new skirt pattern, so that the children's skirts may be less "dippy."

A VISIT FROM SANTA CLAUS.—The grateful thanks of "the good little girls of McMaster" are hereby tendered Santa Claus, who so kindly presented them with the beautiful pennant which now adorns the east wall of the Ladies' Room. May the good Saint continue to merit the praise and blessings of the needy ones!

Personal.—Mon cher Monsieur—If we are not in by eight-fifteen, please leave the key under the mat.

McMaster Confidence.—One of the teachers at the Faculty of Education was recently heard to remark that as a rule McMaster girls have more confidence when they stand before a class than have most students there. He thinks the reason for this may be that in a small university there is perhaps more opportunity for developing the latent powers in each student than there is in a large institution. The moral is obvious.

Gin a body meet a body
Here on Founder's Night;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Would it be quite right?
Sev'ral laddies had their lassies
Sitting in the gloom,
When, O, those rude McMaster men
They lighted up the room!

Y. W. C. A.—The meeting of December the third reflected the enthusiasm and inspiration received at the Missionary Conference held recently at Peterboro. The delegates returned, evidently filled with the "world vision."

One of the most inspiring meetings of the Conference was led by Dr. Gilmour, of our own University. He pictured vividly the loneliness of the life not given in service.

The Sunday afternoon session was not the least interesting of the Conference. A number of student volunteers told how they came to enlist for foreign work. As Miss Brown, of New York, told how she had determined not to go, and how she had placed obstacles in her way only to have them removed, the humanness of it caused smiles throughout the audience, and the frankness of it touched many a heart.

On December the tenth the general secretary of the different college Y. W. C. A.'s in the Dominion, Miss Jamieson, visited our association and outlined for us the history of the Student Volunteer Movement. At the conclusion of the meeting, which was the last one of the term, light refreshments were served.

Information Bureau.

[The editor is prepared to answer all questions of interest to women from Equal Suffrage to Candy Recipes. Correspondents are requested to write plainly.]

Juniorette.—Do you consider Agriculture a desirable calling for women?

Yes, indeed; if a telephone, an automobile, a tennis court, a library, a cook, and a maid-of-all-work are considered indispensable adjuncts to the farm.

SENIORETTE.—What are the essential qualifications of a militant suffragette?

All that is absolutely necessary is that she be a noisy, notorious nuisance.

PUZZLED FRESHETTE.—Do we have to write on the same exams. as the Seniors?

No, dear, not quite. Not but that you could, of course; but the professors usually change the questions around a little just to save the Seniors' faces.

HOLLOW EYED.—Can you recommend a sure cure for insomnia?

In my own experience I have found it invaluable to have by me the volume, Dewey and Tufts' *Ethics*, or the editorials in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, or Webster's *Dictionary*. Any one of these, if merely glanced at, is guaranteed to induce immediate slumber.

MISS PRIM.—What is the most dignified course to pursue when on a slippery morning one comes to grief in front of the Hall?

Dignity is out of the question. You can only scramble quickly to your feet, look around hastily to see if you are observed, and endeavor to act as if you enjoyed the situation.

JOHN MILTON—What hath night to do with sleep?

Nothing whatever between the dates, January the seventh and sixteenth, inclusive.

ALFRED TENNYSON.—Who is it loves me? Who loves not me?

We regret that fortune-telling is not included in our list of accomplishments.

Athletics.

EDITOR: H. C. HUDSON, '14.

> "If all the year were playing holidays,
> To sport would be as tedious as to work."

THAT all the world is not a "playing holiday," the siege which we have just come through has firmly impressed on our minds. Examinations, we suppose, are necessary evils, however, but the query frequently arises in our minds, "Why not hold examinations on more interesting subjects than the dead and dying languages, for example?" Written tests on the "Psychological Effect of the Presence of Ladies at an Athletic Contest," the "Advantages and Disadvantages of Investing Capital in Rink Rental," or perhaps even "Explain the Difference Between a Professor and a Professional," would certainly gladden rather than sadden the hearts of the average university student. The Faculty might take to heart the remark of the Freshman who had been complimented on his success on the baseball field, but was at the same time reminded that there are other things at college besides baseball. "Oh yes, of course," he replied, "but you know, Father, I am too light for rowing or football!" Perhaps some students (not from McMaster, naturally, but from other universities) who are too light *headed* for Mathematics or Classics would make a better showing under the system which we here advocate.

However, in all seriousness it is surprising how much good an examination along athletic lines would do. There are too many students in the University who could not say how the McMaster teams have progressed in the inter-faculty sports, such as soccer, hockey and basketball, for even two seasons past. This indicates a regrettable lack of interest, while it is, of course, easily understood that a certain amount of the difficulty arises from the fact that we do not play our games on our own campus, the fact remains that a greater interest might be expected, especially from the first two years in the University.

RUGBY.

Third Year, 7; Second Year, 5.—The 1912 Rugby season was officially declared to have passed away on Tuesday, December 3, after the Juniors had defeated the Sophomores in a game to decide second place in the inter-year series. The score, 7—5, describes the play better than many words. The teams were very evenly matched, but showed the effects of a protracted season, and did not play as snappy ball as they had in earlier games. The most spectacular feature of the match was the hurdling which accompanied many of the rushes from one end of the field to the other. This performance was rendered necessary by the construction of a drain across one side of the field, and the fact that it was still open gave the spectators the thrilling anticipation of seeing one or more of the players disappear into the depths. However, by lining the men up and counting them every ten minutes casualties from this cause were avoided.

The Juniors scored one point in each of the first and last quarters, and secured a touchdown in the third, when for a few minutes they made the Sophomore line look like a piece of Swiss cheese. The touchdown scored by Fifteen was the result of a series of bucks, which reversed the order of things, and kept the Juniors on the defensive for the remainder of the game. Kellock, Campbell and Philpott were perhaps the most conspicuous men on the loser's line-up; Freeman, N. Davies, and "Moose" Hisey did the most effective work for Fourteen. The teams were as follows:

Third Year—Flying wing, Anderson; halves, Freeman, (Capt.), Shannon, G. Davies; quarter-back, N. Davies; scrimmage, Mitchener, Jamieson, Smith; wings, Watson, Spencer, Graham, Hisey, Trembert, Rice.

Second Year—Flying wing, Reeds; halves, McKissock, Campbell, Philpott; quarter-back, Kellock (Capt.); scrimmage, Smith, Spencer, Ballard; wings, Pyke, Moody, Long, Wrighton, Hay, Houlding, Hawkings.

SOCCER.

Inter-Year Series.—Five games played under rather adverse weather conditions resulted in the supremacy in the series going to the Sophomores, with the Juniors second, and Seniors in third place. The games were all close and furnished the usual number of thrills to the rooters present. Some criticism has been offered in regard to the present system, which, it is claimed, may sometimes result in the elimination of a team which may have gone down to defeat on account of hard luck, or some unavoidable circumstance. To enable each to have a better chance to prove its merit the critics of the present system would have a series which included one game for each team with every other team. The objections to this scheme are that it would necessitate a longer season, but this can be met by the argument that the games could be started earlier in the fall, and that instead of having many practices, which are only indifferently attended, the inter-year contests would result in an increased interest and a larger turn-out of players than at present. Needless to say, one result of the change would be the development of a higher standard of soccer than is possible under the present order of things. In view of the feeling around the University on the matter we offer this suggestion, and trust that it will be considered by the Athletic Association.

To return to the games themselves. On Saturday morning, December 7, the Sophomores defeated Theology in a game whose chief feature was the fact the Sophomores had a well-balanced team, which, however, lost its equilibrium, apparently, in the second half and allowed the Theologues to score. As this made the tally 1-1, twenty minutes overtime was necessary to decide the victory. Campbell made the most of the extra twenty minutes and added two goals to Fifteen's end of the score.

Another game was staged immediately after when the Seniors and Freshmen met in more or less deadly conflict. As the score stood 0—0 at full time this game had to be prolonged also. Price, of the Home Lunch, got away in the overtime and notched the winning goal for the Freshmen.

On the following Tuesday the Juniors eliminated the Freshmen from a chance for first place by winning from them under disagreeable weather conditions by a 2—0 score. This game was one of the most exciting from the spectator's point of view, and was won only after a hard and fast combat. The work of Hisey for the winners, and Ziemann and Price for the losing team was particularly brilliant and made it anybody's game until the last toot of the referee's whistle.

The Sophomores then took a hand in the elimination process, and put Fourteen out of the running in another over-time game. At full time the score stood 1-1, but a penalty kick which resulted in a goal settled the thing in the first ten minutes of the extra twenty. The teams are, possibly, the two most evenly matched in the school, and may be expected to furnish exciting games every time they meet. This victory gave Fifteen the first place in the series.

Second place was decided on Saturday, December 14, when the Juniors and Theology played for eighty minutes to decide the victory. Overtime games had become popular by this time, so that neither side scored during the first sixty minutes, but seemed to be saving up for the more spectacular twenty. It was only after repeated efforts that the Juniors succeeded in passing Gilmore, but the feat was finally accomplished and the game ended 1—0 in favor of Fourteen.

Summing it all up, it may be said that the interest in soccer around the University is such a slight degree less than the interest in rugby that it is only fair that the soccer teams should be given a chance to run off their games first, every alternate year at least.

The teams were as follows:

Fourth Year—Goal, L. Clarke; backs, Haddow, B. Clarke; halves, Merritt, Dunbar, J. Graham; forwards, Ashmore, Goodfellow, Hartley, Ellis, Crowe.

Third Year—Goal, Spencer; backs, Hisey, Graham; halves, W. W. Smith, Anderson, Mitchener; forwards, Freeman, Davies, McWilliams, Watson, Cutler (Capt.).

Second Year—Goal, Kellock, Moody; backs, E. Smith, Ballard; halves, Hawkings, Hay, Long; forwards, Reeds, Stillwell, Kenyon, Houlding, Wrighton, Philpott.

First Year—Goal, Mallory; backs, Parker, McLarty; halves, Cole, Linton, Buck, Tyndall; forwards, Price, Ziemann, Bates, Biggar, Fox, Whan.

Theology—Goal, Gilmore; backs, Hutchinson, Rosser; halves, Knight, Browne, Donald; forwards, Waters, Iveson, Hackett, Sorton, Howard.

The Rink Question has caused considerable trouble this year as usual. With the general advance in prices along every line rink managers have apparently decided that they shouldn't be left out in the cold and they have succeeded in making our athletic executive feel chilly by the extravagance of their demands. Our ambassadors assured one magnate that we didn't want to *buy* the rink, but were only desirous of securing hockey privileges for a few hours each week, but he ignored their objection and held out for the first-mentioned extravagant sum. At the time of writing, Ravina Rink has been practically decided upon, although the contract has not yet been signed. Speaking of rinks, and hockey, the students are reminded that the Athletic Executive would consider it a favor if they secured, and paid for, their tickets for "Little Vic." rink at once. The arrangements made with Victoria College necessitate the collection of the total amount as soon as possible.

Fencing is progressing very favorably around the college, added interest being manifested every day. There is still room for a few to enter, however, and Capt. McKissock invites everyone to come down to the "gymnasium" and become acquainted with the sport, whether or not they intend to take an active interest in it. Tournaments will probably be arranged with Varsity in the near future.

Boxing is also gaining new followers every day. It is quite likely that some time this month a class will be formed at the Young Men's Christian Association among the McMaster students, so if you are interested in the manly art don't neglect to inquire into the new club. Impromptu bouts in the gymnasium may be seen every afternoon, and it appears that if the numbers participating continue to increase at the present rate it will soon be necessary to enlarge the room.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. H. CRANSTON, B.A.

A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING of recent date, recording the marriage at Winnipeg, on December 4th, of Rev. John M. Telford, '08, of Roland, Manitoba, to Miss Gertrude Steinhoff, '11, daughter of Rev. L. H. Steinhoff, Th., '92, of Harlan, Iowa, the minister officiating, Rev. A. M. McDonald, '99, pastor of the Fort Rouge Baptist church, lends point to the contention that McMaster has other advantages quite as attractive as her educational courses. With the object of finding out how many McMaster girl graduates married McMaster men, as compared with those who married outside the ranks of the Alumni, the editor of this department compiled the following table of the results of co-operation as shown by the McMaster calendar:—

Miss Margaret A. Bailey, '98 (ob.), married Rev. A. B. Cohoe, '98.

Miss Mary C. Blackadar, '02, married Prof. G. H. Campbell, '00.

Miss Nellie D. Cohoon, '00, married H. N. McKechnie, '97.
Miss Mabel Culver, '04, married R. A. F. McDonald, '04.
Miss Jessie E. Dryden, '00, married Prof. E. J. Zavitz, '03.
Miss Mary E. Dryden, '96, married Rev. J. C. Sycamore, '96.
Miss Anne Grace Iler, '98, married Rev. Troward H. Marshall, '08.
Miss Elizabeth McLaurin, '01, married W. B. H. Teakles, '98.
Miss Elsie Read McLaurin, '09, married Rev. G. S. Jury, '09.
Miss Bertha E. McLay, '00, married A. M. Overholt, '97.
Miss Kate MacLaurin, '04, married Prof. H. S. Arkell, '02.
Miss Elizabeth N. Newman, '99, married Frederick Eby, '95.
Miss Winnifred Phillips, '06, married W. L. McKinnon, '06.
Miss Lillie M. Senior, '05, married G. S. Johnston, '05.
Miss Jessie S. Shields, '04, married Rev. A. Imrie, '96.

Miss E. Blanche Shields, '07, married Rev. J. L. Sloat, '09.
Miss Bertha Hope Simpson, '10, married C. N. Curtis, '10.
Miss Gertrude Steinhoff, '11, married Rev. J. M. Telford, '08.
Miss Anita Waters, '07, married Rev. R. C. Bensen, '06.
Miss Eva Wilkins, '07, married J. H. Cranston, '05.
Miss Mabel Wolverton, '97, married Prof. P. G. Mode, '97.
Miss Julia Holmes. '97, married Rev. J. T. Marshall, '00.

There have also been half a dozen young ladies who preferred marrying McMaster men to graduating from the University. They were partial students, or else dropped their studies to take care of a man. Among these were Miss Edith Henderson, who married Rev. E. A. Brownlee, Miss Agnes Barker. whose husband is Rev. A. S. Cross; Miss Dora McKay, who took unto herself E. C. Fox; Miss Gladys Jackson, who wedded C. A. Detlor, and Miss Elizabeth Cutts, who is now Mrs. Hugh Norman. There are possibly two or three others who have been overlooked.

McMaster girl graduates, who have married outside the ranks of the Alumni, are:—

Miss Elora Alway, '08, married Mr. G. W. Robertson, Strathcona, Alta.

Miss Olive May Clemens, '01, married Mr. J. S. Barrick, Winnipeg.

Miss Florence A. Edy, '09, married Mr. John E. Brownlee, Calgary.

Miss M. Blanche Edy, '08, married Mr. R. J. Marshall, Toronto.

Miss Octavia Gaylord, '00, married Mr. C. J. Curry, Winnipeg.

Miss Bertha E. Gile, '00, married Mr. A. G. Thompson, La Paz, Bolivia.

Miss Olive Harton, '06, married Mr. C. B. Lewis, Milton, Ont.

Miss Barbara Johnstone, '07 (ob.), married Mr. J. E. Norton, India.

Miss Lillian Isabel Layng, '04, married Mr. G. C. Keith, Toronto.

Miss Annie L. N. McKay, '94, married Mr. H. L. Stark, Toronto.

Miss Grace N. Wallace, '03, married Mr. R. W. E. Burnaby, Bedford Park.

Miss Winnabel Elliott, '08, married Mr. Kerr.

Miss Georgiana W. Logie, '12, married Mr. G. W. Robinson, Summerland, B.C.

There are no fewer than 64 unmarried girl graduates, but to the personal knowledge of the editor, there are at least half a dozen who have been spoken for by McMaster men. Provided these all materialize, we have a grand total of 28 McMaster girls marrying McMaster men. Allowing that four of the unmarried girl graduates are engaged to outsiders, we have a second total of 17 wedded, or about to be, outside the fold. The chances would therefore appear to be about 28 to 17 in favor of a McMaster woman graduate marrying a "fellow" student, as opposed to an outsider. No less than 45 are married, or about to be, as compared to 54, who are as yet "unappropriated blessings," so that apparently the McMaster girl has a little less than one chance in two of entering the matrimonial state. Why this should be, those of us who have married McMaster girls, do not understand, for there are none better to be had anywhere. Unmarried McMaster men, this is a challenge to you to "get busy!"

REV. "BILL" CAMERON, B.A., '06, is getting quite a reputation as a lecturer on Robert Burns. He was up at Wiarton recently, and Rev. Herbert W. Piercy, whose recital of "How Bill Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo," used to bring down the house at McMaster, is responsible for an account in the *Canadian Baptist* of "How Bill Cameron captured the town of Wiarton." Here is what he says: "He entirely captivated everyone. His remarkable talent for holding an audience for a whole evening, and the complete way he does it, is a marvel to all. The bookstores were *cleaned out* of Burns' works the next day, and a new stock has also been selling fast. The magistrate of our town in moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Cameron, stated that he would give $1,000 to hear him again, *if he were rich enough*. Evident "Bill" Adams had nothing on "Bill" Cameron.

REV. JOHN E. HAWKINGS, B.A., '99, has resigned from the Sarnia Baptist church to accept a call to the Maitland Street Baptist Church in London.

MR. R. W. E. BURNABY, who successfully conducted the six-months' negotiations with Loretto Abbey, for the purchase of the splendid new McMaster University site at the corner of Eglinton Avenue and Avenue Road, is the husband of one of the most popular of our women graduates, Miss Grace Neile

Wallace, B.A., '03. They have a beautiful home at Bedford Park, just north of Toronto. Mr. Burnaby's skill and tact, not only secured for us one of the very finest sites owned by any university in Canada, but undoubtedly saved the Board of Governors many thousands of dollars.

REV. J. J. PATTERSON, B.A., '97, has retired from the pastorate of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, Buffalo, and has been appointed City Superintendent of Missions in that city.

SAULT STE. MARIE is the new address of Rev. W. J. Pady, '97, who has resigned after three years' pastorate in Collingwood, to take charge of the Baptist church at the Soo.

KENILWORTH, Ont., Baptist church knows Rev. George W. Young, '05, as its pastor no longer. He has gone to pastures new at Colchester and Yarrow.

REV. E. H. SHANKS, TH., '10, has resigned his pastorate at Akron, N.Y., to give his whole time to the Laymen's Missionary Movement. He will have charge of the Pittsburg, Pa., district, which includes part of Ohio, western Pennsylvania, and all of West Virginia.

CANADA has regained Rev. C. R. Duncan, '08, who has resigned his charge at Port Huron, to accept the pastorate of the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, Ottawa. Charlie is a fine fellow, and should make good at the Dominion Capital.

REV. RALPH ENGLISH, '08, is now the pastor of the Christian Church at Amesbury, Massachusetts. Ralph was recently stationed with the Markham and Brougham, Ontario, Christian churches.

THE FOLLOWING additional pledges were received for the McMaster Lectureship Fund during the month of December: Rev. Professor J. L. Gilmour, B.D., '99; Rev. Dr. J. G. Brown, B.D., '03; Rev. J. A. Grant, B.A., '00; Rev. C. H. Schutt, B.A., '95; Rev. W. E. Norton, Th., '91; Miss Isabel J. Munro, B.A., '03. Has your name been recorded yet in the honor roll of McMaster graduates who are desirous of doing something to help their Alma Mater? If not, send your pledge at once to Rev. H. R. Nobles, 586 Clinton Street, Toronto.

TWO MCMASTER GRADUATES took the matrimonial plunge in December, Miss Florence A. Edy, B.A., '09, giving her hand in marriage to Mr. John Edgar Brownlee, of Calgary, on the 23rd, and Mr. Austin H. Fairchild, B.A., '01, principal of the Weston, Ont., High School, wedding Miss Mabel S. Farr, of Weston, at that place, on the 27th. Congratulations to both the happy couples.

THE EDITOR of this department solicits the help of the graduates in making this department a complete record of the doings of McMasterites the world over. Please help him. Address, J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto, or if you are a girl graduate, write to Mrs. Cranston, who was Miss Eva Wilkins of '07.

Woodstock College.

Editor: S. E. Waterland.

The Three Short Weeks of the holiday month have hurried away from us, and have left little but the memory of days and nights which were crowded with activities, some of them pleasant, some positively distasteful, some forced upon us, others engaged in of our own choice. December was a busy month.

On the Last Friday of the school term the annual gymnasium carnival was held. Elaborate preparations were made for this phenomenal event, and its excellence bespoke the profound interest of the boys in such matters. The athletic phase of the programme consisted of organized class performance, boxing bouts and specialties. The artitsic phase included playlets, quartette and sextette singing, minstrelsy work and instrumental music. The impersonation work was only equalled in quality by the originality of the humor.

Ever Since Mid-December there has been a subtle suggestion of hockey in the air. Glory on the ice is the aim of all our red-blooded sports. We anticipate a long series of victories this winter.

"A Quartette of Characteristics" was the subject of a remarkable address given by Rev. R. B. Cochrane, M.A., of Knox Church, at the first prayer meeting of the month.

Glowing accounts were brought home by the delegates who represented Woodstock at the Student Volunteer Convention in Peterboro early in December. The reports were given at the college prayer-meeting on Thursday, December 12th, and reflected the high enthusiasm of the Convention.

The Excelsior and Philomat Literary Clubs were active to the end of the term. Some good work has been done and several aspirants to oratorical excellence have made promising commencements.

Moulton College.

EDITOR: MISS KATHLEEN HODSON.

THE Annual Class Tea took place on Friday evening, December 6th, and was an unqualified success. One could easily imagine oneself in fairy-land while looking at the dining-room, with its tables all decorated originally and daintily. After the banquet, toasts were proposed by a member of each class. All the speeches were particularly good and well given. Miss Hildegarde Freeland spoke on behalf of the Alumnæ, expressing their pleasure on being able to participate in this function. We were honored, too, in having as guests Chancellor McCrimmon, Mr. McMaster and Dr. Sanderson, who also addressed us. The speeches over we assembled in the chapel, where an unique programme was provided. First of all "Old Friends from Mother Goose Land" carried us back to our nursery days. This was followed by a dramatized version of "Innocence Abroad," with apologies to Mark Twain. Judging by the repeated outbursts of laughter everyone seemed to enjoy the programme thoroughly.

IT WAS decided some time ago that Moulton should have a published paper as of yore. The first issue of "The Heliconian," which we have just received, contains many interesting articles and items of news about our old girls. We trust that the promise of success given by this issue may be fulfilled in the succeeding numbers.

THE LAST night before school closed we all assembled in the drawing-room, where a bright grate fire burned. Here we popped corn to our hearts' content—and ate it to the same degree. About nine o'clock the tinkling of sleigh bells was heard and in came Santa Claus, as rosy and jolly as ever. After distributing favors to each of us, with little personal remarks attached, he left us and we retired to dream dreams in which sleigh bells, Christmas puddings, trains and turkeys were hopelessly mixed up, for we were to leave the next day and we were sure we should miss our trains, but we did not and we are off, waving you a Merry Christmas.

Here and There.

Editor: B. F. Trotter, '14.

> "There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
> And a new face at the door, my friend,
> A new face at the door."
> —*Tennyson*: "*Death of the Old Year.*"

THERE are, in fact, several new arrivals on our exchange list. Perhaps the most interesting in many ways is the first issue of the "Voice" from the Shanghai Baptist College. Part of the magazine is in English and very good English, too. The second half is in the vernacular, which, while not quite so intelligible to us, is not less attractive to the eye. We are particularly struck with one page, which appears to be an illustration: there are two trees and a bit of grass sketched in the middle—that is all, except for a few characters on the margin. And yet, somehow, there is infinitely more suggested. This is hardly the place for a disquisition on the relative merits of Western and Oriental art, even if we felt ourselves competent to undertake such a discussion; but we cannot help wondering whether some of our American illustrators have not yet to learn the secret of leaving something to the imagination of their public.

Another "first issue" is "The Sheaf," from the University of Saskatchewan. It is made up largely, as is, perhaps, natural, of information concerning the various departments, and of college news. We shall look for a growing literary element in succeeding issues.

The "Oberlin Monthly," which is a new arrival here, though in its fifth volume, is rather unique in that it contains no advertising, none, even, of the college itself. It is almost exclusively a literary publication, and, as such, is of a high order. In the November number the editor-in-chief—a woman, by the way: we cannot conceive of a mere man doing anything so desperately reckless—begins a serial story, a "mock-heroic gigantesque," and generously invites someone else to continue it. We have a sneaking hope that nobody will respond, and that she will be obliged to go on with the story herself. In any case, we shall watch the development of the plot with interest.

Other exchanges received during the month are: Dalhousie Gazette, Acadia Athenæum, Argosy, University Monthly, The Mitre, University of Ottawa Review, Vox Collegii, Trinity University Review, O. A. C. Review, Western University Gazette, Manitoba College Journal, Vox Wesleyana, The Quill, Okanagan Lyceum, University of Virginia Magazine, Mercerian, College Index, Viatorian, Solanian, Baylor Literary Magazine, Harvard Monthly, Notre Dame Scholastic, "T. C. D.," Varsity, Queen's Journal. To these and to our other exchanges we wish a prosperous New Year.

"I cannot give," he sadly said,
"A first-class yacht to you."
"Oh, well, she said, "I'm sorry, but—
A little smack will do."
—*Princeton Tiger.*

We wish that some of our contemporaries would be more careful to acknowledge either the author or the source of their borrowings. It is not our fault that we cannot trace the following poem farther back than to "Vox Collegii," from the pages of which we copy it. Incidentally, we should like to hear Tschaikowsky.

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

I have heard music, and I cannot sleep,
I have been in some sad and distant land
Where silent steppes to dim the horizons creep,
And long, slow rivers wind through choking sand.
I have heard winds tempestuous in the night,
I have heard waters wailing far away,
I have heard forests trumpet in their might
And moan together at the break of day.
I have heard voices sobbing in the dark,
Because of love and loneliness and pain.
I have heard singing when I seemed to hark
To twilight fields and low skies gray with rain.
I have heard marching and the roll of drums
Across those steppes, within those forests dim;
And I have felt the sudden thrill that comes
Upon the chanting of a mighty hymn.
I have heard music, and I cannot sleep.
My heart shall know no peace nor pity yet;
For in me whirl, like clouds across a deep,
Things I can neither utter nor forget.

An eminent Scotch divine was once asked how long he would require to prepare a speech. "That depends," said he, "upon how much time I am to occupy in its delivery. If I am to speak for an hour I should like a week to prepare; if I am to speak for half an hour, three days will do; if I can go on as long as I like, I am ready now."

A WORD IN SEASON.

They come to haunt me in the night,
The fair words I have left unsaid,
The little kindnesses I might
Have done to people who are dead.—Anon.

I think, nor can I cease from thinking,
Even when night involves the sky,
Of noble souls to silence sinking
Uncheered by any word which I
Have uttered; any friendly word
Such as I'm sure they would have heard
With gladness, something which had stirred
The heart; perhaps have helped some tear to dry.
The slightest thing would have been ample,
Granted, of course, 'twere apropos
To the event. When, for example,
Achilles laid poor Hector low
To Priam, forced to watch from Troy
This alien road-hog slay his boy,
I could have brought some little joy,
Noting the number, ere the car could go.
And even as I sought my pillow
Last night, a vision seemed to rise
Of brave Columbus on the billow
Encircled by the hostile eyes
Of grumbling tars who wished to tack.
Just then, I feel, when things looked black,
I might have slapped him on the back,
And urged him not to mind that set of guys.
This is the kind of trivial action
Which, had I done them as I ought,
Would fill me now with satisfaction.
For instance, I have often thought,
Instead of standing idly by
While Fawkes was nobbled (poor old Guy),
If I had touched the fuse off—why
He scarcely would have minded getting caught!
Ah! now the deeds that plain before me
(Some hundred years before me) pled
In vain for me to do them, o'er me
Hang in their spectral shapes of dread.
Then Editor who reads this lay,
Beware of flinging it away;
You'd better put it in, I say,
Or you'll be sorry for it when I'm dead.

—*Roger Wray in "T. C. D."*

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC publishes each week a column of verse, which is, as the following sample shows, of a very graceful and pleasing quality. There must be a poetic atmosphere in that vicinity:

VARSITY VERSE.

A SMILE.

There is a window on my way
From the office. Day by day,
A girl I used to see in there,
Who bravely laughed at work and care.
As seasons went and seasons came,
Each day I saw her there the same,
Faithful to her task, and she
Was always smiling cheerily.
I merely glanced nor wondered why
The window each time caught my eye;
But now I look and look in vain,
And feel a dull, insistent pain.
For now when I go down that street
I want a smile I never meet.

—*H. L. C.*

THE POET'S TROUBLES.

Of all the things we have to do,
  I think there's nothing worse
Than sitting up till ten at night
  To write eight lines of verse.
You rack your brains to find a rhyme,
  Of words you try to think;
You use up all your extra time,
  But dont' consume much ink.

—*J. W. H.*

EXCUSES.

A tear-drop glistened in her eye—
  I knew not what to do;
I saw that I had made her cry,
For a tear-drop glistened in her eye;
I glanced around—no one was nigh—
  I kissed her then; now wouldn't you,
If a tear-drop glistened in her eye
  And you knew not what to do?

—*F. C. S.*

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Abigail Becker.

Long Point: November, 1854.

November's wind howled biting o'er the lake,
And winter's teeth snapped fiercely in the gale,
The frowning clouds with threatening fists did shake,
The stinging snow that smote the shuddering sail.

Shoreward there drifted with the darkening night
A panting barque whose crew with horror saw
That, like a steed whom whip and noise afright,
She'll rush into the sandbar's hungry maw.

Snorting she shivered through the outer bar,
Then sank exhausted in the depths below;
Quickly the men ran up on rope and spar,
And all night long they swung there to and fro.

As darkness fell from out night's glowering hand,
No sign of life they saw upon the shore;
For nought was there but heaps and wastes of sand,
And human help seemed gone for evermore.

At early dawn came forth the trapper's wife;
She all night through had heard that hideous blast,
And prayed that sailors facing Erie's strife,
Might sea-room find till calm came on at last.

Dipping her bucket in the water cold,
Her ear caught sounds that warned of something wrong;
New wreckage, too, a tale of danger told,
And quick she ran the sandy shore along.

The noise she found was wind that cracked and sang,
In frozen shrouds and rigging sadly strained;
Eight men she saw in gloomy grimness hang,
Clinging to life while slightest hope remained.

She gathered drift-wood, broken doors and decks,
And soon a fire tossed its arms in air;
'Twere surely fit that wastes of other wrecks,
Should kindle hope where brooded dark despair.

Her woman's thought sent her to bring from home
Soft blankets and a kettle, warmth to give;
For men half-frozen in the icy foam,
Will need such nursing or they cannot live.

Upon the shore her brave and cheery call
Urged them to venture, but they could not hear,
For winds were boisterous and their rise and fall
Kept sighing up and down in weirdness drear.

The day wore on and still the anxious men
Clung to the wreck in hope of other aid;
But one by one their hopes were quenched again,
For fears chased fears and left them still afraid.

The skipper first makes risk to reach the shore,
He sees the glowing fire with welcome bright.
The woman's courage makes him brave once more,
He will not spend another ship-wrecked night.

The icy billows roll before the gale,
The skipper battling with them shoreward rides,
The whirling currents beat him like a flail,
And many a giant wave the swimmer hides.

At last, exhausted, he has gained the beach,
The breaker hurls him down with stunning blow;
But now the under-tow with greedy reach,
Begins to draw him, tugging from below.

Though brave with hearts of steel, exhausted men
Are then but sport to fill the storm's fierce claw:
The angered lake will drag them out again,
And down to cruel death will roughly draw.

But there, within the marge, the rescuer brave,
Strong as a giant and with steady feet,
Snatches the skipper from the hungry wave,
And soon he feels the fire's restoring heat.

Then, each one after each, the ship-wrecked crew
Followed their captain in the struggle dire,
Each after each the roaring waves o'erthrew,
But each the trapper's wife helped to the fire.

And then with comforts that the glad warmth brings,
Their blood is wooed from chill to bounding glow,
The trapper's lodge seems shelter fit for kings,
While, safe within, they hear the storm still blow.

When calm returns and other aid can come,
The rescued men are forth rejoicing sent;
Sweet is it then to see again their home,
After those long, long hours in anguish spent.

When to the trapper's wife for this brave deed
Came praise and honors high from many men,
She said she'd only given help in need—
Such help as any one would give again.

This is the story of Abigail Becker,
Born near the white-caps of Erie's blue waves,
This is the story of Death's trap at Long Point,
Tale of the courage that ventures and saves.

Blue are the violets and white are the blood-roots,
Yellow the lotus that decks the north shore,
Wild are the calls of the ducks and the sea-gulls,
Since that November of far 'fifty-four.

Many years, too, still lived Abigail Becker,
Quiet and kindly and thoughtful and strong,
But that brave deed of her womanhood's courage,
Lives and will live in our memory long.

Canada looks with calm eyes to the future,
Knows that her power will be felt everywhere;
Canada knows that all greatness that's lasting,
Rests on the courage and strength that can bear.

Honor we those who have fought in our battles,
Stoutly have stood where the swift bullets fly;
Honor, too, those who in days that are peaceful,
Bravely face danger lest others should die.

—J. L. GILMOUR.

AUTHORITIES:

1. "Picturesque Canada." Part 20, pp. 492 ff.
2. Sketch written by Abigail Becker's step daughter. (This states that there were *eight* men in the wreck.)
3. Personal conversations with residents of Port Rowan and of Saint Williams.
4. Scrap-books in homes on the Lake Erie shore.

Mr. LeGallienne and Hafiz.

The editor of THE MONTHLY has kindly granted me this space in which to correct two inadvertences in my paper in the January issue. I there referred to Mr. LeGallienne as an American. This is not strictly true, as he was born in England; but he has resided and worked in America for a number of years. It is a pleasure to correct my other misimpression regarding the publication of his Odes from Hafiz. The book is published by L. C. Page & Company, of Boston, and may be obtained in three styles at $2, $4, and $5, respectively. It is a book that every lover of artistic verse should enjoy.

—B. F. TROTTER.

Calvin Goodspeed, M.A., D.D., LL.D.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

MEASURED by the truest and highest standards of greatness I have no hesitation in classifying Dr. Goodspeed amongst the lives referred to in the first line of this stanza from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." Character is unquestionably the greatest thing in the universe, and while I fully recognize that Dr. Goodspeed was a man of great mental power and of great attainments, I would place his supreme claim to be considered great upon the character basis.

Calvin Goodspeed was the son of Rev. Calvin L. and Mary Goodspeed. He was born at Nashwaak, N.B., May 5th, 1842. His home influences were those of a model Christian home and under these influences he was early brought into the Christian life and into the church. His first schooling was at the common schools of his native province. He passed from these into the Baptist Seminary at Fredericton, and from there into the University of New Brunswick, from which institution he graduated in 1866. During his university course, after careful thought, he had decided to enter the Christian ministry, and shortly after graduation he entered upon his first pastorate at Andover. He was ordained in 1868. While in this pastorate his remarkable clearness of thought and his ability to impart instruction attracted attention and he was invited to and accepted a position on the staff of the Seminary at Fredericton, where he continued to teach until the institution was closed in 1872. While teaching here he had as students a number of young men who subsequently distinguished themselves in their respective spheres of life. Amongst these was the Honorable George E. Foster, the present Minister of Trade and Commerce in the Dominion Cabinet. These men unite in saying that many of the best impulses of their lives were aroused by the influence of the quiet and almost bashful, but strong personality of this young teacher.

After leaving Fredericton Seminary he studied theology in Regent's Park College, in London, England, and in Newton Theological Seminary. In 1874, at thirty-two years of age, he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at Woodstock, Ontario, which at that time might be considered the most influential Baptist Church in the Convention. "The Canadian Literary Institute" at Woodstock was then at the zenith of its prosperity. Dr. Fyfe, Professor Wells, Professor Torrance, Professor Yule, and Dr. Crawford were there. These great men, together with the whole body of students, attended upon his ministry for four years, and their united and unqualified verdict was that he was master of the situation. The writer of this sketch had the privilege of sitting under his ministry and heartily joins with the rest of the old Woodstock students in believing that Dr. Goodspeed's ministry may justly be counted amongst the righest and strongest in the history of the church.

At the end of this four years' ministry he was appointed to the Chair of Systematic Theology in Woodstock College in place of Dr. Fyfe. He came to this new task with an ideal equipment. His teaching experience in Fredericton Seminary, his pastoral work in Andover and Woodstock, and his thorough theological studies in Regent's Park and at Newton, combined to give him a training that was as thorough, as adequate and as appropriate as it was rare in those days, when post-graduate courses were not as common as to-day. After closing his work in Woodstock College he spent a year at the University of Leipzic, in Germany.

On his return he took up pastoral work once more at Yarmouth, N.S., where he spent between three and four of the happiest years of his life. While in Yarmouth he took an active part in the amalgamation and consolidation of the two denominational papers of the Maritime Provinces, *The Christian Messenger* and *The Christian Visitor*. The name of the united paper was *The*

Messenger and Visitor. In 1885, he was chosen as editor of this paper, and for five and a half years he filled this chair with almost phenomenal success. His editorial writing and his conduct of the paper set a high standard for religious journalism, while at the same time he conducted a personal canvass of the whole constituency and by his close personal attention to the business side of the office work succeeded in placing the paper upon a solid and paying financial basis.

In 1890 he was called to the Chair of Systematic Theology and Apologetics in McMaster University. If his training and equipment were good when he was called to the same Chair in Woodstock College it was certainly much better now. His study in European universities, his four years of pastoral work in one of the large churches, and his five and a half years' occupancy of the editorial chair, had given him a discipline of mind, a touch with human life in its varied and constantly varying phases, and a vision of the world's needs which proved of inestimable value in all his subsequent work. These experiences enabled him so to relate theology to life that Systematic Theology in his hand became not only a study of doctrines and creeds, but also a practical application of these great doctrines to life in such a way that creed and character were shown to be indissolubly united; or, in other words, religion became simply the expression of creeds or beliefs in terms of life. For fifteen years he continued to hold this position, and it is no disparagement to the rest of his life work to say that during this period he did the greatest work of his life. While those of us who knew him somewhat intimately will always remember his efficiency and success in every position he held, yet in the memories of Ontario and Quebec Baptists, and especially of the graduates of McMaster University, he will always stand out pre-eminently as a great teacher or professor in Systematic Theology and Apologetics. His students are at work to-day from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and I believe they would be unanimous in saying that the instruction received at his hand and the inspiration gained from his high Christian character, his absolute devotion to duty, and his personal touch, have done much to fit them for their special service and inspire them to courage and faithfulness in their most trying experiences.

In 1905 he resigned his position in McMaster University, and, after a short period, accepted a similar position in Baylor University, in Waco, Texas. When the theological department of this university was separated from the arts department and removed to the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, he followed the Theology. During the first year in the Seminary he was attacked by that dread disease—tuberculosis of the lungs. He resigned and retired to a farm in a remote corner of Texas for a year in the hope of conquering the foe. The attempt was unsuccessful and he decided to return to his home in Paradise, Nova Scotia. For a time after his return there was some apparent improvement and he was able to fill the Chair of Systematic Theology in Acadia University for a part of one year. But the insidious disease was all the time making progress. During the spring and early summer his strength gradually failed until the end came on July 5th, 1912. All his friends will be glad to know that through all his long illness he suffered little or no pain. In a letter to the writer just a few weeks before his departure he said that he continually thanked God that he had not been called to suffer pain. His only suffering was the feeling of constant weariness occasioned by his great weakness. His end, as all who knew him would expect, was full of peace. He was quietly and gently removed from his home in Paradise, N.S., to his home in the Paradise of God.

And now I approach with great diffidence the point where I need to say something concerning the life and work and character of this man of God. While I rejoice to pay my tribute of love and respect to the one who perhaps as much as any other one man helped me in my own Christian life, I could wish that some more facile pen and one more competent to read us the best lessons from such a life could take up this article from this point.

Regarding Dr. Goodspeed's private life I can only say that it is not within our rights to enter the sacred precincts of the home circle; and yet I may be permitted to say that from frequent visits and temporary sojourns in his home, and on his part a somewhat prolonged sojourn in the writer's home, I am convinced that his home life was marked by a gentleness of bearing and an unselfish and chivalrous devotion to his wife and family that are all too rare even in so-called Christian homes.

In church matters Dr. Goodspeed was a loyal and devoted servant of the local church. To him church membership was a sacred privilege and trust and involved the most serious obligations. While professor in McMaster his church membership was with the College Street Baptist Church, and pastors and church officers and members all gladly bear testimony to his faithful attendance, his thoughtful consideration of the opinions of those who differed from him, his charitable judgments and his willingness to accept his full share of the responsibilities of church membership. His denominational relationships and work was always regulated by the highest principles, directed towards the highest ideals, governed by the purest motives and transformed into action with unbending integrity. He was a genuine Baptist. He knew and valued our distinctive principles, not only because he believed them to be in accord with New Testament teaching, but also because he believed that they were essential to the development of the highest and best type of Christian life. He was always heard gladly in our conventions, and his opinions carried much weight in our denominational councils. He was for many years one of the most active and valued members of the Home Mission and Publication Boards. For several years he was an editorial contributor to the columns of the *Canadian Baptist,* and his notes were always incisive, instructive and helpful.

It is not easy to define the elements that constituted his power as a preacher. He was always thoughtful, clear, convincing and educative, and, above all, spiritual. His strength of expression, his logical clearness and simplicity compelled the attention of the most thoughtless. Once allow yourself to enter a current or course of thought with him and you were carried irresistibly on to his conclusions. Even his slight peculiarities of voice and manner, by virtue of his intensity and his profound conviction of the truth and importance of his message, became aids to his power to hold attention and added to rather than detracted from his attractiveness as a preacher. So emphatically was this true that though I have heard him many times before large audiences, I have never heard him criticized. Criticism was disarmed and made to appear childish in the presence of the majesty of his thought, the intensity of his convictions and the impressiveness of his presentation. In his best efforts he possessed a peculiar power of carrying the devout hearer into the very presence chamber of the Most High, so that to many people, under his preaching, fellowship with Deity became a real fact in human experience.

His work as an author was not extensive but characterized by careful research and accurate statement. Amongst his best known works are the following: "The Peculiar Principles of Baptists"; "Baptism,—An Argument and a Reply," a book written in reply to a small book published by a Presbyterian minister in Woodstock, bearing the title "Immersion, an Institution of the Papacy." Dr. Goodspeed's reply was scholarly, scriptural and by many considered unanswerable. "The Christian Sabbath"; "Messiah's Second Advent—a Study in Eschatology": "A Commentary on the Book of Genesis," in which he was the writer of the introduction and a collaborator with Dr. D. M. Welton. This was written for the American Commentary.

These books commanded the attention and admiration of his friends, and even his controversial books compelled the respect of his opponents. They were undoubtedly strong treatments of their respective themes in their own day and the most of them will be used as authoritative treatments of these themes for many years to come.

Something ought also to be said regarding his powers as a polemicist. In a debate his own argument was practically invulnerable, while no vulnerable point in the armour of his opponent ever escaped his notice. His habit of thorough investigation, his close and logical reasoning powers and his remarkable command of terse, incisive and forceful language enabled him to marshal his material in the most masterly way and to bring his arguments to bear upon the positions of his opponent with crushing force. To those who did not know the true spirit of the man, this habit of "contending earnestly" and the exercise of this power of almost merciless demolition of opposing argument gave the impression of severity. Perhaps this seeming severity and this attitude of uncompromising adherence to what he believed to be truth were more characteristic of the years of his middle life than of either his earlier or later years. He evidently believed that his position as professor in theology constituted him or in some sense called him to be a conservator and defender of the absolute integrity of the Bible as the veritable Word of God, and a custodian of the faith once for all delivered to the Saints. During the later years of his life, while just as strong in his convictions and just as vigorous in his defence of truth, his attitude and his speech lost their severity, but retained their strength. The mellowness and tenderness that marked these later years of his life made many of his friends feel that he was in a most real sense ready for the garner, and yet we could not but feel that could he have been permitted to give some further years of his ripe scholarship, his clear head and his mellow heart to religious and theological work, he would have done noble service for the Kingdom of God and his own beloved denomination.

Before closing I desire to give short quotations from the tributes paid to his memory by Dr. O. C. S. Wallace and Dr. A. H. Newman, than whom none knew him better or loved him more. Dr. Wallace says: "He was a Saint of God. The intensity of his conviction sometimes gave a wrong impression to those who knew him inadequately, for like Paul he could sharply resist even a friend to his face. He was a man of unyielding principle, of child-like faith and of many charities. He was constantly doing good. He always rang true. With him every question must be settled upon the high plane of righteousness and loyalty to Jesus Christ. He was a teacher of marked ability. Many now rise up to call him blessed who did not know in their student days how great was the service he was performing for them. A truer, nobler man of God I have not known. We who loved him will feel the loss of him until we also are called home."

Dr. Newman says: "He was one of the noblest and best men I ever knew, unsurpassed in loyalty to Christ and truth, a reasoner not to be reasoned against, a most inspiring teacher and guide to young ministers, a Christian statesman of the highest rank. His four years of teaching in the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary have left an impress upon the rising ministry of Texas that can never be effaced. He was highly honored and greatly beloved by the Baptists of Texas and the Southwest."

Such words from such men confirm the writer of this sketch in his exalted opinion of his reverend professor and beloved friend, Dr. Calvin Goodspeed. As I think of his manifest love for his Saviour, of his humility and his reverence, of his unselfish devotion to duty, of his unswerving loyalty to truth and righteousness, of his fine scorn of all that was ignoble and mean, and of his tenderness and gentleness towards the needy and the suffering I am constrained to say "We shall not see his like again." We want to be like him inasmuch as he was like the Christ.

To Mrs. Goodspeed we extend our sincerest sympathy. Such a husband is God's greatest gift to the home, and I have no doubt that as Mrs. Goodspeed recalls the experiences of their married life, in all the years that remain to her, she will again and again be constrained to use Tennyson's beautiful words to Arthur Hallam.

> "I hold it true whate'er befall,
> I feel it when I sorrow most,
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

W. E. NORTON.

Adventures by Night in Mongolia.

IT was four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon in early March. Tired of study, I went out into the fresh air for a ramble; as was my custom on such occasions, I took my rifle along. Presently I saw two light colored objects moving in the distance. Thinking they were antelopes, I changed my course a little to the south so that my movements would be covered by some hills, and cautiously approached. On gaining the summit I looked down and was disappointed to find that what I had thought to be antelopes were merely houses. But farther on a herd of small animals was grazing on the prairie. These were antelopes, and no mistake about it. Again, under cover of the hills, I advanced. When I thought I was within range, I looked over into the valley beneath, only to find that the herd had moved on. Some distance to the left was another line of hills from which the antelopes might be approached, but in order to gain their cover I had to cross the open in full view of the herd. I descended by a feigned retreat and gained the cover of the hills. Having traversed some distance, I again climbed to the summit of the ridge. The herd was in full view at near range. Resting my rifle on a rock, I took careful aim and fired. Alas! I had miscalculated the distance, sighted too high and fired over the antelopes, raising the dust on the other side. The herd was now greatly alarmed. It separated into two groups and retreated at full speed. There was still a chance of shooting one antelope or two on the run. I sprang to my feet and fired several shots in rapid succession. I first changed the course of the animals by shooting over and raising the dust in front of them, then fired point blank into the herd. The scene of action began to form the sector of a circle with me at the centre and the antelopes at the circumference. Presently a shot took effect. An antelope broke from the ranks, circled to the left and lay down in the grass. The rest of the herd stopped to look for their comrade. This was my chance. Taking as careful aim as I could in the evening twilight, I fired again. One antelope dropped, the others ran and were seen no more. I ran to the spot where the antelope dropped to make sure of him and found him in his death struggle with a bullet hole through the head.

I took my bearings as carefully as I could, so as not to lose the place, then went in search of the one previously wounded. He saw me approaching, sprang to his feet and ran. I hastily fired at him, but succeeded only in frightening him by raising the dust at his side. He sprang up, ran for a considerable distance, then lay down again. These actions he repeated several times as I pursued. Thus allured and eluded, I followed on till I lost my way in the dark. I gave up the chase as useless and tried to find the place where I left the other. The search was vain. It was now very dark and impossible to distinguish land marks.

I had now to decide where to spend the night. I knew the people at home would be uneasy about me, but nevertheless decided to remain near by in order to renew the search at break of day. I ascended a high hill and looked over the landscape. It was a cheerless night. A cold wind was blowing. An almost starless sky was above me. From beneath was no sound but the rushing of the wind and the barking of dogs. It was a cheerless place to spend the night alone. Just then the flickering of a light in a deep ravine below attracted my attention. It was evidently from the camp fire of travellers, as I knew there were no Mongol villages in the locality. It might be the camp fire of a robbing band, for aught I knew; yet thitherward I directed my steps. I shouted to give notice of my approach. To my astonishment, in reply I received a command to travel, spoken in Mongol. This impressed me as strange, as the Mongols are generally very hospitable. I disregarded the command, and pressed on toward the camp fire. Nearing the encampment, I passed a big bad-looking Mongol seated as a sentinel on a box outside the encampment. I spoke to him but he was as mute as a monument. I passed another sentinel and received the same cold reception. Nothing daunted, I pressed on to the main tent. The proprietor was a Chinaman. I told him I had lost my way and asked permission to spend the night in the encampment. In reply, without raising his eyes, he mumbled something in Chinese which I was unable to construe. What was the matter? Were they robbers or had they taken me for one? Thinking it unwise to sleep in such a suspicious place, I shouldered my rifle and left without ceremony.

I next determined to go to the nearest village. A brief march brought me to an empty house just outside of it. Passing the house, I approached the Mongol tents. Then I shouted to announce my approach. Untimely shout! What had I done? I had aroused the dogs of two Mongol villages. Mongol dogs are bad at any time. They are doubly fierce at night. Not only so, but the fiercer dogs, which are tied in the day time, are let loose at night to protect the Mongol villages from wolves. The Mongol dogs are not only fierce, but big and powerful. I would rather meet a pack of Mongolian wolves than a pack of Mongol dogs at night. But the deed was done and two packs of dogs were approaching me, one from the north and one from the west. There was no time for consideration. Quick as thought, I ran to an empty house and threw my back against the door. I had barely done so when the dogs were in front of me. There was a white dog in the pack, an old enemy of mine. I had fought him before. I had several cartridges in the magazine of my rifle and I decided to kill a dog for every cartridge rather than be torn to pieces by them. Raising my rifle, I pointed it in the direction of the white dog and fired. A tongue of fire flashed red before me and the building rang with the report. I missed my aim but the effect was wonderful. The dogs had evidently never experienced such a reception before. When the darkness closed in again and the echo had died away there was not a sound to disturb the solemn stillness of the night. My attackers had disappeared and not one of them returned to report for duty again.

But the dogs were not the only creatures I had frightened. Over a valley lived an old Mongol teacher. His ear caught the sound of the rifle. "It is all up with me now," he said to his boy, "the Chinese robbers have come." The boy went to the tent door and listened. "No, father," he said, "I think the owner of the house has returned unexpectedly and has given notice of his arrival. I will go and see." "Very well," the father replied, "but be careful how you approach." Presently I heard a voice calling and asking my name. On learning who I was, the boy came over and escorted me to the tent. Yes, I was welcome to spend the night with them, only they were sorry they had no extra bedding for me to sleep on. That night I lay in my clothes waiting for morning. I was up before the sun and in search of my hard-earned antelopes. I soon discovered the one I had killed, but the other was nowhere to be found. Presently I saw a Mongol coming toward me. He was leading his horse and had something fastened to the saddle. It was my Mongol teacher. The people at the Mission had informed him of my absence and instructed him to find me. With wonderful promptness he found my trail and followed it with marked precision. On the way he had found the antelope I had lost. It had died during the night.

We tied the hind legs of the two antelopes together and tried to throw them one on each side of the saddle, but they were so big and heavy that our united strength was not equal to the task. Then we tied, first one to one side, and the other to the other side of the saddle, and lastly tied them together over the top. The Mongol took the rein of the horse and we started on a four mile tramp back to the Mission station.

—T. HINDLE, '08.

The Rôle of Scholarship in Life.

The Responsibility of the University for Practical Education.

WE are frequently informed by the practical *self-made* man that a college course is of little value —practical value, I should say—to the business man. Many a young graduate soon finds himself in a group of rivals who sneer at his lack of information on some specialized line of work. It makes little difference that there may be in the same office another such graduate cordially hated for his rapid advancement over the heads of *said* self-appointed critics.

Even graduates have been known to declare that a college course is useless from the practical point of view. Probably such a representation fairly indicates the nature of the experience of the particular *practical* man. University professors are constantly called to repentance for that unpardonable sin of being too theoretical and too academic. Yet those who attempt to be practical are said to be superficial. At all events, the familiar distinction between the theoretical and the practical is an ever-present bogey.

Obviously, there is some difficulty; there is also much misunderstanding. Certainly, there should be no reason to condemn the theoretical. True theory explains the practical and gives a comprehensive explanation of it. Too often, indeed, theory has failed to accomplish its purpose, and to satisfy its so-called practical critics, because it has failed to grasp the phenomena it is called upon to explain. To that extent, theory is rightly condemned, and this fact of inadequacy merely argues for revision.

But on this matter, the specialized, self-styled *practical* man is more apt to err than the *theoretiker,* for the simple reason that the term practical is ordinarily given far too narrow a connotation. If indeed the term *practical* is to be applied only to financial interests, matters of economic importance alone, merely methods of enrolling names on church books, or problems of domesticity or sociability, then the university has to admit that it falls far short of meeting the needs of practical life. Critics usually mean that practical life is only one of these and other matters of importance. In the Canadian West, practice means real estate, town lots on the prairie. The butterfly debutante seldom finds any connection between her brief—very brief—study of charity organization, and the "charity ball" she attends. Naturally, the study of charity organization has little of practical value for her.

However, the recent tendency is to apply the term *practical* to human life as a whole. Most of us discover sooner or later that human life is a big complex and immensely practical problem. An income must be secured and increased by vigorous effort, and in America, effort usually gets its reward. Other problems, religious, moral, cultural, and social, press for a concurrent and interdependent solution. Every man is confronted by a most intricate life problem large enough to challenge every resource at his disposal.

Is an ideal university education and scholarship such a resource? Will it aid in solving the problem of human life? An answer to these two questions would probably remove some of the misunderstanding which more or less separates the university and the scholar from practical affairs.

In the first place, the ideal university, where, of course, scholarship prevails, does make men resourceful and therefore efficient. The thorough and accurate completion of daily tasks create an invaluable and lasting habit of diligent carefulness. Difficulties are surmounted, initiative is brought into play, and originality is at a premium. Some students fall by the wayside, the victims of examinations—rather the victims of the lack of those habits and qualities necessary for success in any life calling. A few win their spurs with remarkable ease. Most of the students plod through university and emerge strengthened for a life battle for which they would not otherwise be well prepared. Many exceptions can be discovered, but it is safe to say that those who neglect daily tasks and develop habits of neglect almost invariably fail to accomplish what might otherwise have been done.

The second query is even more important in these days of specialization. Everyone knows of the business or professional man who becomes so absorbed in business for its own sake—not for the money return—that he is tempted to neglect friends and family, morality and religion, culture and health; certainly some of them. In short, he fails to get and to keep a view of his own life interests in their totality, and to develop an all-round personality. Another plunders the pockets of his consumers, or refuses to give fair wages to meet the increased cost of living because he has failed to see the solidarity of community interests. So far as a particular practical problem is concerned, we are all tempted to use the boot-strap lift to soothe our consciences.

Recently a prominent and very successful university graduate expressed himself to a group of students in no uncertain terms. It is his unqualified conviction that the university man will be the salvation of business. The real university man refuses to do the little and the big things that plunder the investor or the community. He refuses to work night and day for the "almighty dollar." He loves his home, music, literature, and human beings themselves. He has his ideals in respect to the ethics of business, and he has the conviction to express them and the energy to find means to put them into practice. If this can be truly said of business, how much more true is it of the professions! Many exceptions may be quoted, but on the average the university man is better equipped for practical life in the largest sense, even though his *theory* and *academic* ideas may force him to sacrifice a possible business or professional gain.

So far, we have assumed that the university and the university training are ideal. Too often, indeed, a university course is of little or no practical value, either because the student neglects his opportunities or because the university lacks the staff and equipment to give the proper direction and instruction. Too often the criticism of university men and of scholarship is quite appropriate and merited, and this fact throws a great responsibility on both the student and the university.

The university student finds ample facility to form habits of neglect which are seldom overcome. Frequently we meet undergraduates who are capable but habitually neglectful. Many of these do make a success in life. Every athletic enthusiast is able to point to the success of a number of champion athletes. But, so far as I am aware, no study has ever been made of the number of failures, nor has anyone ever made a statistical study of what such individuals might have accomplished, had such habits not been formed. After all, success is a relative term. University men do fail at times, but usually they are such as have not formed those habits of life without which no man can accomplish the most.

Our point of view thrusts a great responsibility on the university or college. An ideal university education is impossible without the best possible equipment, instruction, and direction. No university should enter on a policy which it cannot carry out in every essential detail. No university has any right for existence unless it can give each graduate an all-round and thorough training: practical in the broader sense. It must develop manhood of the broadest and deepest character. Ideal education should ever be its aim. And yet university pride often tempts a university to adopt a policy which it cannot possibly carry out properly. A common mistake is the extension of the number of faculties, by adding an engineering, domestic science, or medical department, when scarcely enough funds are available to equip an arts department. The temptation to increase the university attendance at the expense of efficiency lies at the door of every university or college. Such a policy usually ends in the building up of either an inefficient or a grossly overworked and ill-paid staff—or both—and the impossibility of doing any department of work thoroughly. In such a case, it were better that the university had never been born; for the millstone is assuredly about its neck.

The problem of the small college, then, is one of choosing that line of work which will best serve its community and of undertaking to do that work in the most thorough and modern way possible. Ordinarily, at least for Canada, that line of work is the Arts work alone. Professional instruction should be undertaken only by those universities interested in some special problem. as in the case of the Denominational Divinity School, or by a state institution amply supported.

Of course by the university man we understand the Arts graduate. It is then the duty of the university to give its students a grasp on life as a whole. Every graduate should be familiar with literature, and should have an appreciation of music and art. He should be able to express himself freely and with conviction on matters of public interest. He should be acquainted with the fundamental principles of the natural sciences. Social, political, and economic principles should be within easy grasp at a needy moment. History, philosophy, logic, and psychology are almost invaluable. Probably ethics should engage his attention—certainly he should have a grip on religion and morality.

These represent some of the phases of life, and no university graduate should be without some insight into the various main features of that complex problem. One may even express the conviction that the university curriculum should be so organized as to require and permit every student to take certain fundamental courses during the college course. If scholarship is to have anything to do with life, if it is to be respectable, it should cover all of the phases of life, or at least it should be sufficient to place every graduate in the proper attitude with this problem of human life as a whole.

If our thesis is correct, each college or university is confronted with an appalling responsibility. Each university professor must have a comprehensive outlook on life, and the ability to project it over others. Each student must relate the various phases of a college course, and the university must help to do so. If all of these challenges are met, there should be much less of the distinction between the theoretical and the practical. ''Academic'' would no longer be a term of reproach; scholarship would be eminently respectable; and the university would be a public benefactor.

—W. J. Donald, '10.

In the Land of Byron.

BYRON was always Scotch enough to "know the country he was born in," or, at least (if we must admit that he was really a native of London) to recognize the nurse of his poetic genius. Some people think that the rough trill with which the Scotsman pronounces the letter "r" constitutes the linguistic shibboleth of Caledonia; but, in point of fact, the Yorkshireman exhibits the same generosity of *r*-ticulation. No; the Scottish shibboleth resides in a guttural so formidable to the Englishman that he is rendered *hors de combat* every time he attacks it. To Byron this guttural was a thing of beauty; and, in "Loch na Garr," he made it a joy for ever:

"Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
  In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snowflake reposes,
  Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, belov'd are thy mountains,
  Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
  I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr."

Years ago I was a freshman at the University of Aberdeen, Scotland. It was in this gray "granite city" that Byron's boyhood was spent. Not a few of my fellow-freshmen were fresh from the Aberdeen Grammar School, where Byron, not yet a Lord, learnt his A B C. His mother being Scotch, the boy took to the broad Aberdeenshire dialect as naturally as he took to *dookin'* in the Dee. (To "dook" is to bathe with the easy manners of a duck). Byron, as is well known, became a great swimmer.

When in Aberdeen, the first reminder I received that I was in the land of Byron came through a fellow-student—a devilmay-care sort of chap, who shared rooms with a former schoolmate of mine. Paying them a visit one day, I found their sitting-room filled with tobacco smoke, and took the liberty of opening one of the windows, although the weather was too cold to make this act of self-indulgence a real pleasure; but at that time I was a Puritan, spirit and soul and body—never had been allowed, for example, to read Burns or Byron. Not in the least resenting my cynical intrusiveness, my friend's friend, seeing I did not smoke, started singing. It was "Loch na Garr." He varied the opening words slightly, I think, and began—

"O farewell, ye landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snowflake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love."

Now and then he would glance at me, as much as to say, "This'll fetch ye." Sure enough, he had struck a responsive chord in my breast, and I soon found myself joining in the song, though words and tune alike were new to me.

Some time after this, I visited Braemar, the valley where Byron's beloved mountains rear their summits to the sky. Balmoral Castle, the Highland home of Queen Victoria, nestled at their base, by the banks of the winding Dee. It is a noble residence for kings and queens; but nobler and more lasting is the residence of our poet's proud spirit, that

" . . . rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale,"

and finds its only proper habitation on the heather-clad hills that bare their snowy bosoms to the soft caresses of the summer sun.

—R. G. Dunbar, '13.

The McMaster University Monthly

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Editorial Notes.

Prize Story Competition.

No very full response has been made to the appeal of The Monthly for entries in the Ninth Prize Story Competition. It is not easy to account for the small number of stories submitted. Perhaps the impositions of the class-room are becoming more burdensome; or the student mind may be turning to things of lesser importance; or the fact of the Competition may not have been sufficiently advertised. We can admit almost anything, indeed, rather than actual dearth of literary talent in our midst. Yet some response there has been. The judging committee, composed of Dr. Matthews, Dr. Smith, Mr. B. F. Trotter, and the managing editor, has expressed its opinion of the stories by omitting to award the first prize, and giving second prize to Mr. E. G. Black, '13, and two third prizes to Mr. R. E. Freeman, '14, and Mr. H. C. Hudson, '14, respectively.

College News.

Around the Hall.

EDITOR: G. M. GOODFELLOW, '13.

"Gracious heavens! . . . What's this? Print!"
—*Dickens.*

SHOULD party politics be introduced into a student organization of a university? This is a question that has been engaging the attention of both faculty and undergraduates in our sister institution, the University of Toronto, consequent upon a reorganization of the Students' Parliament on Liberal and Conservative political platforms. The dictum of prominent men, notably the President of the University and the Premier of Ontario, is that the move is unwise. For various reasons they affirm that politics should not be made a factor in the activities of student life. The Debating Union of McMaster, however, has apparently arrived at an excellent solution of the difficulties attendant upon such a plan. A mock parliament has been organized, to take the place of the usual weekly debates on subjects of varying degrees of importance. Dominion politics is the issue, but herein lies the means of obviating many difficulties: Members of the parties have been chosen regardless of their personal political views. Several members of the Conservative Cabinet are adherents of the Liberal faith, and many who sit upon the Opposition benches are Conservatives in real life. The advantages of this situation are manifest. Each speaker is obliged to keep in close touch with the proceedings of the Legislature at Ottawa; he must read and study the arguments advanced by both parties; he must look at a question from the point of view of the other man; sound political thinking is encouraged; personal animosities are impossible, because the proceedings, although based upon live questions, and involving sound, forceful arguments, have a sufficient make-believe element about them to spread a spirit of friendliness, and take the sting out of remarks called forth in the most heated discussion. The mock parliament has met with widespread approval among the students, and the interest so far manifested augurs well for the success of the scheme.

He Changed His Opinion.—A Student from another university recently made a tour of inspection around the halls of McMaster preparatory to registering in one of the Arts courses, but he was apparently not favorably impressed, his opinion being voiced in the words: "It's too slow for me around here." Descending the steps in front of the University, he received the full benefit of a bucketful of water, showered upon him from an upper window. He returned and registered.

Social Science Club.—"Finance as a business for the college graduate" was the subject of an address by R. C. Matthews, '01, at a meeting of the Social Science Club, on Thursday evening, January 23. The department of finance particularly treated was that of the purchase and sale of bonds, a subject with which Mr. Matthews, as one of the pioneers in the bond business in Toronto, is thoroughly conversant. He spoke of the requirements necessary for success, the advantages of a college education for one entering that vocation, the discouragements and the pleasures incident to the work. The address, based as it was upon a practical knowledge of the subject under discussion, was exceedingly interesting.

Lost.—During the Christmas feasting—the ability to wear a 40-inch belt. Suitable reward for return of same to the senior who lost it.

Literary Society.—The first of an introductory course of lectures in Keltic Literature and History was held on Friday evening, January 17, under the auspices of the Literary Society. The lecturer was Dr. Alexander Fraser, who, in introducing the subject, referred to the marked progress made in connection with this department at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and to the extended interest which the subject commands among an increasing class. The lecture was divided into a description of the Kelt, his identity, geographical distribution and his history from the earliest times. Applying the canons of anthropology and archaeology, Dr. Fraser showed that there is now no such thing as a purely distinctive race. Maps were exhibited illustrating the movements of the various European races from the earliest known era, and also pictures showing the early types of men inhabiting the various parts of Europe and the British Isles. The course of lectures is open to the public, and the first of the series of three was well attended.

On Friday evening, January 24, Year '14 provided for the Literary Society a most enjoyable evening. B. F. Trotter gave a reading, followed by a piano solo rendered by K. H. Kingdon. "Current Events" was then dealt with by H. C. Hudson in his usual witty style, and the closing number, a reading by J. D. Morrison, proved so intensely interesting that an encore was demanded.

The second in the series of lectures on Keltic literature was delivered on Friday evening, January 31, the subject being "Brythonic Literature." Dealing briefly with Breton and Cornish literatures, Dr. Fraser sketched at length Welsh literatures from the sixth to the fifteenth centuries, referring particularly to the poets and prose writers of the sixth century, to the Triads, the Arthurian legends and the Mabinogion tales.

Owing to the increased use of the telephone on the part of students, it has been found necessary by the Student Body Executive to issue a proclamation restricting the length of conversations over the telephone to five minutes. It has been practically impossible for persons in other parts of the city to reach the University by 'phone, but the recent order seems to be effecting the desired remedy.

Literary Society Reps.—McMaster students have represented the Literary Society as follows during the month of January: Osgoode Hall Literary and Legal Society Banquet, January 16, F. D. Weir; Trinity College "At Home," January 23, G. H. Ellis; Wycliffe College Conversazione, January 24, R. E. Williams.

Debating Society.—"Resolved that Toronto should own its own Street Railway and operate it at a two-cent rate" was the subject of the debate held by the Debating Society on Saturday, January 25th. The leader of the affirmative was F. L. Stacy, '13, and the negative was upheld by C. P. Hope, '15. The former had the burden of proving two distinct propositions, that there should be public ownership and that a two-cent rate is preferable. A lively discussion ensued, at the close of which Professor G. H. Campbell gave some valuable criticisms. The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative.

THE JUNIORS TAKE A NIGHT OFF.—Great were the lamentations of the Juniors when on Thursday, January 30th, the warm breezes blew away the ice: for their skating party had to be abandoned. Tears and sorrow were turned into smiles and rejoicing, however, when they gathered together in the evening at the home of their Honorary President, Professor Dawes. There, amid gay and festive scenes, they remained till midnight. The skating party will be held later, when the Juniors need another excuse to seek a respite from study.

Y. M. C. A. MEETINGS.—The week of January 27 began a series of religious meetings unparalleled in the history of the College. Early in November of last year the Y. M. C. A. executive conceived the idea of holding a week of special meetings for one hour each night after the mid-year examinations. The object of the meetings was to deepen the spiritual life of the students and to lead to Christ the unconverted among them. For this purpose some of the very best men were procured, and the results have well warranted the executive's efforts. A pleasant feature of these meetings was the large attendance and interest displayed by the students. On Monday, January 27, Chancellor McCrimmon gave a vigorous and penetrating address. He dwelt on the most important aspects of a man's life. In these days university men were responsible for the moral, spiritual, and social conditions of the country. They were to be the leaven of society. In order successfully to meet this responsibility the cultivation of personality was necessary; and personality was best developed and attained by faith in Christ. Faith in Christ will assure the growth of a man's powers. On Tuesday, Rev. John MacNeill, of Walmer Road Baptist Church, presented a strong plea for worship of that only which is best and highest. He drew his lessons from the scene in the Revelation where John was about to fall down and worship the angel. We cannot worship anything lower, or on the same level, or higher than ourselves. We must worship only the highest, the purest, the best. Worship God. One will only be true to himself when he does that. On Wednesday the meeting was addressed by Mr. S. J. Moore on "Conservation of All One's Talents." Mr. Moore based his remarks on the story of the rich young ruler. Absolute conservation was the only path to success in the Christian life. He emphasized the great opportunities and weighty responsibilities which faced the student of to-day, for which he must prepare himself. Of the thirty governors in China, seventeen were men trained in Christian colleges. Men with university training are needed in the foremost positions of the country.

Perish the Thought.—Professor (in French class):—"Miss ——, what would this be, 'I wanted him to take me home?' " Blushing Maid:—"It would be a fib."

Fyfe Day.—The second Fyfe Missionary Day was held on Thursday, January 30. The first session was opened at 10.30, with the President, T. J. Hind, in the chair. After a short devotional service and the reading of the minutes, the president introduced Dr. W. T. Graham as the speaker. His address on the "Person of Christ" was fresh, striking, and inspiring. He based his talk on the relation of Christ to God, to man, and to life. Unlike the founders of other religions, Christ is Himself Christianity. Remove Him and Christianity goes. Concerning His relation with the Father, He distinctly says "He who hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Christ is not simply the Revealer of God, but He is the Revelation of God. The wisdom and power of God are revealed in the moral universe; the holiness and justice of God are recognized in the heart of man; but Jesus was necessary to give men an idea of God's fatherhood and love. Secondly, in Christ we have the revelation of God's conception of perfect manhood, "Behold the Man." In Him we see God and man in their perfection. Since our first parents sinned, they failed to reach God's ideal of man. Accordingly, Jesus was sent to manifest this ideal. Man can only be known through Jesus. Thirdly, Christ is the life. Man was created from the beginning to walk and talk with God, but the entrance of sin destroyed this communion. This, however, has been restored and is made possible by Christ, who is the meeting-place for God and man. God comes to man and man comes to God through Christ.

The afternoon meeting was one of special interest and fervor. Dr. E. M. Keirstead occupied the chair, and conducted devotional exercises. The main address was given by Dr. Murdoch MacKenzie, of China. Dr. MacKenzie is a man of fine personality and excellency of speech. He charmed all his hearers by his pleasing, strong, and vigorous presentation of the subject, "Some Aspects of Chinese Work." After briefly reviewing the situation in China from a political standpoint, he gave an idea of the dense population of the country by saying that there were more people in one small province than in the whole

Dominion of Canada. He then went on to speak of the strength of the Chinese people from both physical and mental points of view. He said they were the equal, if not the superior, of any people he knew on earth in both these respects. In reviewing the history of the country Dr. MacKenzie pointed out that the Chinese nation was as ancient as any, and had as high a type of civilization in the time when Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria flourished. They are a good type of the survival of the fittest. The reason for this long existence may be attributed to the integrity of the home in China. He proceeded to point out the power of the Gospel on these people. They respond most heartily to the appeal of Christ, and the change in character when they do respond is most marvellous. The nation might be more easily Christianized if the English and American merchants there were not sometimes represented by a poor type of morality. On some occasions missionaries are compelled, in the interests of their work, to ignore these men lest the people should suppose they had anything in common with them. Dr. MacKenzie finished his address by saying that it should not be so much a cry of "China for Christ" as "Christ for China."

GREAT DISCOVERY.—A senior, who was recently asked by a freshman for the loan of a sum of money, refused to grant the requested favor, basing his refusal upon the fact that he had heard read in chapel that morning the admonition, "Trust not in a freshman." Inquiry elicited the information that the passage read was Psalm 62:10—"Trust not in oppression."

ADDITION TO THE STAFF.—F. D. Weir, '13, has been appointed to the staff of THE MONTHLY as reporter, to replace R. C. Steckley, who has been compelled, through illness, to discontinue attendance at the University.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS JESSIE KEE, '13.

“Roses are not always blooming, but the winter comes anon;
Sunbeams are not always shining, yet the clouds oft make day wan;
And if love can give us pleasure, its existence we should know;
So through cloudy days and sunny, if you love me, tell me so.”

WHEN a man gets that far,” said the Juniorette, reading over the Freshette's shoulder a burning message which had been hidden away in the depths of a huge heart-shaped valentine sent by a young man with blue eyes and blonde hair,—“when a man gets that far,” she said, with finality, “there's little hope for him!”

The one who insists that sentiment is dead, that the world is a cold, prosaic sort of place, must at this season, at least, take his post among the other croakers; for February has the distinction of being Cupid's favorite month. The artful little god with bow and arrows has his particular innings just as winter ends and spring begins. Saint Valentine, an early Christian martyr, little knew, when he laid down his life for the faith, that throughout the long ages his name would be a tocsin for lovers. The tender and poetical missives which flood the post offices around the fourteenth of February always delight children, please sentimental people, and afford certain bashful swains an opportunity for showing their devotion to the maidens they admire.

Poets and other dreamers have many times compared life to a stream full of deeps and shallows. Some voyagers slip off in quiet caves to fish in the deeps of learning, nor heed the passing multitude borne down by the rushing current. They dream away their days in perfect peace, voluntarily cut off from all activity. Others keep to the shallows, content with meagre returns for their toil, carefully avoiding the deeps. They, too, are apt to miss the full meaning of life. Some carried on by the current, come nearer and nearer the maelstrom, and, finally, are swept into the dizzy whirl of society, where they know not, and care not that they know not, anything outside their little circle. Then there are the careless ones, listlessly drifting, who leave their poles dangling while they sleep. But some there are, who have a definite aim in life, who consciously direct their course. They scorn neither deeps nor shallows, but cast their lines into whatever pool awaits them. Poor anglers, they, perhaps, but their fresh enthusiasm awakens new interest both in the dreamer by his quiet pools, and in the society lover in the whirls and eddies of his life. Even the sleeper with his dangling pole rouses and looks about at their approach.

Yes, we have all met these fishermen; we know them well for their spirit is the same as ours. In the rush of interests that college surrounds us with to-day, who has not heard the question: "What shall be leave out?" The tendency is for each of us to lose ourselves in the deeps or shallows of our own pet interest. May we not specialize too much? True, there is danger of dissipating our energies over too many interests, if we sink our lines in every pool; but surely our time is not lost if we have left to other fishers there, some of the strength of our enthusiasm. Let us each have our favorite fishing pool if we will, but let us also spare some of our time to find out what is going on "just around the bend."

Dear Editor,—In compliance with your request for a list of desirable things in the new McMaster building, we hasten to make a few suggestions, which, if carried out, will surely be very much appreciated by the girls. First of all we feel that we need a big, cosy rest-room, with a piano and a telephone. Then, too, a reading-room seems to us a thing to be desired, and lockers for each girl's wraps are almost necessities. An arrangement we would find very convenient on each corridor, is an electric plate for making hot drinks when we come in after skating. A gymnasium and a swimming pool are indispensable in an up to date institution, and, of course, should be included in the list. A ladies' tennis court would be very acceptable, and a special rink for hockey practice should not be forgotten. There has been a feeling for some time that a separate entrance for the girls would save them a great deal of embarrassment, as it would obviate the necessity of forcing their way through the crowds that habitually congregate in the halls of our present building.

These few suggestions come to us on the spur of the moment. The list could be made much longer, but we believe it wise to leave something to the imagination of the powers that be.

The Juniorettes.

HEALTH HINTS.

As this season is one in which much illness usually occurs, the editor thinks it advisable to give some timely advice out of her mature experience.

OUTDOOR EXERCISE.—Like all other good things, this is sometimes abused. It may scarcely seem possible to you, but girls have actually been known to absent themselves from Y. W. in order to go skating; and, worse still,—but tell it not in Gath—it is whispered that some have even had the temerity to ignore a Bible lecture, and spend the hour in that same worldly amusement!

FOOD.—Although salted almonds and peanut sandwiches are both considered healthful, a persistent indulgence in either, or both, even though for only one evening, is almost certain to have disastrous consequences. Juniorettes, please note.

COLDS.—Pray do not imagine that I intend to suggest another cure for colds,—you have already heard a different one from all your acquaintances who noticed your affliction. I shall merely mention some preventives: If you are obliged to sit in a chilly atmosphere for any length of time, your coats will offer some protection against the penetrating frost. Summer frocks are looked upon with disfavor in cold weather, as are also gowns with the "stopper" out.

SWELLED HEAD.—This affection is very agreeable to the patient, but distinctly unpleasant for all others. In a mild form it is rather diverting, but in its more aggravated forms it becomes annoying, and a long-suffering public fails ignominiously in obtaining any relief. The reason for this failure may be that the patient is never anxious to be cured, and, indeed, does everything in his power to avert it.

CHICKENPOX.—The Freshettes are strongly recommended to contract this disease in their "salad days," for it is very embarrassing to arrive at the dignity of Juniorettes and then be suddenly struck down with such a distinctly childish ailment.

DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS.—Be it clearly understood that it is not considered conducive to longevity to mix potassium chlorate and sugar with a pestle. Ye Freshettes, observe this carefully for

"'Tis hard to part when friends are dear."

W. L. S.—A very interesting meeting was held on January the thirty-first. Muriel Stilwell, '16, gave a piano solo, which was followed by two laughing love songs by Josephine Murray, '12. Edith Pratt, '14, read a very interesting paper on Current Events, and Mrs. Fenton-Arnton gave a quaint selection from "Elizabeth's Children." The most novel part of the programme was a Suffragette chorus, "Could We but Rule." Armed with umbrellas and walking sticks, the would-be Suffragettes seemed capable of striking fear even in the stout heart of Sir James Whitney. We hear a great deal of the Women's Movement and the hardly-to-be-approved methods of our militant sisters in the Old Land, but never before realized that among our women students the movement had taken such strong hold.

OPEN MEETING OF THE W. L. S.—Preparations are well under way for the annual play given by the Women's Literary Society. This year the girls will present a charming comedy—"Endymion"—which promises to be a great success. The date of the performance is set for March the seventh.

Y.W.C.A.—The first Y. W. meeting of the term, on January the twenty-second, was of unusual interest. Dr. Chute, who returns to India this fall to resume her work there, spoke of the many people of India who "die without medical aid." One woman mentioned was found starving to death because her relatives refused to give her anything to seat, for fear the devils should gain possession of her body. Dr. Chute's address was listened to with the keenest interest and the hour seemed all too short. After Miss Pratt, '14, and Miss Davis, '15, sang a duet which was much enjoyed, the President announced that this term the Bible Study classes will be held during the week instead of at the regular Y. W. hour.

At the meeting of February the fifth, Bible Study classes were organized under the leadership of Hazel Watson, '13, Margaret Hair, '14, and Edith Pratt, '14. A half-hour was spent on the first chapter of the book, "The Women of the Bible." Sara, the character studied, called forth an interesting discussion, and the girls all appear very enthusiastic about the proposed work.

MUCH SYMPATHY is felt for Miss Ethel McNaughton, '12, in the recent sudden death of her brother.

Athletics.

EDITOR: H. C. HUDSON, '14.

''It was roses, roses all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.''

IF James Thorpe's course at Carlisle University included a study of the poems of Robert Browning, the words of ''The Patriot'' must now come back to him with a very personal application. Eight months ago Thorpe won for himself at the Olympic Games in Sweden the title of the greatest athlete the world has known, and his return to the United States was the occasion of the most enthusiastic ovations ever tendered to an American athlete. Public sentiment was particularly with him on account of the fact that it was thought that he had resisted all temptations to engage in any sport for pecuniary gain. It was known that various promoters of professional sport had endeavored to enrich themselves by persuading the Indian to desert the amateur ranks, but his status as an amateur was never even questioned until within the past month. It has now been proved, however, to the satisfaction of the Amateur Athletic Union of America, that there is a stain on his escutcheon. Two years ago, during the summer vacation, Thorpe accepted money for playing baseball, and was therefore ineligible to compete in the games at Stockholm. Accordingly, the records which he established there will not be allowed to stand, the medals and prizes which he brought back with him will have to be returned, and Thorpe will never again be allowed to compete in amateur athletics in the United States. How are the mighty fallen!

One cannot help extending a certain amount of sympathy toward him, however, even against one's better judgment. It is to be hoped that the laurels which have been stripped from him as a dishonest amateur may soon be regained by him as an honorable professional, and that the tide of public opinion may once more turn in the direction of one who has temporarily failed as a man, but who certainly deserves credit as a marvel of physical development and of athletic prowess.

BASKETBALL.

McMaster, 20; Students, 8. McMaster took the first step toward another basketball championship on Tuesday afternoon, January 21, when they won the first game in the Central Y League by a score of twenty baskets to eight. Their opponents were picked from the Students' Class, and were "foemen worthy of their steel." The match was fast and was characterized by the good work of the McMaster forwards, who outplayed the Students at every stage of the game, and were particularly effective in their shooting. That the defence worked well together is evidenced by the small number of baskets scored against McMaster. If the first game is any criterion, this season should prove as successful as last.

McMaster, 19; Trinity, 35. Fortune did not continue to smile on McMaster for the entire week, however, as the team went down to defeat at the hands of the Trinity University quintette. The game was played on the Trinity floor on Saturday, January 25, and was witnessed by a small but enthusiastic audience, conspicuous among which was a bevy of young ladies from St. Hilda's College. Whether or not it was their presence which spurred on our opponents is hard to say, but the fact remains that McMaster lost the lead soon after their arrival, and were unable to regain it. Trinity had slightly the better of the play during the first half, and the score when the teams changed ends stood 17-11 in their favor. In the second period McMaster scored eight baskets, but Trinity scored two to our one, and the match ended, as stated above, with the final count 19-35. For McMaster, McGregor and Hawkings played perhaps the best individual games. The team as a whole worked well together, considering the number of practices they had had. Kennedy, of Trinity, was the most conspicuous man on the floor, and to him is due the major share in Trinity's victory.

McMaster, 26; Business Men, 37. The second game in the Central Y League was played on Friday, January 31, and, unfortunately, McMaster's colors were again lowered. Their opponents, the Business Men's team, got away to a good start in the first half, and, in spite of the splendid defence work of Hawkings and Price, scored 19 points before the whistle blew for half time. In the final period Philpott encouraged his men on to greater efforts, and McMaster scored more baskets than the Business Men, but the lead of twelve points could not be overtaken. We venture to predict, however, that McMaster can trim that team yet, and hope to be able to chronicle a victory in the next issue of THE MONTHLY.

The McMaster team was made up as follows: Forwards, McGregor, Ellis (Coles played in Ellis' place in the game with the Students); centre, Philpott (Capt.); guards, Hawkings and Price.

SWIMMING.

McMaster was indirectly represented at a swimming meet held at the Buffalo Y. M. C. A. early last month. Wearing the colors of Toronto Central, Carl V. Farmer, '15, distinguished himself by breaking the hundred and twenty yards' swimming record for Buffalo. He covered the distance in one minute and twenty seconds, which is six seconds faster than the record established by himself at the same place a year ago. At that rate of progress, Farmer should very soon be in the class of Hodgson of McGill, and Johnstone of Ottawa, two Canadian champions. Indeed, his time is only a little slower than that of the two mentioned swimmers, and a race between the three even now would be very interesting. As he also holds the forty yard record at Buffalo, McMaster has every reason to be proud of Farmer, and will join with THE MONTHLY in wishing him continued success in his aquatic endeavours.

HOCKEY.

How can we write about hockey when there hasn't been any this year? If the time of year counted for anything we should have five or six games to write about by this time, but a succession of weather almost mild enough to coax the spring poets from their hiding places, has, at the time of writing, made hockey an utter impossibility. One practice held at Ravina, and one game of water-polo at the same rink comprise the sum total of the activity of the hockey players to the end of January. With such fine material as we have in Cline, Silcox, Campbell, and many others, it seems a shame that the weather man has gone back on us in this fashion. However, the winter is not over yet, and possibly there may be a few games to write up for the April issue.

FENCING.

It is with pleasure that we chronicle the success of the participants in the recently introduced sport of fencing. Only one opportunity has been afforded them of exhibiting their prowess, but they made the most of the opportunity, carrying off the premier honours quite easily. The occasion was a tournament among the different members of the elementary class in fencing at the Central Y. M. C. A., and Messrs. Waters, Ellis and Hyde were chosen to represent McMaster. Ellis, however, was unable to be present, and Waters and Hyde divided between them the bouts which he would have had. They succeeded in vanquishing their opponents, Waters being particularly brilliant at defence work, and Hyde excelling in attack. The prize awarded them was an official Fencing Club pennant, and while it is the first one to come to McMaster, we confidently look forward to the time when we can use them in a few of the rooms instead of wall paper.

The number of those taking part in this attractive sport is not very large, as yet, but it is hoped that more will enter this year, because the majority of the men representing McMaster now will probably not be with us next year, and it is essential that the preliminary exercises and drills be mastered soon by those who will represent McMaster in the Inter-Collegiate tournament next year. The arrangements have not yet been finally made, but it is quite likely that McMaster will be able to enter a team next year, although application was made too late for entrance in this winter's contest.

ATHLETICS IN GENERAL.

We regret exceedingly that we have been unable thus far to write about the athletic doings of the fair co-eds of McMaster. So far as we can ascertain, the only athletics indulged in by the ladies consists of quarter-mile dashes to early lectures, weight carrying, in the form of transportation of heavy tomes, and high jumping when the stillness of their room is suddenly disturbed by the intrusion of a marauding mouse. If we have omitted any form of activity which might properly be classified as athletics we trust that the omission will be brought to our attention in order that it may be corrected in an early issue.

THE ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE is at work on the standards which are to hold for field-day, and have almost completed the schedule. Under the new constitution anyone equalling these standards will be entitled to an "M." whether or not a college record has been broken. The change certainly is a wise one, and should result in increased interest in the annual games.

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. H. CRANSTON, B.A.

COLLEGE Street Baptist Church, Toronto, is fortunate in securing the services of Rev. A. J. Vining, Th. '90. Mr. Vining has served in a number of pastorates, among them Wallaceburg, Windsor, Logan Avenue, Winnipeg, Aylmer, Ont., and Talbot Street, London. He has served as Superintendent of Western Missions, as Canadian representative in the British Isles of Western Baptist Missions, and for the past two and a half years has been urging the claims of the proposed Baptist University in Europe upon the Baptist churches of North America. He is gifted as a speaker, and has been particularly successful in his appeals to men. We are glad to see another of the leading Canadian pulpits occupied by a McMaster man.

REV. JOHN M. TELFORD, B. A. '08 has resigned the charge at Roland, Manitoba, and gone to Weyburn, Saskatchewan, to succeed Rev. W. P. Reekie, B.A.'98, who is now Missionary Superintendent in Saskatchewan.

IN A LETTER to the *Canadian Baptist*, Rev. L. C. Whitelaw, B.A., '10, who is working as a missionary at Kanchow, Ki, (via Kinkiang), China, writes in part as follows: "It is a joy to testify to God's rich grace and blessing bestowed upon my life since coming to China. I have experienced His help in studying the language, and I am glad to say that now I am beginning to realize the joy of practical service. Since the revolution of a year ago, many doors, hitherto closed, have been opened for the access of the Gospel. This fact makes our responsibility the greater, and because of the greater demand therefore the greater need, and the latter is appalling" . . . "It has been my joy already to do some itinerating, and by selling Gospels and through my broken mode of speech to witness for my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

MR. FRANK N. GOBLE, B.A., '00, of 27 Tibbets Avenue, White Plains, Westchester County, New York, has just been awarded the contract for building a $250,000 hotel at Gedney Farms, N.Y. The White Plains Daily Argus says: "Mr. Goble has had a broad experience in the contracting line, but this is one of the largest he has ever received. He is quite elated to know that his bid was accepted above several well-known contractors from New York."

LAST MONTH we chronicled the resignation from Emmanuel Baptist Church, Buffalo, of Rev. J. J. Patterson, B.A. '97, to take the secretaryship of the Buffalo Baptist City Mission Union. From the Examiner, New York, we learn that his pastorate was the longest and the most successful in the church's history. A new church was built and hundreds added to the membership during his ten years' incumbency. "He is a spiritual preacher, and his facility with the crayon is found helpful in giving the Gospel message through the eye as well as the ear." Mrs. Patterson, who is a graduate of Moulton College, and was for some time a partial student at McMaster, has won quite a reputation for herself as a Sunday School expert. For years she was president of the Buffalo Graded Union, and a lecturer for the New York State Sunday School Association. Her department at Emmanuel Church was one of the finest in the country. Mrs. Patterson is also gifted as a poet, as will be seen from the following verses:

THE SHINING PATHWAY.

Why cherish ye these fears
Of the passing of the years?
The just man treads upon a shining way;
Each smallest victory won,
Gleams out till all is done;
And the shining pathway leads to perfect day.

Then cast aside thy fears,
Of the passing of the years,—
Thy feet are set upon a shining way;
The light doth not decline,
But ever brighter shine,
Till the shining pathway comes to perfect day.

REV. E. R. F. FITCH, B.A. '05, B.D. '10, is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Waterford.

BRANDON COLLEGE, under the new regime of President Howard P. Whidden, B.Th., '94, is gathering together a strong faculty. The latest additions are two McMaster men, Dr. E. W.

Parsons, M.A. '03, B.D. '02, and Dr. Chester W. New, B.A. '07. Dr. Parsons will take up the work of sociology and other courses, while Dr. Whidden is visiting Eastern Canada, and Dr. New will take the chair of history for the balance of the year.

Rev. George M. Lehigh, a graduate of the English class in Theology of 1891, who has been convention evangelist for Southern California, has accepted a call to become pastor of the Highland Park Church, Los Angeles, California.

Rev. J. T. Cowan, B.A. '10, who has just completed a theological course at the Rochester Theological Seminary, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Attica, N.Y.

Rev. W. H. Cline, B.D. '85, D.D. '12, is now pastor of the Victoria Avenue Church, Hamilton, having resigned the pastorate at East Aurora, N.Y.

Mr. Lloyd P. Jackson, '09, has taken a position as chemist for the Western Canada Flour Mills, Winnipeg, and he is making good, as well as "dough."

Upper Canada College has secured the services of Mr. Hamish McLaurin, B.A. '09, as science master at a salary of $1,400 and living. Congratulations, Hamish.

A copy of the Christmas number of *The Advocate*, the organ of St. Edmund's Episcopal Church, Chicago, Illinois, of which Rev. J. Bradford Pengelly, B.A. '06, is the rector, has been received. "Pen" was an original fellow at McMaster, and it is not at all surprising to find that he is conducting his church work in Chicago along lines radically different from those in vogue in Canada. And he is apparently making it go. Here are a few interesting items from *The Advocate*: "St. Edmunds Church is already widely known for aggressive work and for its efforts along the line of social service." It is not only "a place of worship and religious inspiration, but an organization that stands for social justice and civic righteousness." There is an active Men's Club at the church, and 127 men gathered for the Harvest Home Smoker, and sang songs like "Yip-I-Ady-I-Ay," as well as Scotch and English songs. "Pen," in reporting the affair, says: "I like to hear 127 men sing at a smoker—it is a natural sort of noise, kind of human." Then there is a progressive Women's Club, with Dramatic, Bazaar, Dinner and Guild departments. The Dramatic department recently produced a comedy "Cecilia of Sunnycliff Inn" at the Ridgeway Club. "The acting, singing and dancing were wholesome and delightful." There is a weekly Bible study class, conducted by the rector, and the subjects studied recently have been the relationship of the civilizations of Babylonia, Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome to Biblical history. The Social Club, another organizaton, had just held a musical programme, followed by a dance. "Pen" has been preaching a series of sermons on such subjects as "What is God?" "What is Man?" "What is Happiness?" "What is Destiny?" We wish him every success in his work.

MR. WILLIAM EDWARD HODGSON, B.A. '10, has joined the ranks of the benedicts. His bride gave herself to him as a Christmas gift, the wedding being on December 25th. She was a Miss Etta Barlow, of Woodstock. Rev. W. A. Tilley, B.A. '10, assisted the minister who performed the ceremony.

MR. J. B. MCARTHUR, '05, is not playing hockey this year. "J. B." had made up his mind to retire last season, but the lure of the ice was too much for him, and he was between the nets for one of the Toronto Senior teams. This year he manages to keep himself in "pin money" by refereeing hockey matches. He is one of the most popular referees in the Ontario Hockey Association.

THE FOLLOWING breezy story somes from a Year '12 man resident in the hustling city of Calgary. It speaks for itself: Year '12's President, Mr. Robert John Gould, has set to his classmates a good or bad example—according to the peculiar view which you may hold on this question—by promising to love and protect one girl only in the future, for on Christmas Day, 1912, the said Robert John Gould did of his own free will enter into the holy bonds of matrimony with Miss Ethel Stenebaugh, of North Bay, Ontario. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bridegroom's parents in Daysland, Alberta. Mr. and Mrs. Gould took a short honeymoon trip to Edmonton before returning to Diamond City, where Bob is the pastor of the Baptist Church. Year '12 gave evidence of their loyalty to the President, for among the numerous presents received was one from the "Alberta Hickety Ricks." The graduates in Edmonton did what was proper, and one of the representatives of the Year met the happy couple at the station in Calgary, and entertained at breakfast on behalf of his classmates. All McMaster folk who knew him extend congratulations to Bob, and equally to Mrs. Gould.

Subscriptions are coming in very slowly for the McMaster Alumni Endowment Fund. There are nearly four hundred graduates who apparently feel no gratitude towards their Alma Mater and among them are some of the wealthiest members of the Alumni. Have you sent in your pledge yet to the secretary, Rev. H. R. Nobles, 586 Clinton Street? If not, do so at once, even if it is only $1 a year. We want every McMaster man and woman to fall in line.

Rev. A. C. Bingham, of last year's graduating class in Theology, had a curious experience the Sunday after New Year's. A prominent lawyer of Toronto was at Petrolia on that Sunday advocating the abolition of the bars in that town. When the meeting was over the interest in the meeting had not subsided, but the discussion on Local Option continued long after. As a result, when the lawyer, accompanied by Mr. Bingham, wound up at his hotel, the night was so far advanced that the doors of the hotel were shut, and all the lights out. What was to be done? A further discussion of the Local Option situation could throw no light on the darkened hostelry. The lawyer, however, true to his profession, soon found an escape from the difficulty. He persuaded the minister to ascend the fire escape in a burglarious manner and secure entrance to the hotel. This the Rev. Mr. Bingham did and let the lawyer in. It is said that the reason the lawyer declined climbing the ladder was because he did not want to be shot.

The Editor of this department craves the co-operation of McMaster men and women in making a success of the "Our Graduates" column. He is particularly anxious to secure newsy paragraphs concerning men and women graduates who are doing things other than preaching the Gospel at home or in the foreign field. We do not want to lose sight of one graduate. Write what you know about somebody to the editor, who will be "eternally grateful." Address J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive.

Woodstock College.

EDITOR: S. E. WATERLAND.

NOTWITHSTANDING unfavorable weather, hockey activities are most intense. If our boys cannot find ice, they play hockey on the sidewalk. Some little hesitation was necessary in selecting the senior team, and it was not until everybody had a fair try-out that the choice was made. Both senior and junior teams are now entered in the city league. The senior line-up is as follows: Goal, Drescher; point, Davidson; cover, Hoover; rover, Ball; centre, Hunter; right wing, Gregory; left wing, Reoch. Two of our men are playing O. H. A. on the city team, Sutherland and Armstrong. Both men are of superior stuff, and Armstrong is starring on the team. The Lower School Athletic Association has a fine large rink in operation on the tennis court. The inter-year hockey will be played off here. A picked team met and tied Woodstock Collegiate on January 23rd, score 3 all.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY is again in full swing. The first subject to be discussed was, Resolved, that the British Empire would be stronger if more compact. The negative won out.

THE ANNUAL skating carnival was held on January 31st at the Canterbury Street Rink. Another gym. carnival is in embryo, to be given this month. The date was not decided at the time of writing.

THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE is arranging for an At-Home to be given in the College soon.

WE HAVE a number of musicians this year, and an orchestra may be the outcome—would that it might, for strains and stridulations are hard to study against, and were they gathered together into one place, the halls would silent be!

REV. J. JANES, B.A., of Berlin, was the guest of the College on Sunday and Monday, January 26th and 27th. Mr. Janes preached morning and evening in the First Baptist Church.

REV. JAS. ATKINS, of Burgessville, visited the College and addressed the student body on January 28th.

Moulton College.

Editor: Miss Kathleen Hodson.

A NUMBER of changes have taken place since Christmas. There is a change which doubtless will become manifest later, but of which one vaguely feels the evidence now. For some reason there has been a sudden enthusiasm aroused in many, and they insist on having one or two thick uninteresting looking books always within their reach. However, they will be spared from brain fever by the intervention of Easter—examinations. Then, too, on account of Miss Arkell wishing to take a specialist's course, Mr. W. A. Tilley has been appointed to take part of her work in Mathematics; and, lastly, a number of new girls, both boarders and day pupils, have been added to our numbers. We hope that Mr. Tilley and these girls will enjoy their work among us.

On our Day of Prayer, the Rev. John MacNeill gave us a most inspiring talk on "Personality," after which the class prayer meetings were held. The evening meeting and vesper service was led by Dr. Farmer, and proved a very fitting conclusion to the day.

The Moulton girls have been well represented at the numerous concerts which have been given this winter. The Boston and New York Symphony Orchestras, our own Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under whose auspices Eugene Ysaye and Madame Clara Butt appeared, have all seemed irresistibly attractive and have been well attended. The "satiable curiosity" of some even led them to hear Amundsen's lecture on his Discovery of the South Pole.

Our Rink:—It is about the same as other rinks—sometimes it *is* and sometimes it is not. We had hoped to have a hockey team that could play against any other girls' team in the city, but on account of the frequent non-existence of ice, we have been unable to do anything in that line. However, the primaries seem to have organized a Paddlers' club, and nearly every day, so far, have held flourishing meetings.

At the last meeting of the Heliconian Society, humorous little scenes were given from L'Avare and David Copperfield, followed by the reading of the Heliconian Paper and several musical selections.

Here and There.

EDITOR: B. F. TROTTER, '14.

> "Suppose her some poor keeper of a school,
> Whose business is to sit thro' summer months
> And dole out children leave to go and play,
> Herself superior to such lightness—she
> In the arm-chair's state and pedagogic pomp—
> To the life, the laughter, sun and youth outside."
> —*In a Balcony.*

THE above quotation is printed on a fly-leaf of one of the most interesting books we have read for some time. It is entitled: Teaching in School and College. The author is Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, who is, by the way, the son of a Baptist parson, and himself a deacon in a New Haven church. Book notices may, as a rule, be hardly within the scope of this department, but the fact that so many of our students look forward, at least temporarily, to the teaching profession, and the conviction that such should read this book at the first opportunity, lead us to deviate this once from our accustomed path.

In the first place, let us hasten to say that the book we are reviewing is *not* a text-book. It is, rather, a personal revelation of an artist's attitude towards his art. It contains no technical terms. Indeed, the author confesses at the outset that he knows "nothing whatever of the science of pedagogy." "I love to teach," he says in his introduction. "I love to teach as a painter loves to paint, as a musician loves to play, as a singer loves to sing, as a strong man rejoices to run a race." This is the attitude with which he approaches his subject, and the result is a delightful book, as readable as a novel, and full of suggestion and inspiration. It would be useless to attempt to give more than a suggestion of the contents of the book and of its racy style. Professor Phelps touches, of course, on the obvious problem of discipline. He has some remarks to make on the requirements for securing teaching positions in private schools, in the course of which he arrives at the somewhat startling conclusion that, from a financial point of view at least, scholarship is not the great essential. He discusses the necessity of imagination in teaching, his reminiscences of certain teachers who lacked this quality being very spicy. He has something to say of the efficiency of college teaching, and draws a fine distinction between education and instruction. In this regard we give a typical quotation:

"The teacher must work *with* the class, as well as manage it. He should be not only a master, but a comrade. I have seen cases where the teacher on the one side and the students on the other were like two Yankees driving a bargain. The teacher was trying to get all the work possible out of the class, and give them the least possible credit for it: the pupils were trying to get the highest possible mark, with the least possible exertion, and felt terribly 'sold' if they had read a line beyond the confines of the lesson. Indeed, I heard of one student who received his marks at home in the presence of his father: 'Hey!' he cried exultantly. 'I got 200 in old X's course. Am I the real thing or not?' His father said, 'But I thought 200 was just the passing mark.' 'So it is, father; that's why it's such a darn good mark.' He had not wasted an ounce of superfluous effort."

Three chapters are devoted to the author's specialty—English; and discuss Composition, Pronunciation, and Literature. In regard to the first, he asserts "that the best way to learn to write is to read, just as one learns good manners by associating with well-bred people." Of course, he recognizes, also, the need of a certain amount of technical instruction. His attitude in the matter of pronunciation, living as he does in a land where "Webster" is a name to conjure by, is rather gratifying. "No one," he says, "can accuse me of apeing the English: indeed, I am more of a Jingo than an Anglo-maniac. But, in the last analysis, the pronunciation of cultivated Englishmen is the final test as to how most words should be spoken." He has many good things to say about Literature; but we must leave them for the enjoyment of readers of the book itself.

Perhaps the most suggestive chapter in the book is the last, on "The Moral Aspect of Teaching." Here he contrasts the old type of professor, the "guileless pedant," who always "appeared in the class-room clad in a long, black frock-coat," with the up-to-date modern professor, who dresses like an undergraduate, and is mortally "afraid of cant, afraid of being taken too seriously, afraid to preach." "It is desirable for the professor to be human and normal in appearance, manner, and conversation . . . if only this desirable process of humanizing is not accompanied by a subtle moral deterioration, by a lack of conviction, by a loss of high seriousness of heart, by a weakening of the motive for great and unselfish service! A man is a fool to take himself too seriously; but no man can take his life work too seriously." The teacher must stand for the truth at all costs. "The man whose fear of consequences is stronger than his love of truth has no business to be a teacher." "Give every aspect of the truth a fair chance in a fair field. The Christian ought to be the last man in the world to be afraid of the truth." The moral obligation of the teacher is not light. "Whatever may be our notion of a college education, and almost every expert has a different one, culture without character is a poor thing. Unless the majority of students are actually better men when they graduate than when they enter, the college is a failure." Professor Phelps' last word is concerning the attitude of the teacher to the pupil. "There is a passage in the New Testament that every good teacher understands. It describes how Some One, looking on a young man, loved him." No true teaching is possible without such a relationship between teacher and taught.

The book is published by Macmillan, and may be obtained through the Baptist Book Room for $1.10.

We beg to acknowledge the following exchanges: Dalhousie Gazette, Acadia Athenaeum, Argosy, Allisonia, University Monthly, University of Ottawa Review, Acta Victoriana, St. Hilda's Chronicle, Trinity University Review, Vox Lycii, O. A. C. Review, Western University Gazette, Manitoba College Journal, St. John's College Magazine, Quill, Okanagan Lyceum, Lux Columbiana, Camosun, Presbyterian Publications, The Sheaf, St. Andrew's College Review, Philomathean Monthly, University of Virginia Magazine, Mercerian, Bessie Tift Journal, College Index, Viatorian, Baylor Literary, Collegian, Harvard Monthly, Oberlin Monthly, Baylorian, Notre Dame Scholastic, Varsity, Queen's Journal.

The following clipping from the Okanagan Lyceum is offered by way of warning. Beware of McWilliams and Locke! "McMaster Monthly announces a change in their colors. Look out, McMaster! We have no objection to you making a change, but we have a decided objection when you come creeping around our halls and carry off the 'maroon and grey.' We herewith commission our representatives within your precincts to secure your scalp at all costs, and forward same to us by express, prepaid."

I failed in Latin,
I flunked in Chem,
    The girl said with a hiss;
And now I want the man who said
    That Ignorance is bliss.

Vox Collegii.

The
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The Blessed Lie.

She told a lie was half a truth,
Told it me in spite:
Slandered friend to friend, forsooth;
Till day was turned to night.
Ah! night of heart-break, night of woe!
Such lies kill love, you know.

She came again at set of sun,
Stood bravely face to face,
She told the wrong that she had done,
And did not ask for grace.
She bared her soul before my eyes,
Its suffering made me wise.

"Confession makes amends," I said,
Clasped hands as friend with friend.
And eyes met eyes till each had read
A friendship without end:
For lo! across the space between,
Two naked souls were seen!

And so it was a blessed lie,
Despite the pain and sin:
Though she is dead she cannot die:
She lives my heart within.
For death and hell have no control
When soul has met with soul.

—B. F. Trotter, '14.

Synthetic Medicines.

THE average man, if he were asked the origin of the numerous drugs and toilet preparations used by his family and himself, would probably reply that they were mostly made from plants and herbs. On reflection, he might add that some of the substances were produced from mineral matter and possibly he would have a rather vague idea that certain ''artificial'' medicines were made from ''coal tar.''

These ''artificial'' or, more correctly, synthetic substances are the youngest members of the medical family and they appear to be the objects of some popular suspicion and misapprehension. In part, this appears to arise from a wholly erroneous idea that the compounds in question are present in the evil smelling coal tar. Actually their connection with this latter material is about as remote as that of a well broiled beef steak with the soil. Beef steaks are not found in the ground, but, under certain favorable and highly specialized conditions, they may be obtained from it.

There is an idea, deeply rooted and widely held, that any substance formed in a plant, under ''natural'' conditions, must possess, for some mysterious reason, virtues which are lacking in the same material which has been prepared ''artificially,'' in the laboratory. Not only is such an opinion based on a lingering remnant of magic, but it completely ignores the fact that Nature's ''laws'' operate as strictly in the laboratory as they do in the garden or field. We walk, we motor, or we ride on the cars, in virtue of certain natural laws; which of these means of locomotion may be the most desirable depends entirely on circumstances.

It is true, no doubt, that the most ancient medicines, and also many which are used at the present time, are extracted from plants. Such extracts suffer from several drawbacks. In dissolving out the active material, varying quantities of other substances are removed. These are usually not only without action on the body, but they seriously reduce the activity of the active material. For example, laudanum, or tincture of opium, is prepared by dissolving crude opium in alcohol. The most important material in the laudanum is, of course, morphine, but it contains about thirty other substances in varying proportion. It must also be remembered that any plant is liable to the ordinary crop vicissitudes. Again, it has been found, in certain cases, that the quantity of active material in the plant varies at different periods of its growth. Moreover, the location in the plant of the active material may differ; it may be found chiefly in the roots at one part of the year and mostly in the leaves at another time.

All these difficulties are avoided if we can administer a definite chemical compound, which is obtainable in a high degree of purity. Although certain "natural" medicinal products, such as morphine, quinine, salicylic acid (from oil of wintergreen) and others, are definite chemical compounds, yet these are exceptions rather than the rule, whereas the synthetic materials are always true chemical individuals. This would appear to be decisive and yet we must admit that there is a very widespread mistrust of synthetic remedies, not only amongst the laity, whose opinion might be disregarded, but also on the part of many members of the medical profession. Their feeling of doubt probably has an entirely different base from that described above, and indeed, in some cases it is well grounded. The profits derived from the sale of some synthetic materials are so great that manufacturers have placed on the market and vigorously puffed substances which have little if any medicinal value. In some cases compounds of undoubted worth have suffered from the wildly exaggerated claims which have been made on their behalf. Instances are also on record of the sale of substances which had been insufficiently purified; consequently the effects which they produced on the patient were very erratic. It must also be stated that some manufacturers have been guilty of direct fraud and of the most gross carelessness.

Even when all possible allowance has been made for failures and disappointments, the fact remains that the introduction of synthetic medicines has produced a revolution in the domains of medicine and pharmacy. One result of this is shown in the very large amount of attention which has been devoted during recent years to the examination of vegetables and vegetable products of reputed medicinal value. The medical effects of some of these substances have been found to be wholly imaginary. In other cases it has been possible to separate the medicinally active component from the large quantities of inert material which accompany it. These investigations have also shown that the reputation and price of certain plants or extracts is greatly in excess of their true value. The substances to which they owe their medicinal virtues are obtainable, without difficulty, from other sources.

Any attempt at even a bare catalogue of successful synthetic medicines would be out of place in an article such as the present one, and would occupy altogether too much space. The most recent discovery in this field has passed almost unnoticed by the daily press, although its importance to mankind is probably beyond competition. The discovery in question is that of a cure for syphilis and it has been made by the German chemist Erlich. To have succeeded in bringing this dread disease under control constitutes a triumph of the highest kind. It will undoubtedly serve as a powerful stimulus to the scientific study of medicine in general and particularly to the search for new synthetic remedies.

Erlich's compound is known as "Salvarsan" or "606." The former term is simply a trade name and has no scientific significance; "606" was applied to the substance because Erlich and his co-workers had previously tried, without success, 605 other compounds. The scientific name of "606" is "paraparadihydroxymetametadiaminoarsenobenzene hydrochloride." Although this appellation carries a very exact meaning to the organic chemist, its length will be thought, by most persons, to furnish an excellent reason for the bestowal of an arbitrary term or number!

Salvarsan dissolves readily in water and is administered by means of a hypodermic syringe. Its effects have already been tested in several thousands of cases, in various countries and, so far, it has been found that, under reasonably favorable conditions, one dose effects a cure, in about a week, without any special inconvenience or distress to the patient. Recently it was reported from Lisbon that a case of sleeping sickness had been cured by one application of Salvarsan.

Such, in brief outline, are the facts; let us now consider the true nature of the problem which has been solved and the bearing which this success will probably have on the war with other similar diseases. The injury to the body which is produced by parasites such as certain bacteria, or the malaria organism, may arise, primarily, from two distinct causes. The invading parasite may cause actual mechanical injury to certain organs or portions of the body, as for instance when the lung "consolidates," through the activity of the tuberculosis bacterium in cases of consumption. The lung tissue is broken down and consequently becomes incapable of performing its function of breathing. On the other hand, the parasite may produce certain poisons (toxins) as the result of its life cycle; in this case the best remedy usually consists in the administration of an "antitoxin," as, for example, in the treatment of diphtheria. Generally, no doubt, mechanical injury and toxin poisoning take place simultaneously.

This aspect of the matter leads to the conclusion that the use of an antitoxin can only be regarded as a sort of makeshift; it would obviously be better to prevent development of the disease by destroying the organisms which produce the poison, rather than to cure the patient by neutralizing the poison, after he has already suffered from the symptoms which are produced by its presence in his body. In saying this, it is far from the writer's intention to depreciate the value of antitoxins, or to seek in any way to belittle the debt which society owes to their discoverers. They have saved mankind and various domestic animals from an immense amount of suffering and will doubtless continue, for many years, to be of the highest value.

In considering what measures may be taken for the destruction of the invading parasite, we have to take into account the fact that both it and its host (the body) are composed of cells which, chemically considered, exhibit no great fundamental differences. Consequently, the numerous substances which are known to destroy the parasites are generally quite fatal to the patient. At the present time, aside from salvarsan, hardly more than one substance, quinine, is known which has but little deleterious effect on the body when it is taken in doses sufficiently great to be immediately fatal to the invading parasite.

The brief account of Erlich's work, which is given above, will serve to indicate the amount of labor involved in the search for substances which exhibit this selective action, as between the cells of the body and those of the parasite. To appreciate the situation correctly one must understand Erlich's circumstances. He has at command all the resources of an institution well endowed with money and thoroughly equipped with a staff of workers highly skilled in various branches of science. The problems under consideration are not such as can be dealt with by any one man, however gifted he may be. Their solution calls for a close co-operation of the organic chemist, the pharmacologist and the bacteriologist.

The chemist must prepare, in a high degree of purity, as many as possible of the organic compounds which are already known and he must also search diligently for new ones, in accordance with a carefully matured plan. The effect on the body and also on the parasites, of these substances—new and old—must then be tested systematically by the bacteriologist and the pharmacologist, their united efforts being directed and organized from a common standpoint. Only in this manner is it rational to expect that success will be attained in any reasonable time.

Such co-operation is extremely difficult to realize under present conditions, because, on this continent, almost all original investigation, the results of which are published, is carried out by teachers whose primary duty is with their students. Any research which the instructor may do is generally regarded by the school authorities as being individual and it is carried on intermittingly and at the teacher's own expense in time, energy, skill, and, often, in money. The results of the work are, however, given freely to the world and, when these discoveries are utilized for financial profit, the teacher-investigator seldom if ever shares in the gain. It is probably well within the facts to say that all discoveries of any importance, in the domain of synthetic medicine, have been made by persons engaged in pure research.

Shall we who live on this continent be content to benefit as "parasites" from the labors and discoveries of others, without contributing our share to the common-good? Under present conditions it will be difficult to avoid this, in spite of the self-sacrificing efforts of individual investigators. There can be no doubt that the best hope for the speedy advancement of discovery in this field of synthetic-preventive medicine, as it may be termed, lies in the endowment of an institution which, with ample means at its command, can be devoted to the prosecution of such work as has been outlined above. The brilliant discoveries which have been already made give promise of even greater triumphs in the future. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the suffering, or to estimate the loss in life and property, caused by the ravages of the plague in Asia and of sleeping sickness in Africa, not to speak of typhoid fever, cholera and tuberculosis on this continent and in Europe. Against these losses the cost of an institution, such as is suggested, would be but a trifle, yet there can be little doubt that its establishment would lead to the discovery of remedies for one or more of the diseases mentioned, and that such discovery would probably be made comparatively quickly.

J. Bishop Tingle.

An Eye for an Eye.

THE old man was seated at his desk, going through a bundle of old papers. It was not that he was really so old; but there was that in his hard and wrinkled face, and silvered hair, which precluded all thought of youth. As he turned the papers one by one, some of them yellow and crusted with dust, his face now and then lit up into a kind of half smile. It was not a pleasant smile. It was more the kind of smile one pictures on the face of the cat as she plays with her mouse.

The room in which he sat was large and well furnished, and was lighted by a single electric lamp which stood upon his desk. However, in spite of its unmistakably rich appointments, it was desolate, with the kind of desolateness which is usually connected with bachelorhood and old age.

And Philip Snowden seemed to fit into his surroundings naturally. Old, in appearance at least, and lonely, he seemed a pitiable spectacle. And yet withal there was nothing to be pitied: for if ever there was a man who was self-contained, and morose, and grinding, it was Philip Snowden. And none knew it better than he, and none cared less.

His life had been a life for educationists to study. At school he had been one of the stupid kind—not so much from lack of cleverness, as from lack of appreciation. As a boy he had been shy; and even as a man he was shy, although you would never have known it. His was the kind of shyness which knows not how to act in social relations; but which, when it comes to business, hardens into a veritable diamond point of shrewdness and aggressiveness. Besides being stupid, he was what his schoolmates called a "mutt." In other words he was small for his age and could not play anything, and, for that matter, did not even want to play anything. As a "mutt" he was the pet victim of the school bullies.

There was one boy in particular, a big, husky, good-natured fellow named Jack Kenny, who made Philip his particular victim. Nobody could ever hurt Jack, so he took it for granted that nobody was ever hurt very much by him. Of course they might cry and snivel a little, but that did them good. At any rate Jack was really not half so bad at heart as he seemed.

However, whether he meant it or not, he made Philip's school days anything but happy, and Philip was not the one to forgive. At first his mother had made a big difference; for, somehow, when he ran home from school with a bruised body, and a soul fairly sick with hatred and longing for revenge, and when he laid his troubled head on her shoulder and sobbed out his griefs and hatreds, his grief changed to comfort, and his hatred to forgiveness. But there came a time when the mother died, and when the boy no longer had a comforter, and when the grudge was carried rankling in his mind from day to day, until it became a veritable hot-bed of spite and hate.

When he left school and went into business the feeling died away somewhat; but still it seemed as if Jack Kenny were the evil genius of his life. When Philip was between twenty-two and twenty-three he fell in love. Ruth was not exactly what one would call pretty, but she had the charm of sweet and healthy girlhood, which is far more attractive than any mere beauty could ever be. And her influence on Philip was a thing to marvel at. The quiet, unattractive fellow began to brighten up and take an interest in the things which usually interest young people. The world became a new world to him entirely. In fact, for the time being, he even forgot that Jack Kenny existed.

But the effect on Philip was as nothing to the effect on the set to which Ruth belonged. The thing was "the hugest joke" which had ever been perpetrated. One night at a party Helen Thompson dared Jack Kenny, in the presence of a circle of friends, to "cut Philip out," and Jack accepted the challenge.

The details of what followed are painful. Suffice it to say that Jack's mission was successful, and that, having accidentally fallen in love with her in the process, he married her. Three years later Ruth died, some people said of a broken heart from neglect. This, of course, is absurd, because, as everyone knows, there is no such thing as a broken heart. Her child, a little girl, was sent by Jack to relatives in a neighboring town, and soon his life went on again, seemingly as if nothing had happened.

All of these facts, however, made a very deep impression on the mind of Philip Snowden!

From that time on Philip had just one definite purpose in life—to "get" Jack Kenny. Jack, on the other hand, seemed almost invulnerable. To a man of Philip's cast of mind, physical violence never was a possibility. The only thing to do was to ruin Jack financially, and this Philip set out to do.

Jack's father, while not a man of wealth, had a good position, and gave him a thorough education, securing for him finally a position in the civil service. Here, although he never applied himself particularly, he made good progress because of a certain natural ability and a vast amount of good fellowship. Philip, on the other hand, was anything but brilliant; but he was a plodder, and, in his own way, he was a keen and aggressive man of business. By slow, but safe, methods he built up a small fortune, and then branched out into politics. Philip's activity in politics was not of the picturesque kind, with brass band and spread eagle oratory, but the plain, prosaic, power-behind-the-throne kind.

At last, after years of slow growth and development, he had a machine which he felt would obey his slightest whim. To try it he applied pressure at the next election, with the result that the county member, who had held the seat for twenty years, found himself out of public life, and an upstart, barely out of knickerbockers, basking in the smiles of his once faithful constituents.

Before the next election, word of how it happened had reached headquarters—Philip saw to that: and an organizer was despatched to "square" the new "boss." The Government was hard pressed, and was willing to concede anything to regain the seat. Philip sold out easily.

"Fire Jack Kenny from the Department of Education," he said, "and the seat's yours."

Your politician never asks questions when nothing is to be gained by knowing, and the deal was closed forthwith. It was the same night which found Philip in his study rummaging through the bundle of old papers concerning the long warfare. He fingered them lovingly; this was his revenge. There was little chance for Jack now. The civil service is not the best place in the world to fit a man for a struggle for existence. Discharged, untrained, middle-aged, slightly in debt, and the possessor of expensive habits, Kenny had little hope for the future. It was practically all over.

As he turned over the records, one by one, his hard face relaxed into a kind of smile. It had been a hard fight; but it was worth it, and—he stopped short. Where on earth had that rose come from? For a moment he was puzzled, and then the light broke. His mind flitted back over years—centuries they seemed. He remembered a small boy, it could not be he, whose mother lay sick at the point of death. He was running home from school, and as he came he plucked a rose to give her. When he reached the house they told him she was dead. In the passion of the moment he had flung the flower from him; but later he had hunted for it, and pressed it, and kept it for her sake. His eyes grew moist, and he brushed them with the rough back of his hand.

As he looked again the room seemed changed. The glare of the electric bulb had given place to the mellow flickering of a tallow dip. There was the dear old rag carpet he knew so well, the same old table with its green cloth, the same hearth with its singing kettle, and the same old Tom purring by its side. And there, too, was his mother, rocking to and fro, and knitting as she rocked. And there came a little boy, and his hair was tousled and his face was freckled, and his eyes were red from crying: and he sobbed out that he hated some one and wanted to kill him. The mother took him in her arms, and laid his tousled head on her shoulder, and held him close, rocking to and fro, and comforting him. And as she rocked the sobbing ceased, the boy dried his eyes, and she kissed him. Then he slipped from her lap and knelt by her side and prayed.

For a moment the man seemed dazed. The look on the boy's face seemed to spread over his own, and, with a sudden impulse, he reached for the telephone and asked for the Union Hotel, but, before anyone answered, he slammed down the receiver, called himself a sentimental fool, and went off to bed.

That night he did not sleep well; for, somehow or other, visions of his boyhood days and his mother kept running through his dreams, and once, when he dreamt that he saw Jack Kenny an outcast in the street, the face of Ruth appeared, sad and reproachful, and startled him so that he awoke. Ruth! Ruth! It was so long since he had thought of her that he scarce remembered her at first. Ruth! It was for her sake that he wanted to crush Jack Kenny. He had almost forgotten that; and somehow his hatred seemed less real and vital when he went back to the first cause of it. That was the irony of the whole situation. For years he had sought to avenge a deed which in itself was practically forgotten. Hatred had not only become a habit; it had become a habit almost without a motive.

He arose early next morning and went out for a walk. It may have been the fact that he was somewhat shaken in mind, but at any rate his triumph was not so sweet as he had anticipated. What good was it really doing him anyhow? What right had he to ruin—Oh, well, Jack always was a dissolute scamp anyway, and his downfall was only a matter of time; so what if he were hastening it?

He was standing by a rose bush, and absent-mindedly he plucked a rose. When he saw what it was he flung it from him. "Roses again," he rasped. "Curse them."

"Oh, don't you like flowers?" said a clear, young voice at his side. "I think these roses are lovely. They seem so fresh, and dewy, and cool, you know. Roses are my favorite flowers."

Philip turned upon the speaker somewhat sharply, and his jaw dropped. For full a minute he stared, and then said huskily, "Why, my, my—" he was going to say "my dear," but somehow just couldn't. "Why, who are you?"

"Oh," she said gaily, "I'm Ruth Kenny, and I've come home to live with my father. He hadn't seen me for ten years, and then he broke down and cried because he said I looked so much like my mother. She died when I was a little baby," she added by way of explanation.

"Ruth Kenny?" said Philip. "Ruth Kenny!" In a dazed way he took her hand and held it in his own, repeating the name again and again.

"Why," he started to say; but turning her head she saw a figure approaching, and, drawing away, interrupted him.

"Here comes daddy, now," she said.

Philip turned also, and for the first time in almost a decade he and Jack Kenny were face to face. Before he knew it Jack had him by the hand.

"Well, Phil, old boy, how are you?" he said. The voice was cordial and frank; but underneath it there was a new note, a kind of subdued and saddened tone which Philip had never noticed before.

As Philip clung to his hand, speechless, Jack went on.

"It seems an age since I've seen you, Phil. Just came from the city last night to see the old burg, and do you know I wish I could settle here, and stay the rest of my life. This city life isn't what it's cracked up to be. I've just been for a stroll along the river and seen the place where—say do you remember the day you fell in the mill pond and I pulled you out, and then licked you for going up the street and telling that I'd saved your life? Great old days, weren't they? You must come over and see me while I'm here. I'm staying at my aunt's. Come over this afternoon."

Philip pleaded business, and, as soon as he could, tore himself away. Jack Kenny! No more like what he had pictured him for the last few years than a man is like a gorilla. Still, wasn't he the cur who had—What had he really done anyway? That is, intentionally?

Reflecting thus he returned home, and spent the day at his office in the same way. At night he sat down again at his desk. There were his papers just as he had left them the night before; and there, too, was that message from his mother, the rose. The sight of it upset him again.

"I'm a crabbed old fool," he muttered. "Here I've been harboring a grudge all my life against a man who never meant me any real harm, and who—But what's the use?"

He sat and chewed his nails for a while, and at last grabbed his hat and went out. It was after midnight when he returned, and there was a resolute expression on his face. Taking down the telephone receiver, he asked for Mr. McDonald, the organizer, at the provincial capital. After a long wait the connections were made, and a sleepy voice asked who in the dickens it was at that time of night, and what he wanted.

"It's Philip Snowden speaking," he said. "I called you up about that agreement we made the day before yesterday."

"Yes?" said the sleepy one, somewhat mollified.

"I wanted to change it a little," said Philip, hesitatingly, after clearing his throat. "Instead of discharging Mr. Kenny, I want you to make him deputy of his department. Can you do it?"

"Can we do it?" was the hearty response. "Can we do it? Well, I guess we can, and I'll bet we will."

For Jack really was a good man as civil servants go.

Then Philip hung up the receiver and went to bed.

Ernest G. Black, '13.

Christmas in India.

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

IMAGINE Christmas without ice or snow, skating or tobogganing, without profuse shop decorations, with absolutely nothing in the streets to suggest the festive season; with no rosy cheeks or hurrying feet on their last desperate errands late Christmas Eve—would you think it really Christmas? But these are not essential, after all, and even without them, the Christmas spirit reigns.

Was there ever a school where the very air did not seem intoxicated with the wild joy of the end of a long term? Was there ever a boys' school where the air did not ring and ring again with the exuberant hurrahs of the pupils when holidays are come? Though races differ, human nature is the same the world over; and it is impossible to be with school boys and girls and not catch the Christmas spirit, despite green grass, open doors and windows, and summer games.

The various mission schools in Cocanada closed in royal fashion before last Christmas. The Girls' Boarding School led the way with an entertainment given on the back verandah of the school to an audience seated on the lawn. After singing, an address of welcome in English, recitations, marches and drills, the grand finale was the acting of a farce, written for the occasion by the Brahmin headmaster. The story ran thus: A shepherd, asleep in the field, was startled by the false cry of "Tiger!" from his facetious son. He fled precipitately, and so frightened various parties that they all joined in the mad flight. At last, they met the king out shooting, with a crown on his head after the manner of Oriental kings, and were advised with the wisdom of a Solomon, to return to the field. The performance was most dramatic. even to the oxen and sheep. the latter of which "sat up and took notice" whenever the son burst forth into his infectious laugh. Indeed. the whole performance was most enjoyable.

At the Timpany Memorial School. there were sports, a kindergarten closing. an evening entertainment, and a music recital. Most interesting among the sports was the menagerie race. in which each competitor had to be responsible for the running of an animal. A goat and a calf, kidnapped from the street, were proclaimed victors. The real evening closing, after some songs, recitations. and tableaux, took the form of a fairy cantata. The fairy queen presided at a five-o'clock-tea table, and as she spoke about each article, a pupil dresed in costume, appeared and either recited or sang about it. Tea-Leaf was a little Chinaman; Sweetcream, a light-hearted dairy maid; Wovenflax, a Puritan maid at her spinning-wheel; and Dresden, in her old-fashioned dress of flowered material. and her long dark curls, looked like a picture out of a novel of the Southern States of long ago.

At the McLaurin High School, the gala spirit reigned supreme in spite of examinations. The sports consisted of gymnastics, running and jumping, badminton matches, and a football match, in the last of which the two contesting teams played so well that neither scored a point. Though the apparatus had not been up long, the boys showed skill in their feats on the parallel bars, the horizontal bars, the rings, etc. Their teacher, for the benefit of the English onlookers, gave several exhibitions.

As Mr. Woodburne, who had been in charge almost from the opening of the school, was to leave at the end of the term, he was tendered a farewell meeting one evening. According to the Oriental custom, both the chairman and the guest of honor were garlanded with flowers and camphor, and presented with bouquets. Different speeches were made either in Telugu or English, to which Mr. Woodburne responded. As a tangible token of their gratitude and esteem the teachers and pupils presented him with a handsome sandalwood box decorated with ivory. The last item on the programme was a scene from a Telugu drama, composed mostly of long speeches, after the style of the Greek play. The subject was the conquest of a semi-barbaric king, and the grief of his bereaved son. The Oriental costumes, the chanting of the measured poetry, and the impassioned recital of the prose passages, leave a delightful memory of the Indian student.

Not content with a farewell meeting, the boys of the boarding department gave a breakfast, for which they had saved from their own allowance. On the verandah, decorated with palm leaves, sat, cross-legged, hosts and guests, and ate, with more or less grace—on the part of the guests—their curry and rice, with their own fingers, from plates of plantain leaves.

On the last evening pupils from the two highest forms gave scenes from "The Merchant of Venice." Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano and Lorenzo, with faces whitened and Italian-looking moustaches painted, and in their English clothes, looked extremely "sporty"; the Duke, in a quondam McMaster cap, gown and hood, was impressive and dignified; Shylock, with his long beard, cloak and stick, his aged stoop, and cracked, querulous voice, acted his part to perfection; and Portia, in a trailing, gold-embroidered Eastern garment, swept on to the platform and handled an ostrich-feather fan as if trains and fans were the ordinary appendages to a schoolboy's dress. Nerissa, too, seemed not at all embarrassed by his dress, and amused the spectators with a show of trousers as he gingerly lifted his skirts. The acting was splendid, and what mattered it if some of the lines were missed, for most of the audience could not understand the words?

Last came the closing of two primary schools, held in the Mission Compound. Most exciting of all were the races, and most difficult, from a western point of view, the small girls' race with pots of water on their heads. Vying with the sports in the childish minds, were the candies and pictures distributed at the close.

On Christmas Day services were held in both English and

Telugu. In the former, Mr. R. E. Smith gave an interesting account of his visit to the Christmas town of Bethlehem. Not only at church did we hear Christmas music, but also at the bungalow, where some of the boys sang carols for our benefit. In the afternoon, instead of skating, we played tennis; then ended a happy day with a real Christmas dinner and games, not least of which was rollicking blind man's buff.

Among the Christmas festivities came an At-Home by the Collector's wife—not a Canadian At-Home by any means. Sharp at four o'clock, the guests began to gather. After a visit to the refreshment tent we began our games; clock golf, where a good aim was the chief requisite; quick perception stakes, where we had to count the posts around the vegetable garden, the bars in the front gate, the plants on the verandah, etc.; academy stakes, when the ladies had to draw animals on the board while their partners guessed what they were supposed to be; a hidden word competition, in which the line of men charged full force towards the row of waiting partners with their hidden word; breaking chatties, when the ladies had to throw stones at earthen pots; and, best of all, a treasure hunt, when the compound looked like the grounds of an insane asylum with couples, puffed and panting, running frantically hither and thither, in search of the hidden treasure.

Though Christmas does not mean to the Hindus what it does to Christians, yet a feast is a feast, and the Hindu joins with the Christian in the spirit of happiness and festivity. So it was that on Christmas Day, the Hindu teachers of the High School visited the homes of the principal and English teacher with their gifts of flowers and oranges, and their Christmas greetings.

"Christmas comes but once a year," but the memory of it remains for ever, and so may the true Christmas spirit, even in a land where the Babe in the manger is worshipped by only the few.

LAURA J. CRAIG, '10.

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Editorial Notes.

THERE IS LIKELIHOOD of the real character of the college undergraduate yet being revealed, to judge from the searching light of publicity which is being trained upon the modern student through the agencies of the magazine and the printed book. He is being condemned one month, commended the next. This month we read in *Harper's* an appreciative article from the pen of Professor Canby, of Yale. The writer has examined, apparently, forte as well as foible in the undergraduate, and, while recognizing the justice of much of the adverse criticism, is prepared to commend him as a creature of courtesy, energy, and loyalty. But the aim of the article is not altogether to commend. We are led to think that probably its author, too, has wondered at "the astonishing power of the undergraduate mind to resist the intrusion of knowledge. He speaks frankly, besides, of the misdirection and undeniable waste of energy in much of student activity. Altogether, this discussion of the undergraduate is getting intensely interesting. Soon we shall know the truth concerning our character.

College News.

Around the Hall.

EDITOR: G. M. GOODFELLOW, '13.

> ''Ah, March! we know thou art
> Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
> And, out of sight, art musing April's violets!''

IF at first you don't succeed, try, try again.'' This has ever been McMaster's motto in debating, and when the Kerr Shield departed from our halls in the winter of 1910-11, after a peaceful rest of four years, McMasterites vowed *they* would not rest peacefully until it should be carried back in triumph. Twice since then have we striven to realize our aim, and twice have we been beaten by a hair's-breadth in the home stretch. Discouraged? Not a whit. These have been but the fortunes of war, and none doubts that the proper place for the Shield is still in that vacant spot on the reading room wall. We shall indeed try again. Determination grows at every step, and next year, look out for McMaster.

VISITORS AT CHAPEL SERVICE.—Dr. Francis, of Boston, spoke to the students at chapel service on February 13th. He emphasized the importance of fitting oneself for social service, but he pointed out that social service must be an expression of Christianity, not a substitute therefor. Dr. Whidden, President of Brandon College, was a visitor on February 18th, and brought greetings to us from the college in the West.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—The third lecture in the series on ''Keltic Literature,'' under the auspices of the Literary Society, was given by Dr. Fraser, on Friday evening, February 14th. The acoustic properties of the chapel were not satisfactory, and the lecture was delivered in one of the class rooms. The large audience expressed its customary appreciation.

The third in the series of year programmes provided for the Literary Society, was given on Friday evening, February 28th, by Year 'Fifteen. F. C. Madill, the secretary of the Society, after a hasty glance at the numbers on the programme, felt that in the interests of the Society, he ought to supplement the efforts of the Sophomores by giving in his "usual" witty style, the "usual" reading of the "usual" minutes in the form of a monologue. (He was not encored! Q. E. D.) E. W. Pyke gave a reading entitled "The Gladiator," which was followed by a dramatic reproduction of the "Quarrel Scene from Julius Caesar." In this scene, Brutus and Cassius were ably impersonated by Messrs. C. P. Hope and C. V. Farmer. Enthusiasm reached its height, however, when A. Burridge delighted the audience with two heartily applauded pianologues. The final number on the programme was the presentation of "The Dark Horses," an all-star cast of amateur comedians. It is unfortunate that the merits of this number should have been marred by the unsuitable character of some of the witticisms. Otherwise, Year 'Fifteen deserves credit for a splendid entertainment.

SOCIETY NEWS.—On Thursday evening, February 20th, Dr. and Mrs. Smith entertained the senior special science students, the girls of the senior year, and the science graduates, at their home on Albany Avenue. A most enjoyable evening was spent playing games. A special feature was the selections given by the famous "Nip and Tuck" Quartette. A display of dramatic talent by the ladies was also much appreciated. The students will long remember the kindness and hospitality of their hosts.

That the Juniors would soon feel the need for another respite from study was predicted in the last issue of THE MONTHLY. The said need made itself felt on February 11, and therefore the Juniors decided to hold on the evening of that day, their long-desired skating party. A majority of the members of the class were present at Little Vic Rink, where they skated blissfully until the strains of the last band had died away. Thereupon all repaired to the base of supplies, where they were joined by several delinquents, and a bountiful feast was despatched. Hastily, then, the Juniors returned to their studies.

The annual skating party of Year 'Fifteen was held on the evening of Wednesday, February 12. The party assembled in high spirits at Varsity Rink, and upon all countenances one could see a determination to enjoy the company and the skating. The most sanguine expectations were realized, and for two hours sophs and sophettes had a "whale of a time." Later the revellers adjourned to the Tea-Pot Inn, where refreshments were served which sated even the epicurean taste of the athletic Max. A rumor is current that some of the officials dined privately afterwards. Whether this statement is correct has not yet been ascertained, but there were several vacant places at the breakfast table on the following morning. The efforts and success of the Social Committee in making the evening pleasant were equalled only by the splendid gallantry of the temperance orator of Year '15.

"There was a sound of revelry by night. It emanated from Little Vic Rink on Tuesday evening, February 11, where the Freshmen were holding their skating party. There was a large turn-out. A few of the Freshmen were rather belated in their arrival, owing to the mysterious disappearance of their skates, about the time of departure, but this proved no deterrent, and they arrived at the rink with skates kindly loaned by friends—other than the Sophs. After a pleasant evening's skating, the party adjourned to the Y.W.C.A. Café, where an oyster supper was waiting them, and where they established a record by taking in everything in sight. After digesting, among other things, a few remarks from President Ziemann, the party dispersed.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.—Freshman (at the stamp counter): "Do you sell stamps in large quantities?" "Yes." "Then give me eight twos and four ones, please."

DEBATING UNION.—The inaugural meeting of the Mock Parliament was held on Saturday afternoon, February 1, and proved a great success. Castle Memorial Hall was arranged in the manner of the Dominion House of Commons, the parties being identical except that the Nationalists were replaced by the Social-Democrats. Owing to the absence of the Right Hon. R. L. Borden, the Naval Bill was introduced by E. E. Hyde, '13. R. V. Howard, B.A., replied on behalf of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Laurier-like, he urged that it was "Canada's brain and brawn that Great Britain wanted, not her thirty-five millions." The members on both sides, and the Social-Democrats at the rear, then plunged into a heated discussion. C. S. Browne, B.A., of the Democrats, maintained that the main issue was "Who Gets the Graft?" A unique feature of the event was the presence of the notorious American politician, Theodore Roosevelt, in the person of the Bull-Moose. D. A. Bates, '13, president of the Debating Union, acted as speaker. The House adjourned without voting.

The debate on the Navy Bill was resumed on Saturday, February 8. G. M. Goodfellow, Minister of Finance, opened fire for the Government, and pointed out that the high cost of maintenance of a Canadian-manned and owned navy would overtax our credit in London and thereby darken the future of the Dominion's financial enterprises. C. V. Farmer, speaking for the Opposition, very forcefully declared that the Borden naval contribution was merely a temporary arrangement designed not to meet any emergency, but to conciliate the warring factions in the Conservative party. When the smoke had cleared away Honest John Madill arose, and after rambling about for some time in the wilderness of socialism, concluded by saying, amid the loud applause of his noisy little band, that both policies were gigantic systems of graft. After a few of the back-benchers on both sides of the House had been heard .the Premier moved that the bill be given its third reading, but, owing to the fact that the Liberals and Social-Democrats voted solidly against the measure, it was defeated by a small majority.

The proceedings of the Mock Parliament were suspended on February 15, in order that the subject of the inter-college debate, "Resolved, that increased protection should be given to Canadian iron and steel industries," might be discussed. G. H. Ellis, '13, upheld the resolution, which was opposed by E. G. Black, '13. During the progress of the debate Mr. W. J. Donald offered some excellent hints as to the discussion, which were taken up by both sides of the house. The judges, G. H. Thomas, B.A., and T. J. Hind, awarded the decision to the affirmative. Professor White acted as critic.

"Resolved, that immigration into Canada of other than English speaking peoples should be prohibited." This was the difficult resolution which Messrs. Wrighton and Cooper, of Year '15, endeavored to establish in the second inter-year debate, on Thursday, February 20. Basing their arguments on the aphorism, "Democracy consists in character," they showed that alien people lack the essentials of national greatness. This is Canada's century and she needs the highest type of civilization to work out her destiny. Unrestricted immigration would produce a caste system as in India. Our French problem in Quebec is an illustration of the evils of short-sightedness in national polity. W. K. Anderson and R. E. Freeman, of Year '14, pointed out that the problem is one not of language, but of citizenship. Some European nations, notably the Scandinavians, are fifteen years ahead of enlightened Ontario. In the cosmopolitan Canadian West there is safety in variety. Even the despised Italian is readily assimilated into our nationhood, and has time and again proved his loyalty to Canada and Canadian ideals. Both in brain and brawn the alien is every whit equal to the Britisher. The judges, Dr. Keirstead and Dr. Ten Broeke, brought joy to the hearts of the Juniors by announcing that the negative had won. This places the Juniors in the finals with the Seniors for the championship of the series.

LUNCHEON IN THE LAB.—On Tuesday, February 18, Dr. and Mrs. Tingle gave an experimental demonstration, to the Sophomore Year and chemistry graduates, of some of the peculiar phenomena connected with research work in that branch of chemistry known as Gastronomics. Suitable receptacles, lined with a popular substitute in domestic circles for magnesia brick, were filled with a super-saturated solution of a certain organic substance, in which were some most beautifully formed crystals. This provided material for the first experiments. The second experiment was upon a few select solid forms of various compounds. Few text books were required,—in fact only one was essential, "A Good Appetite," in Everyman's Library. This demonstration was so successful and interesting that all heartily joined in showing their appreciation.

ANOTHER MEDAL FOR MORRISON.—The annual oratorical contest of University College, held on Tuesday evening, February 18, was this year won by J. D. Morrison, of Year '14, McMaster. "Jimmie" is registered in an Honor English course at Toronto University, and was therefore qualified to compete. Seven contestants took part, the winning oration being entitled "A Vision of My Country's Past." A gold medal was the reward. J. D. won the oratorical contest at McMaster in 1911, and THE MONTHLY extends heartiest congratulations on his recent success.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.—On Friday evening, February 21, Dr. C. L. Starr gave a very interesting talk to a large gathering of the Social Science Club. Before dealing directly with its subject, "The Medical Profession," he pointed out that for many people, tendencies toward a vocation of life are to a large extent hereditary. Speaking of the medical profession he gave a brief history of its progress since Egyptian times, and showed how, of late years, the tremendous advance has made it one of the callings foremost to the university graduate. He spoke of the requirements necessary for success, the ups and downs one must meet with, and the opportunities afforded of doing Christian work.

As his remarks were based on his own practical knowledge, the address was most interesting and was one of the finest yet delivered before the Club.

Literary Society Banquet.—A gay company of wit and beauty assembled in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, February 7, on the occasion of the tenth annual dinner of the McMaster Literary Society. Shortly after six-thirty o'clock the guests seated themselves around the beautifully decorated tables, and the President of the Literary Society, C. B. Crowe, '13, called on Dean Farmer to return thanks. After an hour of feasting and conversation, the chairman announced the toast list, and in a few dignified remarks proposed the toast to His Majesty, King George V.

The toast to "Canada and the Empire" was proposed by A. Haddow, '13. In an eloquent and forceful manner he drew attention to some of the outstanding political and social problems of to-day, such as the abolition of the liquor traffic, tax-reform, and especially the enlisting of men in public service,—men such as David Lloyd-George. He closed with an appeal to us to be true to our heritage. This toast was responded to by J. E. Atkinson, Esq., of the Toronto Daily Star. In a compact and statesmanlike speech, he traced the gradual development of Canada from a dependent colony, governed by officials sent from England, to the status of a free, autonomous state within the Empire. This evolution was traced along three lines,—political relationship, trade, and defence. With each advance in self-government and each broadening of the stream of freedom, Canada was brought into closer relationship with the Motherland, disproving the assertions that separation from the Empire would follow.

F. A. McGregor, '13, proposed "The Ladies." In a speech which was at once thoughtful and humorous, he eulogized the fairer sex, pointing especially to the chivalry of woman. The vice-president of the Literary Society, Miss M. C. Currie, '13, made a charming response on behalf of the ladies.

"Alma Mater" was proposed by Prof. E. J. Zavitz, of the Ontario Agricultural College, who gave an interesting and amusing reminiscence of his days in McMaster. Prof. E. M. Keirstead, LL.D., replied in his own characteristic and inimitable way. He translated the expression "Alma Mater," and showed how the University was a true mother to her students. Throughout his forceful address, which flashed with wit, poetry and philosophy, he developed this thought, and closed with a strong appeal for McMaster.

G. M. Goodfellow, '13, in a short speech, spoke of the good-will existing between the sister institutions and extended a hearty welcome to the representatives from Queen's University, Toronto University and Osgoode Hall, each of whom replied briefly.

Musical numbers by Mr. Earl Ludlow, vocalist, and Mr. B. B. Farmer, violinist, both of the "Fourstar Quartette," and selections by an excellent orchestra, added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening, and were much appreciated. The splendid success of this event reflects credit on the University and, as Chancellor McCrimmon pointed out, upon the students, who planned and carried it out.

Nip and Tuck Society.—The usual demonstration which follows an inter-college debate was held on the evening of Tuesday, February 18. Owing to the reverses met with during the earlier part of the evening, the proposed proceedings were toned down considerably, and the feeding of the multitude took place in *comparative* silence. This may have been, however, merely the calm before the storm, since the announcement of the approaching Nip and Tuck banquet, which, ere this appears in print, will have taken place, had been greeted with much enthusiasm, and each member seemed determined to preserve every effort at mirth for this big event. Those whose energies were beyond control were allowed to cool their ardor by assisting in the dish-washing process.

Student Volunteer Band.—On Tuesday, February 25, Rev. H. C. Priest addressed an open meeting of the Student Volunteer Band. Missions, the speaker claimed, formed the biggest business in the world. In the work of the missionary is to be found the greatest opportunity for the investment of life. The magnitude of the work is appalling, and the obstacles are great. For instance, one-third of India has never been visited by a missionary. Nearly every religion has been tried, but none except the Gospel of Christ have met the needs of the people. Mr. Priest dealt with some of the questions of those who hesitate about going to the foreign field. He emphasized also the fact that the foreign work demands preparation as strenuous as the work at home.

Obituary.—Not all the enthusiasm of the McMaster rooters and all the arguments of her doughty debaters availed to prevent the Kerr Shield from eluding us when almost within our grasp. For Wycliffe College, mighty in battle also, won the coveted prize at the final inter-college debate in Toronto University Convocation Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, February 18. ''Resolved, that increased protection should be given to Canadian iron and steel industries'' was the subject of the verbal encounter, with McMaster, represented by Messrs. W. M. Turnbull and F. W. Waters, B.A., supporting the resolution. Messrs. G. F. Saywell, B.A., and J. D. Mackenzie-Naughton, B.A., were the victorious Wycliffe debaters.

W. M. Turnbull opened the discussion by urging that additional protection should be given to stem the tide of imports, and to make the trade of the mother country more effective. An upward revision was expedient to hold the home market for Canadian concerns; to protect the Canadian market against the United States Steel Corporation; to develop the natural resources of the Dominion; to equalize the protection among Canadian industries themselves, and to prevent dumping.

G. F. Saywell, B.A., made the strongest argument for the negative, basing it on the incapacity and inability of Canadian plants to supply the rapidly increasing home demand for iron and steel production. He urged that Canadian industries do not now need protection: they are past their infancy. Let them develop along sane, normal lines. Protection tends to foster the trusts. and lobbying would become the order of the day.

F. W. Waters, B.A., the second speaker for the affirmative, argued that at present the iron and steel industries of Canada are afforded less tariff protection than other Canadian industries. By increased protection prices would not be increased. Free trade smothers Canadian industries. With a higher tariff an impetus would be given to other industries; foreign companies would be attracted; both labor and capital would benefit.

J. D. Mackenzie-Naughton, B.A., concluded the debate for Wycliffe. He pointed out that increased protection would mean higher prices, notably in the West, where the disaffection would be increased, and he even suggested that the result might be the cession of the West to the United States. The national development would be hindered, and the already high cost of living would be still further enhanced. Protection means individual growth with a public loss.

Mr. Turnbull's five-minute rebuttal was commented upon as being one of the finest ever heard at an inter-college debate in Toronto.

In announcing the decision of the judges, Mr. Justice Sutherland stated that the two teams were nearly equal on matter, but that on style the verdict was Wycliffe's. The other judges were Professors A. T. DeLury, M.A., and G. I. H. Lloyd, M.A., of the University of Toronto.

The student bodies of the two colleges were present in full force with a stock of rival songs, and they gave splendid support to their respective representatives. Mr. E. Jules Brazil, of St. Michael's College, delighted the audience with his humor at the piano, while the judges were weighing the arguments of the contestants. Following the award, the Kerr Debating Shield, representing the debating championship of the Union, was conferred, on behalf of the donor, by C. B. Crowe, of McMaster, President of the Union.

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—It was an excellent and inspiring address to which the students listened on February 13, when Archdeacon Cody, at the invitation of the Theological Society, spoke on the life of David Livingstone. The speaker could only touch the mountain peaks of this noble and illustrious life in the short time at his disposal. He gave a short history of the missionary's life, and commented upon his work.

Above all, Livingstone was a pioneer. His motto is characteristic of the man, "Anywhere, provided it is forward." His thirst for exploration was insatiable. No difficulties were insuperable, provided there were regions beyond to be discovered and explored. Often he was in danger of his life from the wild beasts and from the cannibals; but he always triumphed because of his indomitable courage and commanding personality. It was he who blazed the way and made it possible for missionaries to traverse Africa from one end to the other. Although he was repeatedly urged to return to England for the sake of his health and family, who were residing there—incentives that would have impelled any man—Livingstone preferred to remain among the blacks and finish his task. There he died, and, although his now emaciated body was borne to England and interred in Westminster Abbey, yet his heart lies buried in the soil of the country for which he gave the last drop of his blood.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS JESSIE KEE, '13.

> "The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
> Th' assay so hard, so sharp the conquering."
> —Chaucer.

THOSE of us who are so nearly at the end of our college course, who will soon be compelled to face many new problems, are often puzzled by the thought, "What is really worth while after all?" And it seems to us there is nothing worth while that does not lead up to an end outside itself. Perhaps only two big things are worth leading up to,—the real good to ourselves, and our real service to those about us. These two really resolve into one, for the good to ourselves must of necessity mean the good to those about us.

We sometimes hear speakers talking about "crying needs" as if the Lord didn't know His business, or didn't exist. Of course, there are "crying needs," and we are here to meet them. But it all depends on the spirit in which we meet them whether it is worth while to do so or not, and only secondly on what we do to meet them.

There are burning questions of the day and volumes might be written concerning what is worth while and what is not, yet after all had been written the right thing might not have been said, for each one must understand these things for herself. If our brains are not strained with self importance, or the effort to do God's work for Him, we will understand what is worth while. And when we do understand, God uses us in His work. and gives us a fine, intelligent common sense which enables us to see what to do and how to do it, and also to see what is none of our business and not to pretend to do it.

To seize the best opportunity for work that is offered us, to do that work the very best way we know, and in true humility, is worth while. It is real humility that brings the greatest power to any or all of us, and the power we see a self-important, conceited man possess, comes to him in spite of his lack of humility, not because of it. When we work, not for the light of our own opinions, but for that of spiritual and human law, all problems and actions of life are illumined and we see plainly what is worth while and what is not.

"What surprises me in her behaviour," said he, "is its thoroughness. Woman seldom does things by halves, but often by doubles."

No one can possibly doubt this statement who knows anything at all about woman—especially the woman with the hobby. Take the fancy work fiend. To her mind, everything under heaven can be improved by a touch—or a profusion—of embroidery. Table linen, bed linen, towels, curtains, clothing—nothing escapes the pricking needle and the snipping shears. She ruins her eyes, and makes life intolerable to those forced to dry on lumpy towels, and sleep on lacy pillows; but relentlessly she pursues her course until

> "Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
> And slits the thin-spun life."

Note, too, our militant sisters across the water. They, at any rate, cannot be accused of doing things by halves. They know what they want and are straining every energy to attain their ends. Not many of us are prepared to admit the wisdom of their methods, however much we may sympathize with the righteousness of their cause. Aghast we watch them go from one outrage to another, and we are not surprised that some maintain it is not by doubles they do things, but by triples and quadruples.

And we must not forget the "plugger." She has a mania for firsts. Listlessly she hears but heeds not the landlady's broad hints about ruinous electric light bills. Sleeplessly she pores over dog-eared books and voluminous notes. Poor, tired, hollow-eyed, little creature!

But there are also useful fields of activity where woman shows her remarkable capacity for doing things by doubles, in religious work, in attempts to combat the social evils—in all projects that have for their object the uplift of humanity. And in all these movements woman is ever found toiling incessantly.

Surely no one will insist that this propensity to do things by doubles is not worthy of admiration. The people of Laodicea were condemned because they were lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot. Woman without a doubt escapes that censure whatever else she may be exposed to.

ON DIT.

February 7:—The Literary Society banquet this year proved as delightful as on former occasions. Even the rosy expectations of Sweet Sixteen were realized to the full. Miss Minnie Currie, Second Vice-President of the Literary Society, ably upheld the honor of the women students in her reply to the toast to the ladies. Congratulations!

February 11.—A Juniorette was overheard to remark: "Yes, this is my fifth lecture to-day, and I wish I had six. I like a full day!" When the Seniorettes had sufficiently recovered, they filed slowly into their German lecture.

February 17.—After chapel the girls assembled in the Ladies' Room to do honor to one of our popular Juniorettes who recently attained almost universal fame through her bravery at the rink. As a slight token of appreciation, some of those who witnessed the heroic act "involving skilful navigation" and "performed for the amelioration and humanization of that social unit," presented her with a box of bon-bons. We understand that several girls have since been inspired to doughty deeds by the example of this young lady, and have also been suitably rewarded.

February 18.—Dr. Tingle's luncheon in the chemistry laboratory in honor of the Second Year was a great success. There is a rumor afloat that some of the Sophomores were—well—slightly tardy, and missed "the spice to season dainties with—the conversation of a pretty woman."

February 20.—The Senior girls and the Senior Science boy entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Smith, report a delightful evening.

Women's Literary Society.—At the meeting of February the fourteenth the Sophettes clearly demonstrated their ability as entertainers. Miss Isobel Fairbairn, representing Cupid, prophesied the wounding of many by the darts of the tricky little god, and pointed out some of those who had already been pierced. As two Seniorettes in the front seat blushed very becomingly, it was not difficult to surmise whom Cupid meant. The clever demonstration of "How a Woman Keeps a Secret," by a number of the girls, was much appreciated by all. Miss Mayme Gill executed a selection on the piano very acceptably, and Misses Davis, Benner, Draper, and Grant charmed the company with two humorous songs. Miss Annie Miller's paper on "Current Events" was one of the best given this year. On the whole the Sophettes are to be congratulated on the success of their programme.

The Juniors' programme of Friday, February the twenty-eighth, was easily the best presented this year. Miss Ruth

Fowler's two instrumental solos were rendered in her usually good manner. Miss Mary Fowler transformed the Current Events paper into an exceedingly clever and bright magazine with various departments:—The World at Large, Editorial News, Advertisements, and Correspondence. The play adapted from Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" was delightful. Perhaps it was the realistic element in the final number, "The Three Black Crows," that made it so irresistible; at any rate the house was taken by storm. When the critic was called on, she commented favorably on all the numbers and announced that in view of the superiority of the performance given by the Third Year, it devolved on the other three years to provide a banquet for them at a time to be decided later.

Y.W.C.A.—The Society was fortunate in securing Miss Lane, of the Toronto Y.W.C.A., to speak at their meeting on February the twelfth. Miss Lane gave an interesting description of the work carried on in the various departments: of the cafeteria, where hundreds of meals, costing on an average fourteen cents each, are served; of the work in the factories, where conditions are being bettered through the agency of the Y.W.C.A.; of the residence to which only those under a certain age and earning less than a certain specified sum each week are admitted. She spoke also of a new branch of work about to be opened up by the Dominion Y.W.C.A.—community work. When this is established it is expected that a large number of college girls will be pressed into service.

On February the twenty-sixth a paper on Miss McDonald's work was prepared by Miss Fraser, '13, but, owing to her inability to be present, Miss Draper, '15, read parts of it. Miss McDonald is the Y.W.C.A. secretary for Japan, and the account of her work among the Japanese girls is most interesting. The members of the McMaster Association are especially interested in her as they contribute towards her support, and many remember her visit to the University two years ago. The character of Ruth was considered in the Bible Study classes.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN—BUT WASN'T.

SENIOR LUNCHEON.—On the evening of Friday, February the twenty-eighth, the Ladies' Room was transformed into a banqueting hall, on the occasion of the Senior Luncheon. Miss Haines, the Vice-President of the Year acted as hostess, and filled the position very acceptably. The speaker of the evening was Miss Sylvia

Pankhurst. This distinguished suffragette has a very pleasing personality and is a most magnetic speaker. She outlined a brief history of the suffragette movement in England, and related many instances of the glaring injustice of man-made laws. Then followed a statement of the aims and ideals of the society of which she is so prominent a member. In her closing remarks she attempted to defend the recent actions of her colleagues in England, by insisting that all peaceable means had been tried, and had failed. To say that Miss Pankhurst created a strong impression is putting it very mildly indeed. If one can judge from the number of "Vote for Women" pins in evidence since the Luncheon, there are numerous recruits recently added to the ranks of the suffragettes.

Freshman Sleighride.—On Thursday evening, February the twentieth, the Freshman sleighride at last materialized, notwithstanding the malicious attempts of the Sophomores to prevent it. At seven o'clock sharp the sleigh, loaded with the merry children, started off. Only a few Freshmen were missing, their natural enemies having locked them in their rooms and mislaid the keys. The sleigh sped over the frosty ground, and clear young voices mingled joyfully with the music of the bells. Mile after mile was covered, and no heed was given to time or distance. But presently one lusty youth bethought himself of food. "The evening is far advanced," said he, "let us return to the haunts of men, procure some food for the sustenance of our bodies, and endeavor to reach the Hall while there is yet time to do some studying before the eight-fifteen alarm sounds."

These propositions met with the approval of all, and the driver forthwith arrested his steeds and attempted to turn them about in the deep drifts piled up on the sides of the road. The attempt met with disaster. The sleigh with its load of shrieking humanity was overturned, and all were buried in a snowy sepulchre. The horses plunged frantically, and jerking themselves free from the inexperienced driver, regained the road and dashed away. Poor Freshies! Fate was indeed unkind! Before they had all struggled to the road, the sounds of sleighbells could be heard only faintly in the distance. A hurried consultation was held, but the only feasible plan seemed to be to hit the trail. This was accordingly done, and in the early morning hours the weary band of pilgrims reached the goal of their desire—a street car, after trudging six endless miles.

Athletics.

EDITOR: H. C. HUDSON, '14.

> ". . . . . something ere the end,
> Some work of noble note may yet be done."

POSSIBLY March is a trifle early to begin to consider that the end of a college term is again approaching. We think not, however, especially in so far as athletics are concerned, because even the athletes get down to work now, while the students proper keep right at it, with the natural result that sports begin to diminish in relative proportion to the other activities of the University. During the month of February, however, athletics, most particularly in the form of hockey, naturally, have loomed large in the student's perspective. Six hockey matches, a fencing tournament, and a game of basketball have been the outward and visible expressions of the athletic proclivities of McMaster, and we are glad to be able to report that the success of McMaster teams and McMaster men, has been, on the whole, most creditable.

HOCKEY.

McMASTER, 1; VARSITY II., 4.—As Trinity retired from the local section of the Intermediate Intercollegiate Hockey League on account of the lack of ice, McMaster met Varsity on February 10 in the first of the two games which were to decide who should meet the winners of the eastern section. And thereby hangs a grievance. In the first place Varsity refused to take McMaster seriously, which was rather unsportsmanlike, and, moreover, hardly justifiable, as later events proved. McMaster was laboring under the great disadvantage of lack of practice, due to the scarcity of ice up to that time in the month, while Varsity had had the benefit of two months' practice at the Arena on artificial ice. And, in addition to this, Varsity played three O.H.A. men who had had the added practice of several hard games. It was the very evident intention of the blue and white to run up a big score with the assistance of these crack players, so that we could not overtake the lead in the second game, for which the O.H.A. men were ineligible. Well, in the first game, they won, and won fairly, but to their great surprise they had to hustle all the way to do it, and when time was called four goals to one was by no means the comfortable margin they had expected to secure. As a matter of fact McMaster scored the first goal, and kept the score down to one-all until after half-time, when condition began to tell, and the Varsity seven pulled ahead.

Being defeated in this game was not enough to daunt the hopes of the grey and maroon, however, because it was felt that the small lead might be overcome in the second game. The second blow to our pride came with the publication in the *Varsity* of the account of the game, with the added comment, that after the next match Varsity would play in Kingston. Incidentally, the score was incorrectly given as five goals to one, instead of four to one. As a matter of fact, Varsity did not go to Kingston, because, for reasons not stated, they defaulted the second game, and thus gave McMaster the privilege of meeting the eastern champions—a privilege that we would much rather have won on the rink than in the committee room.

McMaster, 3; Uxbridge, 5.—We don't know where Uxbridge is, we must confess, but wherever it is, they must raise good hockey teams, because they defeated McMaster firsts some four weeks ago. Without saying much about it the team slipped away to this unknown burgh. Their slipping back was equally inconspicuous. As far as can be learned the smallness of the rink, and the effects of the long train ride were the causes of the defeat. Another peculiar feature that has been coaxed out of Philpott, who comprised the crowd that accompanied the team, is that the goal keepers did most of the shooting. In short, the game must have been somewhat in the nature of a burlesque, as the tables were easily turned in the return game played at Ravina Rink, February 19.

McMaster, 5; Uxbridge, 0.—The first half of the second game was played under Intercollegiate rules. As the visitors were not accustomed to this style of hockey they simply played a defence game, with the idea of making the most of the O.H.A. regulations in the second half. As a result the half-time score was 1-0 in favor of McMaster. Strange to relate, when the opposing seven began to leave the space in front of their goal more free after half-time, McMaster succeeded in scoring four more goals, while Uxbridge could not pass McLaren.

McMaster, 8; Wycliffe, 3.—Though Wycliffe dashed our hopes of victory on the debating platform, Captain Cline and his stalwarts had the satisfaction of winning from representatives of the same college on the hockey cushion. McMaster had the better of the play from the first face-off; play was so frequently around the Wycliffe end of the rink that excitement was conspicuous by its absence.

During the season the first hockey team has been composed of the following players: Goal, McLaren; point, Campbell; cover-point, Silcox; centre, N. Davies, Kellock, Shannon; rover, Cline (capt.); right wing, McCrimmon, Price; left wing, Iveson.

McMaster II., 4; Central Business College, 1.—At the invitation of the Second team, a team representing the Central Business College journeyed up to Little Vic Rink on the coldest day of the winter, and suffered defeat at the hands of their hosts. If it was a breach of etiquette to arrange for such disagreeable weather on the day set for the game, it was equally inhospitable to allow the visitors to obtain and hold the lead for some time, and then to turn around and snatch the victory from them at the last moment. The first half of the game was not particularly exciting. The Arctic gale which was in progress made good hockey almost impossible, and the Seconds did not seem to get really started. After they had received a warming-up in the dressing room, both from the stove provided for that purpose, and from Captain Davies, who did not approve of the way things were going, the team worked harder, with the result that the Bookkeepers could not pass Spencer, while Kellock eluded their goal-tend twice. Just to show that he meant business, Captain Davies scored a couple himself, making the full time tally four to one, as stated above.

The Seconds lined up as follows: Goal, Spencer; point, Browne; cover-point, Houlding; rover, G. Davies (capt.); centre, Kellock; right wing, Price; left wing, N. Davies.

McMaster II., 5; Varsity III., 7.—But *the* hockey match of the season, the one that will go down into history as the most memorable athletic contest of the year, was that between the Seconds and Varsity Thirds. A record was established in this game when no less than fifty minutes' overtime play was necessary to decide the result. That it was not in McMaster's favor was most unfortunate, but the team has no reason to look back on the game with feelings other than pride, because, as a local daily graphically expressed it, "they hammered away till their tongues stuck out, and they fell down standing all alone; but they got up and labored back into the fray like real heroes."

The match was played at the Arena Gardens, and the large ice-surface increased the Seconds' difficulties. Varsity put on their junior O. H. A. team, and apparently expected to win easily. A surprise came their way, however, in the first ten minutes of play, as they found it impossible to score for that length of time, and, indeed, had considerable difficulty in preventing McMaster from notching a goal. The score was held at 1-0 until after half-time. when Price eluded Levesque, the blue and white goal-tend. Within ten minutes he had repeated the trick, to the intense delight of the McMaster supporters present. The chances of our playing off for the junior championship looked very bright about this time, but within nine minutes of full time, Matthews evened the score for Varsity. In spite of the Herculean labors of the Seconds, full-time was called with the score-board showing two-all. It was agreed to play an extra ten minutes to decide the result, and once more our stock went up, when Shannon scored after a beautiful combination rush. Once again the Thirds brought the score to a tie, however, making it necessary for more overtime play. Accordingly, two more periods of ten minutes each were played, but during this twenty minutes neither seven succeeded in gaining the advantage. With the beginning of the fourth extra period McMaster went at it with a determination to do or die, and yet once again Shannon added one to McMaster's tally. Once again it was useless, however, as Varsity also added one to their end of the score. By this time both teams were almost "all in," but neither would admit that fact and went into the fifth spasm looking like the last rose of summer. For eighty minutes they had exerted every effort, and strained every muscle almost to the breaking point, and the wonder was that they were able to stand up at all. Waterloo came this time, however, as Varsity had just enough more energy than McMaster to make the final score 7-5 in their favor. But it was a noble game!

The feature of the game was McMaster's "gameness and sheer plugging ability," and it is a fact that the old simile of a pup hanging on to a root will have to be revised in favor of some expression which indicates McMaster's tenacious propensities. A major share of the splendid showing made by the grey and maroon must be given to Meade, whose work in goal was excellent. Shannon and Price were the other "stars," while Captain Davies worked like the proverbial resident of Troy, until he was unfortunate enough to stop the puck with his eye, which necessitated his retirement from the game.

The Seconds line-up for the game was as follows: Goal, Meade; point, Browne; cover-point, Houlding; rover, G. Davies (capt.); centre, Shannon; right wing, N. Davies; left wing, Price.

FENCING.

IT IS with much pleasure that we chronicle the doings of the fencers of McMaster during the past month. In spite of the disadvantage they have been under in the shortness of time they have been fencing, they have brought considerable honor to themselves, and, so, indirectly, to the University. In the Dominion Y.M.C.A. Fencing Tournament, held at the Central Y.M.C.A. during the week of February 24, Hyde won the Junior Foils Championship; W. E. McKissock came second in the Dominion Senior Foils, and third in the Epee, or Duelling Sword contests; and a team consisting of five McMaster men in the Central Y. Fencing Club took second place in the senior team championship.

In view of the fact that this is the first season in which the sport has been indulged in, the showing made is most encouraging. The victory of Hyde in the Junior Championships was obtained only after eight bouts, in which he faced the other McMaster men, except McKissock, as well as the members of the junior members of the Central Y. Fencing Club. On Friday night McKissock competed in the Senior Championships and was beaten only by men who have had continental training at the sport. In the Fencing Foils, he lost the title which he won last year. In a practice bout with the man who defeated him, however, later in the evening, he was successful in beating him badly—which, however, did not give him the medal, unfortunately, but shows that it is touch-and-go between the two men for supremacy. McKissock, and possibly two or three other McMaster men, will enter the Ontario and Dominion Open Championships which will be held in Toronto early in April.

In the team championships on Wednesday night, McMaster was defeated by the score of thirty-eight points to twenty-eight, which was not at all discreditable, considering the wider experience of our opponents. In regard to the fencers themselves, Hyde and Ellis are yet a little wide, lacking only practice, however, to make them excellent fencers; Waters has the making of a good fencer—proper style and good judgment; Turnbull is at the disadvantage of having had but little practice; McKissock's ability speaks for itself in the ten or twelve odd medals he has annexed at the game.

Our Graduates.

Editor: J. H. Cranston, B.A., '05.

THE big event of the month in the McMaster world was the refusal of Rev. W. A. Cameron, B.A., '06, to favorably consider the overtures made to him by the Calvary Baptist Church, New York, to become their pastor. Very flattering indeed were the inducements offered to him, and from a purely monetary standpoint "Bill" would have been very much better off if he had decided to go to New York. However, he refused to allow the pulpit committee to recommend his name to the church, and when he announced his decision in Bloor Street Baptist Church on Sunday, February 16th, his congregation rose en masse and enthusiastically sang "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." The man on the street in Toronto was astounded. He couldn't understand a human being who could put what he conceived his duty before such an opportunity. The moral effect of his decision in Toronto, and the editor writes as a newspaper man in touch with public opinion, was tremendous. Some newspapers treated it editorially, and others gave large space to discussing Mr. Cameron and his work. He was in no way responsible for the publicity the negotiations received, and had he had his way no one in Toronto except his deacons and one or two intimate friends would have ever known that he had been approached. Somebody "leaked," and once out it became necessary that the public should know of his decision. Rev. John MacNeill, '96, of Walmer Road Baptist Church, has also, within the past year, had the refusal of the pulpit of this church, which ranks among the very first Baptist churches of the world. It has a membership of 2,400, and the building is reputed to be the second finest nonconformist edifice in the world from an architectural standpoint. The plant is valued at $1,000,000.

In the course of a column and a half article on "A Parson Who Has the Refusing Habit," *The Toronto Star Weekly* says:

"It is not quite two years ago since Mr. Cameron refused a call to the East End Baptist Church on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, at a salary of $6,000, and rumor says that there have been other opportunities even more attractive offered which have never been made public. When Bloor Street Church first called Mr. Cameron at a salary of $2,500, he turned down a traveling secretaryship for a Christian organization which offered $5,000 per annum. So he has seemingly acquired the 'refusing' habit, and would-be suitors of this bachelor parson are at their wits' end to know what will detach his affection from his first love.

"Humor is one of Mr. Cameron's saving graces. He is full of fun, and is beloved by the young people of the church for the life he puts into their social gatherings. Many amusing stories could be told of the unexpected things he has done to add to the merriment at Sunday School festivals and the like. Here is a story of how he kept the organist of the church guessing the day before he made his announcement as to his decision. Everybody was looking for straws which would indicate the way the wind was blowing. When the organist came to get the hymns for Sunday morning Mr. Cameron in jest gave him two, 'O Love That Will Not Let Me Go,' and then 'God Be With You Till We Meet Again.' The organist was no wiser until he heard the announcement on Sunday."

The Canadian Baptist says, in part:

"The seating capacity of his church is frequently taxed to its limit; the prayer-meeting is largely attended by young and old; the membership, during the four and one-half years of the pastorate, has advanced from six hundred to more than nine hundred; the Sunday School has witnessed marked progress; and the total revenue of the church has grown from about $9,000, to more than $25,000 last year, about one-half of which was for missions and benevolent objects. The spirit of unity and brotherly love prevails throughout the membership; and the indications of spirituality are many and convincing."

The Bloor Street Church has since shown its appreciation of Mr. Cameron and his work by raising his salary to $4,000. It is only fair to say that the increase had been decided upon before the New York overtures were made.

ANOTHER McMASTER MAN who has recently refused a very tempting invitation, is Rev. H. A. Porter, B.A., D.D., pastor of Walnut Street Baptist Church, Louisville, Kentucky. He was given an ovation by his people, on Sunday, January 26, on the occasion of his announcing his declinature of a most pressing call to Dallas, Texas. "The Dallas congregation offered to build him a new edifice, supply assistance that would relieve him of all minor responsibilities, and increase his salary $1,000 more than he at present receives. After sending a committee twice to Louisville, inducing him to visit the Texas city, honoring him at a banquet in the magnificent new Dallas hotel, to which engraved invitations were issued, and at which the menu cards were bound in morocco and bore his portrait as a frontispiece, and after presenting him with a huge, elegantly-bound scrap book of souvenirs of the visit, the answer was, "I cannot go to Texas, bring Texas to me." Dr. Porter was a member of the first class in Arts in McMaster University, graduating in 1894. He has been a very successful pastor wherever he has wrought, and his present pastorate is said to be a very inviting one.

DR. C. C. LUMLEY, '03, is chairman for 1913 of the Board of Education of St. Thomas.

F. B. DIXON, '03, writes from Beaver Lodge, Alta., that he is 300 miles from a railway, and feels lonely at times. He is homesteading out in the Grande Prairie country.

E. A. ST. JAMES, B.A., '06, barrister, announces that he has opened an office at Suite 107 Donahue Block, in the City of Regina, in the Province of Saskatchewan.

THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING of the India Branch Alumni Association was held on January 1, 1913, in the Assembly Hall of the McLaurin High School, Cocanada. The election of officers for 1913 resulted as follows: President, Mr. J. B. McLaurin, '05; vice-president, Mrs. R. C. Bensen, '07; secretary-treasurer, Mr. A. S. Woodburne, '06. Miss Laura J. Craig, '10, gave an interesting address on the topic of how to keep in touch with Alma Mater. Among other things mentioned was that of reading THE MONTHLY and writing for it. A further suggestion was to supply the library or reading-room with literature relating to India. Mr. J. B. McLaurin very acceptably presented the question of the influence of the Indian college graduate on national life, Those who have thus become acquainted with western thought are in favor of making education more universal. They assent to changes which will better the social life of India, and many entirely disregard caste. The college graduate becomes self-dependent, and is not so easily influenced by bribes as are many of his less discerning countrymen. In most cases he understands and appreciates the efforts of the British Government.

After singing "Thy Praises McMaster" the remainder of the evening was spent in games, after which refreshments were served.

An interesting game was a test of literary talent occasioned by the production of a copy of THE MONTHLY. Each couple was made responsible for one department, and was given fifteen minutes to write an article.

The following are sample extracts: *Athletics*—"Athletics in India are better understood as perspireties." *Woodstock and Moulton*—"Prof.—'How many in this class think the centre of the earth is molten?' Class (in chorus)—'He! He! He!'" *Our Graduates*—"R. C. Bensen, '06, and Mrs. Bensen, '07, are as proud as peacocks of their daughter, and tried to run her in for treasurer of the Indian branch." *Here and There*—"The students of the McLaurin High School celebrated the close of the fall term by presenting selections from the 'Merchant of Venice.' 'Shylock' was a great success; 'Portia's' management of her train brought down the house." *Around the Hall*—Latest parody—

"Hitch up your old ox-bundy
Any other day but Sunday,
Over black cotton soil and river sand,
Through the fields of paddy
We'll go down to Avanigaddy,
Where the sea breezes blow to beat the band.

Advertisements—"Lost, strayed or stolen—a missionary mule. If the finder has anything to say against him, please say it to his face. Otherwise the owner will not hold himself responsible for results."—Contributed by MISS G. MCGILL, '11.

MISS GLADYS MURRAY, B.A., '11, passed highest with honors in the senior grade piano, artists' course, at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Our girl graduates are keeping McMaster to the front. Miss Murray's marks were about as high as have ever been taken. Congratulations.

MISS MURIEL FARMER, B.A., '09, is head dietitian in the Fort William Hospital, and there are many other McMaster girls who are head dietitians in private households and making good at the job.

REV. H. FRANCIS PERRY, D.D., '09, of the First Baptist Church, Vancouver, recently presided at the annual meeting of the Baptist Union of Western Canada, and then came east on a visit to Toronto, preaching in his old church and visiting McMaster.

Rev. J. B. Paterson, B.A., '96, of Calgary, is one of the vice-presidents for 1913-14 of the Baptist Union of Western Canada.

Rev. H. R. Nobles, B.A., '06, B.D., '10, of Christie Street Church, Toronto, was re-elected Grand Chaplain of the Royal Templars of Temperance at the annual meeting of that organization in Toronto. "Hank" is still treasurer of the McMaster Alumni Fund, and is waiting for your subscription pledge if you have not yet sent it in. His address is 586 Clinton Street, Toronto.

The only McMaster man we know of in institutional work is Rev. A. L. Brown, B.A., '09, B.Th., '10, of the Toronto Memorial Institute. He is making a big success of it. From practically nothing he has built up a Sunday School of 483 on the regular roll, and a total in all departments of 745. And all this in a year's work. The doors are open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. seven days a week, during which time nearly fifty meetings are held with an aggregate attendance of over 7,000 per month. There is a staff of 150 volunteer workers. There are classes in sewing, dressmaking, cooking, shorthand and typewriting, millinery, chair-caning, basket-making, housekeeping, matriculation subjects, as well as English classes for the benefit of Hebrews, Poles, Finns, Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Macedonians, Turks and Italians. Four free medical clinics are held weekly. A pure milk depot, established last July, has been the means of saving the lives of many babies. Relief work is constantly being carried on, and there is an efficient employment bureau. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides have been organized, and there are a number of clubs which are very popular. "A. L." is certainly making this experiment of Walmer Road church pay dividends. The old Memorial Church, which was practically empty, is now a throbbing hive of industry from week end to week end.

Contributions to this column will be thankfully received by the editor. Address, J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto.

Woodstock College.

EDITOR: S. E. WATERLAND.

AN unusual interest in hockey pervades the College, due to the fact that two of our students, Armstrong and Sutherland, are playing on the Woodstock Junior O.H.A. Team. Armstrong is starring, and Woodstock bids fair to win the laurels, being in the finals. The College junior team has won the championship of the city league, and the cup is sheltered by our roof. The senior team began activities against the Y.M.C.A., February 26, with ardent expectations of victory. The lower school basketball team visited Hamilton on the 28th and met the Collegiate junior team of that city.

INTER-YEAR DEBATING is in progress, conducted by teams representing the various years. Such problems as labor strikes and the eight-hour working day, are being discussed. A mock parliament was organized by the Philomathic Literary Society on February 7. We are arguing vital measures relative to college economics.

A MEETING of the Judson Missionary Society, on February 17, was conducted by the Rev. H. H. Bingham, of London, and his assistant, Dr. Troy. The Evangelistic Band conducted a series of revival meetings in Springford over the week-end February 14-16.

AMONG the visitors for the month at the College were: Rev. Mr. Judson, of the Welland Canal Mission; Mr. H. A. Waite, secretary of the Pocket Testament League; Rev. H. W. Piercy, of Wiarton; and Judge Alden, of Boston, Mass. Judge Alden addressed the student-body on Saturday the 15th, on the subject of "Time."

Moulton College.

Editor: Miss Kathleen Hodson.

THE Third and Fourth Year skating party took place, February 13. The ice was in excellent condition and the band (!) provided a varied programme. Even at eleven o'clock many seemed loth to leave the ice, but refreshments were served in the drawing-room as a compensation. When the party broke up all unanimously agreed that it had been a most enjoyable evening.

The mock wedding.—The marriage of Miss Julia Isobel Florence Elopaetri Arden, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Archibald Levi McPherson Arden, to Mr. Frederick Nicholas Alexander Forest took place in Moulton Cathedral, Toronto, on Friday evening, February 21. The ceremony was performed by Bishop O'Flannagan. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a gown of ivory satin with ninon overdress, tulle veil (window curtain), carrying a most exquisite bouquet of roses. Her maid of honor, Miss Helen Delphine Glycerine, wore cream taffeta veiled with chiffon, a black picture hat, and carried pink tulips. The bridesmaids looked sweet in yellow satin, chiffon hats, carrying yellow daffodils; while the little flower-girl was very dainty in a white lingerie frock, wth a lovely basket of daffodils. The bride's brother made a very winsome page. Mr. George Andrew Augustus Loutenschweiger supported the groom. After the wedding a reception was held by the bride's mother, who wore a gown of blue satin with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Forest left by the ten o'clock train for the East, followed by the congratulations and good wishes of their many friends.

We have been honored again by a visit from Chancellor McCrimmon. He spoke to us after the chapel service, urging us to be particularly good during Miss Thrall's absence, which was on account of illness. Later he gave us a lovely surprise by telling us of the reception that is to be given in the near future by the Moulton faculty. The good are always rewarded!

Dr. H. P. Whidden, of Brandon College, also made us a visit. He impressed upon us the value of high ideals in life.

Here and There.

EDITOR: B. F. TROTTER, '14.

> "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."
>
> —*Montaigne.*

FEBRUARY is gone! By the time this issue leaves the press he will be almost forgotten. He was a little month; but how much he brought us! We were so busy counting up his gifts that we hardly noticed him as he slipped away "down the back entry of time." Parties, debates, lectures, and the manifold pleasures of the rink kept us in a whirl of excitement. Only a moment here and there could we snatch for essays and other impositions. The prevailing gaiety seems to have colored even our selective processes, for we find upon assembling our monthly borrowings that they are marked almost universally by an airiness, a light inconsequence, that we feel could not have been theirs had they been chosen under less auspicious auguries.

Perhaps it is fitting, as an aftermath of Saint Valentine's month, that we should begin with a love-song. It is cribbed from *The Argosy.*

THE LADY THAT I LOVE.

The lady that I love is very fair,
Grey are her eyes and brown her shining hair;
Red are her lips as holly berries are.
Her voice is like a bugle blown afar
And mellowed by the distance on the air;
The lady that I love is very fair.

The lady that I love is very fair,
Grey are her eyes, high courage shineth there,
For hardy is her heart and fearless quite,
And pure her thoughts are as the morning light.
Red are her lips and truth abideth there;
The lady that I love is very fair.

DR. ARTHUR HOLMES has been advocating the exchange of love letters between students as a means of acquiring the art of composition. The *London Opinion* prints a tentative specimen of the sort of thing to be expected. We feel that it is hardly necessary to encourage such a practice at McMaster, but the following model may serve as a source of inspiration to some would-be correspondent who finds himself hampered by paucity of ideas:

I write you this letter, dear Phoebe,
(The tenth from my pen in a week);
But do not suppose that I'm going to propose,
For it's fame, not a wife, that I seek.

All the praise I expend on your beauty,
The odes which I write on your nose;
Are only just practice, for really the fact is,
I want to write elegant prose.

Although I sit up till the morning,
And write on your beauty divine,
Don't judge me too poorly; I envy Lord Morley—
I'm tired of a penny a line.

So, sweetheart, be kind and consider,
That under this method absurd,
Howe'er your heart's yearning, I soon may be earning,
A glorious shilling a word.

THE EDITOR OF "T.C.D." calls attention to the value of the little phrase "comparatively speaking" as a guide for practice if not for faith. He says, in part:

"It is a beautiful thing to be able to speak comparatively. . . . . . If you are allowed the use of comparison you may talk about anything and yet preserve a whole skin. You can agree with your adversary upon any subject. If he is an anarchist and declares that all forms of government are abominable, you can say the same: comparatively speaking they are. If he is a socialist and wishes you to subscribe to his opinion that—well, it is so long since we talked to a socialist that we cannot recollect any of his opinions just now: but it does not matter. Do as he bids you: comparatively speaking he is right. There is no subject in this world upon which you and the other person cannot be unanimous. Even if it is a girl who thinks that she should have a vote while you hold that she is better without it, you need not tremble for the ties of friendship. Compared with the horrible danger of offending her it would indeed be a good thing for her to vote, or do any mortal thing she likes. But since comparisons are odious, conceal the fact that there is one, and simply agree that it would be only right if Mr. Asquith were to be hanged and quartered. Be adaptable, in other words, take your color from your surroundings as the chameleon does, and like his your life will never lack rainbow hues."

It is rather interesting to find in another issue of the same magazine verses addressed to the moon by an apostle of "Consistency." They run to this effect:

"With how sad steps, oh moon, thou climb'st the skies,"
  I look on thee, and mourn, and look again,
And sobbing breast and burning tear-wet eyes,
  Betray my pain.

Queen of the dark, thou sovereign of the night,
  Whom thousand ages hailed with royal name,
Oh hide thee, hide thee, from mine aching sight,
  This hour of shame.

Time was I hailed thee chaste and fair, but now,
  Abhorrent, day-star of hell's brightest noon,
For I am a teetotaller, and thou,
  Art full, oh moon.

The following publications have been received, and are acknowledged with thanks: Dalhousie Gazette, Acadia Athenaeum, Argosy, University of Ottawa Review, Vox Collegii, Acta Victoriana, Trinity Review, Wycliffe Magazine, O. A. C Review, Manitoba College Journal, St. John's College Magazine, The Sheaf, Almafilian, Philomathean Monthly, Mercerian, Bessie Tift Journal, College Index, Viatorian, Solanian, Collegian, Harvard Monthly, Oberlin Monthly, Athenaeum, Voice, Notre Dame Scholastic, "T. C. D.," Varsity, Queen's Journal, Canadian Finance, Speech of Hon. Elihu Root on The Obligations of the United States as to Panama Canal Tolls.

Make of your happy hours a rosary,
A laughter record against certain tears,
A store of golden grain for barren years,
The priceless hoard of jeweled memory.

Lose not one pearl of joy, one note of mirth,
The kindly smile that harms no living thing;
For how can they the songs immortal sing
Who never learned the songs of joy on earth.

—M. F., in *The Collegian*.

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"The Yellow Jacket."

THE YELLOW JACKET" is a novel and charming fantasy lately produced with great success at a New York theatre and now being played in London. Though written by an American, it is, the author asserts, "a Chinese drama done in the Chinese fashion." The setting of the stage is said to be copied from that of the old Jackson St. Theatre, the once famous Chinese playhouse of San Francisco which disappeared at the time of the earthquake. The costumes, too, are said to be old embroideries imported from China and worn by generations of Chinese actors. Presumably these claims are justified, but whether or not, the scenery and costumes are beautiful to the eye and combine with the music and acting to give real distinction to the production.

Perhaps the most striking feature of "The Yellow Jacket" is the extreme simplicity of the means whereby the scene of the action is varied and the "business" of the play conducted. Everybody knows that Shakespeare's plays were first produced with meagre scenery and few stage properties, but even an Elizabethan drama cannot have equalled "The Yellow Jacket" in naiveté. At the back of the stage sit three musicians, and in front of them the chorus—a rotund and pompous individual who comes before the curtain to address the audience before each act, and who announces the arrival of each of the *dramatis personae* and explains the purport of some of the incidents of the action. More important than the Chorus is the Property Man, who does not utter a single syllable from beginning to end, but who, without the first suggestion of buffoonery, is the most comic person on the stage—a real dramatic creation. It is his business, along with his four subordinates, to make such changes of scene as the story requires and to supply the properties necessary for the dramatic illusion. This he does in full view of the audience, with most amusing effect. The most humorous thing about him is the way in which he reveals his sense of the utter boredom of his task. In the nature of the case he has done the same things night after night, and though he does them with absolute perfection he has lost all zest in them and does them with sublime indifference. He moves around the stage with a cigarette in his mouth, and when he has supplied the property needed at the moment he retires to his seat and reads a newspaper at even the most pathetic or tragic moments in the story. He is a true symbol of disillusion, a living, though silent, embodiment of irony hovering over romance.

A few examples will serve to illustrate the simplicity wherewith the action is carried on. Chee Moo is exhorted by a ghost —a very palpable spirit, with no eeriness at all—to commit suicide in order to save her child. This she does by slitting a vein and bleeding to death. In the meantime the Property Man has put up a ladder for her ascent to the Chinese heaven. Having died as bidden, Chee Moo rises and climbs the ladder in the most matter-of-fact way, the Chorus meanwhile informing the audience that she is going up to heaven. Again, the hero, in despair, resolves to hang himself, whereupon the ubiquitous and serviceable Property Man stands a thin bamboo pole on end, to which is attached a rope which he hands to the hero and into the noose of which the latter puts his head. Standing firmly on his feet, he must be supposed by the audience to be strangling to death, when an old man arrives on the scene and hurries to cut him down, with a sword obligingly supplied in the very nick of time by the Property Man. Again, Lee Sin is to cut off the head of a woman who has bewitched the Court. As he wields his sword to do so, the Property Man raises a fan in front of the victim's face, and hands out a red bundle of cloth to represent the severed head—an incident extremely provocative of laughter to an English-speaking audience. In these and a dozen other instances there is a naive realism that serves perhaps as well as more ambitious efforts to appeal to the imagination. One is reminded of the Chorus in Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fifth" who, in the absence of elaborate stage settings, exhorts the audience to "piece out our imperfections with your thoughts," that is, to let their imagination work. Certainly, to appreciate "The Yellow Jacket," one must obey the injunction of the Chorus: "If you would enjoy our moon-colored fancy to its fullest," he says, "I admonish you to forget the weary day and be a child again. We build mountains with chairs, palaces with tables. We shall drift on broad rivers in a flower-boat of love sailed by your imagination. Come with us into fairy-land, where the rich blood courses through your veins and you are boys and girls again—healthy, rosy-cheeked, glorying in the fragrance of a forgotten spring day"—surely a poetic prologue and calculated to induce the right spirit in which to listen to the curious tale. "The Yellow Jacket" has been called a "Chinese Peter Pan," and though the description is somewhat flattering it is sufficiently just, for at least one must yield to it as one gladly does to Barrie's delightful creation of the immortal Peter.

But though the setting and the method of presentation are Chinese and local, the heart of the story is universal. In the first act Wu Hoo Git, the hero, is a babe in his mother's arms. His father is Wu Sin Yin, governor of the province, and his mother Chee Moo, first wife of Wu Sin Yin. By the witchcraft of Tso (Fancy Beauty), his father and all the Court have been led to believe that the babe is misshapen, in consequence of which Wu Sin Yin resolves to kill Chee Moo and exalt Due Jung Fah (Fuchsia Flower), his second wife, to the first place in his favor. He orders Lee Sin, a farmer, to kill Chee Moo, but Lee Sin, who is unwilling, follows the advice of his wife, Suey Sin Fah (Lily Flower), and cuts off the head of the enchantress Tso instead. But Chee Moo must die to save her child. As the blood trickles from her opened vein she writes the mystery of his birth on the child's jacket and leaves it to Fate. Lee Sin and his wife find the forsaken babe and flee with it to the country. Though the child is represented by only a golden board wrapped around with swaddling-clothes, there is true pathos in the scene of parting. We forget the wooden symbol and listen only to the voice of motherhood crooning words of loving farewell to the child of its bosom.

In the second act, Wu Hoo Git has grown to be a manly young fellow of twenty. Like youth of all ages and climes, he wishes to know, to see life; like Gareth in Tennyson's poem he finds the quiet home life irksome, and would fare forth into the world of adventure. He knows there is a mystery surrounding his birth and would gladly know who his ancestors are. His kind foster parents, wishing to keep him with them, will not reveal the secret, but, realizing his determination, permit him to go forth, supplying him with money for his journeyings. In reality he is heir to the throne, but in his absence that exalted position is filled by Wu Fah Din, his half-brother, who on his first appearance informs the audience that "he is a man, though possessing the soul of a daffodil." In some inscrutable way Wu Fah Din realizes that Wu Hoo Git is a rival, and thereupon resolves to cast obstacles in the latter's way. The first of these is the temptation of pleasure. Instigated by Wu Fah Din, or Daffodil as he delights to call himself, Yin Suey Gong invites Wu Hoo Git to partake of the enchanted cup of love. Of four bewitching maidens offered him by Yin Suey Gong, the youthful hero selects Chow Wan (Autumn Cloud), though he is somewhat surprised to learn that he must pay Yin Suey Gong, the Purveyor of Hearts, all his money in order to possess his lady love. At this moment the ingenious Property Man practises his magic spell over the imagination. With four chairs and a cloth thrown over their backs he constructs a boat, which the Chorus tells the audience is "a flower boat which sails upon a silver river of love." Two men move bamboo poles up and down, one of the musicians rubs two pieces of sand paper—and we see the dainty craft sailing on a river of imagination and hear the gentle swish of the water as it floats by. As Wu Hoo Git says to Autumn Cloud, "the silver bells fill with the summer breezes. Wild bells tinkle in my august veins. . . . . See the lotus lanterns on the water wafting their candle-light to us. . . . 'Tis the land of perfumed pleasure, where the cups are filled with silver rice-wine, and the lips of love are heavy with greetings, and your every desire is answered."

But Wu Hoo Git is rudely awakened out of his day dream. Autumn Cloud exhorts him to put money in his purse, which has been emptied by his first payment to Yin Suey Gong. He returns to his foster parents for the cash, and when he seeks to find Autumn Cloud learns that Yin Suey Gong has sold her to a higher bidder. With bitter disillusionment in his heart Wu Hoo Git turns sadly to the real purpose of life, as many another youth has painfully done. In his case that purpose is to discover his ancestors. He goes out to a graveyard, quickly improvised by the resourceful Property Man, whose imperturbable demeanor now, as always, reveals the utter boredom he feels. There the hero meets Plum Blossom and falls in love with her. He wins her love, but cannot have her in marriage yet, for he has no ancestors and therefore, as Plum Blossom's nurse bluntly tells him, is not her equal—to us an extremely humorous standard of social equality. He bethinks him of his foster-parents and goes to learn from them the mystery of his birth. Arriving home he is affectionately welcomed by his devoted protectors, but is followed by Plum Blossom's father, who forbids the marriage for two reasons, first, because he has betrothed his daughter to another, whom she has not seen and does not love, and second, because Wu Hoo Git has no ancestors. The time for disclosure has come. The foster mother declares that Wu Hoo Git is the heir to the throne. Plum Blossom's father changes his tune in an instant. He will now gladly accept Wu Hoo Git as son-in-law. In the twinkling of an eye a royal chariot is provided by the Property Man, and after an affectionate farewell Wu Hoo Git is ready to depart. But Plum Blossom's inspiration is not to be lacking, for she arrives too and as a sign of her love gives him her slipper, declaring that she will hop on one foot until he can come to take her as his wife. Could female devotion go farther?

Accompanied by Git Hok Gar, a philosopher and scholar, Wu Hoo Git sets out to win his throne. His rival, Daffodil, learns of his approach, but disdains his power, thinking it only brawn, to which he will confidently oppose his brain. Again he casts formidable obstacles in the hero's way, symbolized by mountains, streams, and pelting snow storms, all of which are in turn supplied by the obliging Property Man by means of tables, chairs and a pot full of Chinese confetti. Inspired with self-confidence through knowing his ancestors and especially by the presence of Plum Blossom's slipper, Wu Hoo Git scales the mountain and passes the river, but has to give way before the fury of the storm. He falls exhausted and apparently dead, whereupon the useful Property Man is at hand to cover him with a shroud; which done, the latter expresses his utter weariness by tossing up all the remaining confetti with one tired movement of his hand. The storm has done its work. Why should he trouble himself further to keep up the illusion of continuance? In an instant the spirit of Plum Blossom appears. Wu Hoo Git is roused by her warm presence and engages in a colloquy with her, learning of her watchful care over him, but also learning the astonishing fact that as a spirit she is without what she calls her "impressive body" and her "venerable legs." Cheered by her devotion, he declares that he will "toss his naked self against the palace gates," which threat the aesthetic Daffodil,—who has been all the while on the stage visible to the eye, but invisible to the imagination—describes as "almost indelicate."

Finally, Wu Hoo Git reaches Daffodil on his throne and demands that he give place to the rightful heir. Daffodil agrees without a murmur, only wondering that Wu Hoo Git should have been so bold as to venture into his august presence. Wu Hoo Git robes himself in the Yellow Jacket, the royal garb, and ascends the throne, Daffodil making humble obeisance at his feet. Plum Blossom enters, Wu Hoo Git inquiring, "Have you brought your body with you?" Reassured on this important point, Wu Hoo Git takes her in his arms, and they all live happy ever afterwards.

M.

The Congress of Universities of the Empire.

IN compliance with the request of the Editor, I shall attempt to give the readers of The Monthly some impressions of the Congress of Universities of the Empire, which met in London in July, 1912, and which I had the honor of attending as the McMaster delegate. The Congress was summoned in the name of the University of London, but with the concurrence of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Its promoters made careful efforts to provide a programme of sufficient scope and value to interest every university in the Empire, and for each session of the meetings secured a chairman renowned in public service and famous wherever the name of Britain is known. It was a rare privilege to the delegates, and a guarantee of the importance of the occasion, to have the meetings presided over by such distinguished leaders as Lord Rosebery, Hon. Arthur Balfour, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Curzon, and Lord Strathcona.

The response to the invitation of the great English Universities was as generous as the programme provided and the arrangements made for the entertainment of the delegates. Every university in the British Empire was represented, fifty-three in all, of which thirty-five were from the "over-seas Dominions." The delegates numbered one hundred and fifty-three, and there were in attendance many other representatives of the educational interests of Great Britain and the Colonies.

The topics selected for discussion were of wide range and suggestiveness, embracing almost every phase of University effort, as the following partial list will show: Specialization among universities, inter-university arrangements for graduate and research students, relation of universities to technical and professional education, interchange of university teachers, residential facilities, conditions of entrance and the possibility of mutual recognition of entrance tests, university extension work, universities in relation to the after careers of the students, representation of teachers and graduates on the governing body of a university, universities in the East.

The proceedings throughout were of a high order. Of the introductory papers, prepared as they were by eminent educationists from all parts of the Empire, not one but was worthy of careful consideration. They differed, of course, in their fundamental assumptions, in their conception of the ideals to be sought, and in their estimate of the educational factors on which most stress should be laid. The discussions also reflected many different points of view. Unanimity was not to be looked for,—would, indeed, have proved the uselessness of calling such a Congress together. But the friendly interchange of opinions must tend to beget mutual sympathy and recognition, and show that each university is striving in its own way to realize its ideal and to secure the highest welfare of the nation.

The conduct of the meetings was characteristic of the business methods and parliamentary procedure of John Bull. The sessions were called to order at the appointed hour and every discussion was conducted on schedule time. In no case was the first speaker allowed to trespass on the time appointed for those that followed. The English ideal of good speaking seems to be exceedingly simple and sensible: if a man has nothing to say, he is expected to say it; if he has something to say he is expected to say it and no more. By the rigorous application of these rules and principles all extraneous discussion was precluded and a surprisingly large amount of pertinent matter was compressed into a day's proceedings. Once only did a speaker exceed the five minutes allowed in the discussions without being recalled to his sense of propriety by the inexorable bell.

Obviously it would be impossible in the short space of this article to give an adequate digest of the discussions of these important subjects. And fortunately it is unnecessary to make the trial to give such a summary, for a bound volume has been placed in the McMaster library presenting in full the papers read and the discussions they called forth.

In the expectation, therefore, that any of my readers who may wish for information upon any of these topics will turn to the full report, I content myself with some comments on a few of them which seem of special interest to us.

To Lord Rosebery, Chancellor of the Universities of London and Glasgow, who acted as chairman of the first session, was delegated the task of sounding the keynote of the Congress. Many of us had looked forward with eager anticipation to this opportunity of seeing and hearing the great statesman who is reputed also to be the foremost orator in Great Britain; and we were not at all disappointed. Lord Rosebery took a position somewhat familiar to McMaster audiences, but stated by him with new force and freshness. He holds the chief function of a university to be not scholarship or research, though these are sufficiently important to deserve all the attention that can be afforded them, but character.

"Whatever your different tasks and problems there is one common to all of you: there is a need which you alone can supply, the great need of the age, which is the need of men. I suppose the work of the universities may be roughly divided into three parts: the part of research, which can take its own burden so long as it is sufficiently equipped with funds, for every university will do as much research as it has money to undertake; then there is the training of the higher intelligences, who also if they have fibre, can take care of themselves; but the great mass of students have nothing to do with either the one or the other,—they are pass men, winning their degree as the stamp of their education or else as a means of earning their bread. Yet they, after all, constitute the most important part of the university, and make the largest demand upon the care and thought of the teachers who control it, because to form the men I am asking for you cannot appeal to any professor or to any class, you cannot have a class of character, or a class of morals; but you can imbue and infuse character and morals and energy and patriotism by the tone and atmosphere of your universities and of your professors. So far as you, gentlemen, can fulfil that task of sending out men—I care less about their brains than their character for the purpose I am speaking of—you are rendering by far the greatest service to the Empire that any bodies within the Empire can render.

"A century ago one Prime Minister sufficed for the whole British Empire, and we had difficulty in finding him, but now the whole Empire is dotted over with parliaments, which require not merely members, uncorruptible, earnest, honorable members, but ministries and prime ministers. Australia alone enjoys, I think, the privilege of seven parliaments for a population not more than half that of Greater London. These seven parliaments, seven ministries, seven prime ministers, represent a drain on the intelligence and vitality of the Australian nation that can only be adequately met if the universities of that country do their duty. * * * *

"I do not think any intelligent observer can watch the course of the world without seeing that a great movement of unrest is passing over it, whether for good or for evil—I doubt not for good—and that it is affecting not merely England and the Empire, but the entire universe. * * * * Is not the whole world, gentlemen, in the throes of a travail to produce something—something new to us, something new, perhaps, to history? * * * * For the purpose of guiding this movement, for the purpose of letting it proceed on safe lines that will not lead to shipwreck, we need all the men that the universities can give us."

Lord Rosebery also referred with approval to the rise of new universities with new aims and ideals. "Oxford and Cambridge satisfied the wants of England for centuries, and nobly did their work. But in the twelve years of the twentieth century which have already passed, in England alone no fewer than five universities have been founded. And the same thing has been going on all over the Empire. * * * * If such a Congress had been called in England in 1830 it would have been a meeting of two representatives. Had it been confined to Great Britain it would have been a meeting of six representatives. Had it been an Imperial Conference, it would not have consisted of more than eight representatives, that is to say, you would have taken in Dublin and a Canadian University, but beyond them nothing. Eight members! And eighty years afterwards we come here fifty-three strong.''

A prominent place on the programme was assigned to the subject of ''Post-Graduate and Research Students,'' introduced by Principal Peterson, of McGill University. The subject is peculiarly interesting to Canadians; for of our seventeen fully-chartered universities, only two attempt to do much graduate work beyond the requirements for the Master's degree. and these two have not been able to attract students from other institutions, or even to retain many of their own beyond the conferring of the Bachelor's degree. [I refer only to the Arts department.] Now it may be conceded without argument, I think, that the students who go on for graduate work, impelled either by the recommendation of their professors or by their own desire, are a superior class, a valuable asset to the nation. When these superior students are forced to go outside Canada to gratify their desire for higher learning. it is a considerable loss to us. But when. taking root in the new soil, they remain permanently beyond our borders, the loss is enormous. irreparable.

I am unable to form any accurate estimate of the number of Canadian graduates carrying on their studies in foreign countries. but feel sure it must run far up into the hundreds. A rough computation shows that upwards of twenty per cent. of the men graduates of McMaster have taken work at various American Universities. and too many of these have stayed in the United States. Canadian students pursuing their graduate studies in Germany or Great Britain as a rule eventually find their way back to Canada. Therefore any arrangement that will enable the faculties of Canadian Universities to direct their students to the great British centres of learning will commend itself to the judgment of patriotic Canadians.

Standing in the way of our turning our graduates towards

Great Britain there are two difficulties not met with when they go to the United States. In the first place, there is the lack of numerous scholarships and fellowships available to Canadian students. American Universities provide the fellowships, get our best students, and keep them. It is, perhaps, unreasonable to expect British Universities to provide the funds for fellowships unless they also keep the students. If Canadians would provide the funds we might give our students a taste of British University life, and bring them home to us again; almost certainly they would stay within the Empire.

The second difficulty is the lack of the Ph.D. degree, which on this continent is becoming increasingly recognized as the special qualification for taking up university teaching. Some of the British Universities, it is true, confer the degree D. Sc., or its equivalent, but this is awarded on the thesis alone, that is, solely for research: whereas, for the Doctorate of Philosophy in the United States, research is supplemented by advanced courses of lectures. Others of the British Universities confer, in Arts, only the degree B.A. For example, a Rhodes scholar going to Oxford with the Bachelor's degree from a Canadian University, spends three years in hard study and receives in recognition of his work—what he had at the beginning—a B.A. Now if he had gone to Harvard, or Columbia, or Chicago, he would have obtained a Ph. D. At Oxford, no doubt, he has acquired sound learning, the real thing to be sought for—this is not the point in question—but he has not obtained a degree which has commercial recognition, and which will unhesitatingly admit him to the teaching staff of a Canadian University. Thus McGill recently appointed an American to a professorship in one of its departments, though applications for the position were made by many able British scholars.

This phase of the Canadian situation was clearly presented by Principal Peterson, and he was ably supported by Prof. Frank Allen, of Manitoba. Prof. H. B. Allen, of Melbourne, Australia, spoke also of the somewhat ungenerous treatment of Australian graduates by Oxford and Cambridge. Their remarks, however, met with no favorable response. The British conception of graduate work seems to be fundamentally different from ours. Dr. J. W. Barrett, of Melbourne, at a later stage of the discussion, sought to make the distinction clear, and appealed to the British Universities to recognize the justice and urgency of the claims of the over-seas representatives. The British plan of restricting graduate work to those likely to be capable of the highest quality of original investigation, may do most for the cause of scholarship at large, though the concession is hardly borne out by the facts, but the American plan of providing advanced instruction for all graduates who want it will do most for the cause of education and for University life.

Meantime our graduates will continue to go to the United States.

Close attention to the undercurrent of the papers and discussions might lead one to conjecture that the older universities were on their defence against a tacit charge of becoming out of date. All that was said was most amicable, of course, and nothing emanating from the newer universities breathed the spirit of criticism I have suggested. Yet if the older Universities have not felt this criticism in the air, why such protesting as in Lord Curzon's address on opening the second day's deliberations, or such especially as in Mr. Leathes' paper on "The Relation of Universities to Public Services." Surely one who can give utterance to so sweeping a declaration of the inadequacy of mathematics, science, philosophy, political economy, modern languages and literature, must look through a monocle. Only one university and only one course of study in that university furnishes an approximation to the education required for public life! O for Herbert Spencer to arise in his might!

The greatest triumph accorded to any speaker at the Congress was that well merited and won by Mr. Albert Mansbridge, Secretary of the Workers' Educational Association. Though the speaker's accent showed that he did not belong to the "Brahmin Caste" of England, he was listened to with breathless attention, while he told of the successful efforts of artisans of twenty-five, thirty-five, even seventy years of age, to taste the pleasures of the intellectual life. The spirit of democracy is beginning to pervade even aristocratic old Oxford. Mr. Mansbridge was the only speaker of the Congress allowed to exceed his allotted time without interruption by the secretary's bell.

The practical outcome of the Congress is more a matter for the consideration of the University Senate than for this article. But this would be an imperfect account indeed if it failed to mention the splendid provisions for the social entertainment of the delegates. Official London sought to do honor to the representatives of higher learning. His Majesty's Government tendered them a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel; there were receptions by H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught at the University of London, by the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp at their home in Belgrave Square, by the Marchioness Dowager of Bute, by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House; a musicale given by Mrs. Sargent at Claridge's Hotel; and several other social events.

To the uninitiated it might seem that an invitation to dine with the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers would carry with it little honor or promise of pleasure. But those of us who had the privilege of sharing the hospitality of one of the quaint old London Guilds will long remember the satisfaction and enjoyment it afforded us.

Another enjoyable event was a garden party and reception given by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson at Lambeth Palace. A moment after we had been received, a young lady overtook us, saying she had been sent by Mrs. Davidson to ask if we would not like to go through the Palace, and volunteering to act as guide. We gathered together a group of Canadian delegates, and our fair guide, who is a niece of the Archbishop, proved herself a most accomplished Cicerone. Lambeth Palace is to the Church what the Tower of London is to the Crown. Every room in it, from the lofty tower to the crypt in the basement, is replete with historic associations. Here Wycliffe was tried and here also many of his followers suffered imprisonment and torture.

The prison at the top of the tower is an interesting room with heavy oak walls on which are carved in quaint old-English letters the names of many a prisoner of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. On the walls also we found carved the counters of dice, showing that prisoners, when tired of gazing through the narrow slit of window upon the Thames, tried to while away the tedious hours by various games. It seemed incredible that any one could ever have escaped from such a prison, yet we were assured that one prisoner escaped through the window, letting himself down to the river below by means of a rope which his wife had smuggled in to him. As we looked at the narrow aperture the thought was forced upon us that the course of prison diet must have been a potent factor in enabling a full-grown man to accomplish the feat.

R. Wilson Smith.

The Appeal of Burns's Poetry.

BURNS'S writings have a perennial, ever-strengthening, ever-widening appeal. His name and much that he wrote are "familiar in our mouths as household words." To read his incomparable lyrical effusions is to be made to feel the appropriateness of his title of Scotland's National Bard. His poems, though, have much more than a national appeal. There is that in them that finds a response in the universal heart.

Robert Burns came at a time when poetry needed to be rescued from unreality and lifelessness. Cowper's was the hand ahead of Burns in point of time to aid most in effecting that rescue. The Scottish poet is as faithful to nature as Cowper. He has all the human interest, and all the native force and beauty of Cowper; adding thereto a greater emotional power, and a closer familiarity with the social side of life.

The compositions of Burns are rich with poetry's truest elements. They breathe a winsome tenderness, sensibility and a keen appreciation of the true and beautiful. What Burns lacked in technical knowledge was more than supplied by natural untutored genius. His soul rang with the finest harmonies. The "dewy flowers," the "tunefu birds," the "saft-blawin' westlin winds," the "gurgling" stream, the smiles and glances of a *bonnie* female face—these kindled his glowing melody, and stirred him to song fit in expression and form. Everything came warm from his heart.

Many accord his "Tam o'Shanter" the first place among his writings. One reading it gets the impression of having listened to a well-told tale. Despite the appended moral, it does not elevate; yet the composition with its rollicking fun, its weird display, and its descriptive imagery, captivates the reader, leaving a distinct and not unwholesome impression.

Eulogy cannot do justice to such poems of his as "The Cotter's Saturday Night"—with its matchless portraiture of domestic felicity; or to the sublime and pathetic address "To Mary in Heaven;" or to his tender outbursts at the sights of the "Mountain Daisy" and "A Mouse."

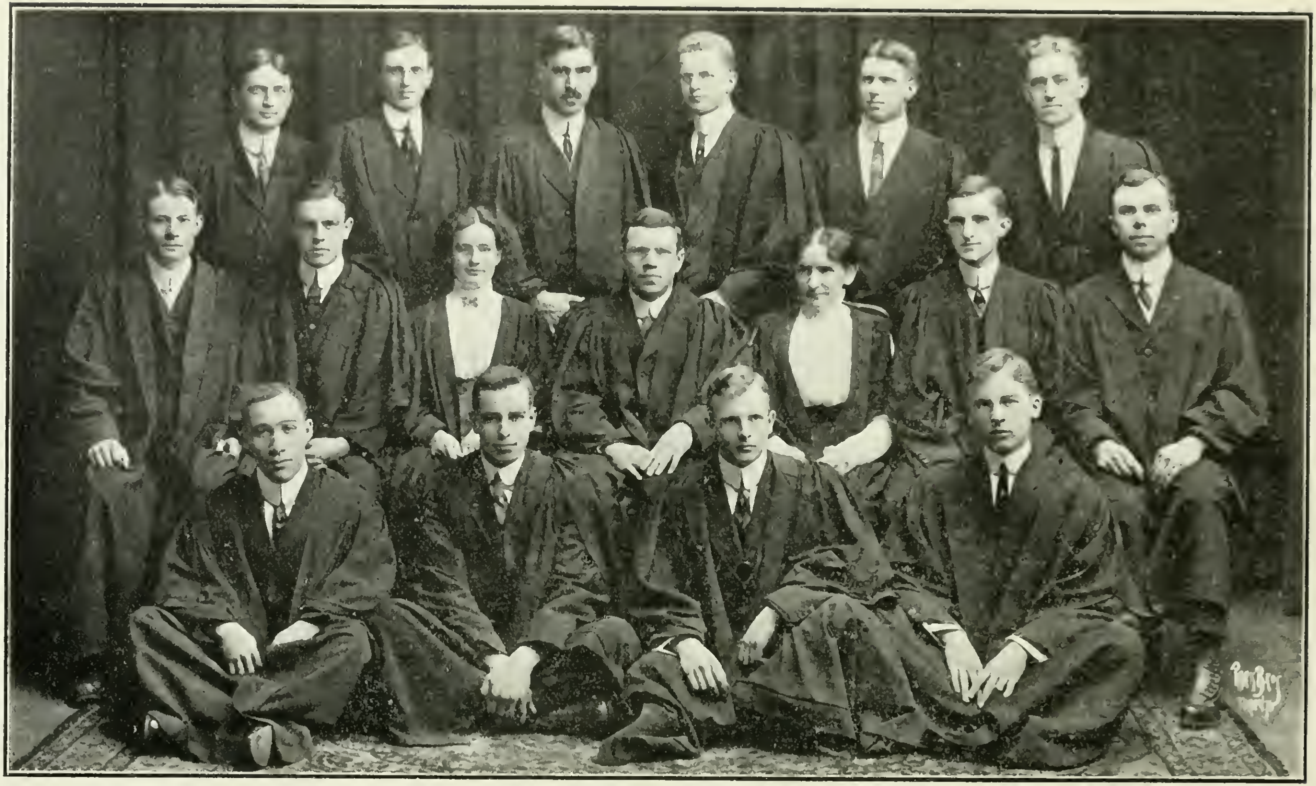
His many love-lyrics, too, for spontaneity of expression and beauty of thought and form are unrivalled. The one beginning "O my Luve's like a red, red rose" is a perfect little gem of its kind. It is simple, but it is sublime in sincerity and strength. In sixteen short lines it compresses within itself more beauty of simile and force of hyperbole characteristic of true love's expression than a dozen of almost any other love-songs.

That one entitled "Mary Morrison" is in fine strain. And where in all the Muse's range was maid more sweetly sung than Burns's own "sweet lovely Jean" in the lines beginning "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw?"

Such pieces as "A man's a man for a' that" and "Scots wha ha'e" reflect the justice and freedom-loving elements of his being,—feelings which being so fitly expressed endear him to the hearts of men wherever these things are held in esteem.

The peasant-poet has justly attained to princely rank among the world's sweet singers.

JOHN S. HALL, '16.



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Editorial Notes.

With the issuance of this number of The Monthly, the task of the Board of Publication of 1912-'13 is at an end. The May number is yet to appear, but, as in other years, it will take the form of a Graduation Number, representing the literary and artistic labors of the senior classes in Arts and Theology.

The personnel of the Board of Publication for 1913-'14 has been decided upon. B. F. Trotter, '14, has been chosen to act as Managing Editor, an appointment which gives assurance of good things ahead. With him are to be associated, as editors, H. C. Hudson, '14, Around the Hall; Miss Mary Fowler, '14, Women's Department; D. M. Sullivan, '14, Here and There; J. H. Cranston, B.A., '05, Our Graduates; R. E. Freeman, '14, Athletics; and as reporters, Miss I. C. Fairbairn, '15, A. Haddow, Theol.; E. H. Lock, '14; P. K. Hambly, '15; W. A. Kenyon, '15; J. S. Hall, '16; H. R. McLarty, '16. The appointment of Business Manager falls to A. V. Mitchener, '14, and the Advertising and Subscription Departments will be in the hands of G. E. Ramage, '15, and E. L. Biggar, '16, respectively.

College News.

Around the Hall.

EDITOR: G. M. GOODFELLOW, '13.

> "......Men may come and men may go,
> But I go on forever."

WITH this issue of THE MONTHLY, the editor lays down the mantle of office, although it seems but a very short time since it was placed upon his shoulders. Contrary to what might seem most natural, the duty of recording the events of college life does not emphasize the length of the term, but rather brings into relief in the mind the swift passing of the days, and almost before we realize it the days have piled up into weeks, and the weeks into months, and lo! we are at the close of another school year. And yet, not quite at its close either, for that dread barrier "exams.," which lies between us and the smiling land beyond, still remains to be overpassed. The atmosphere of "cramming" envelops us all; each one is eager to achieve the coveted firsts, and in the stampede all work and no play is apt to be the rule. To those who have a tendency to seek success at the expense of health (and there are not a few of such in our midst), we would recommend the philosophy of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

On the other hand, this should not be interpreted as a justification of seeking health to the detriment of scholastic attainment. There is a golden mean in this sphere as well as elsewhere.

We desire to thank the readers of this magazine for the interest they have taken in THE MONTHLY throughout the year; also to express our appreciation to the staff of reporters, that "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," to whom is due in a great measure any merit this column may have achieved during the year. The choice for the editorship for the ensuing year has fallen upon Mr. H. C. Hudson. Mr. Hudson's reputation has already been established as a member of the Board, and his worth is warrant for the welcome with which the announcement of his appointment has been received. Readers of THE MONTHLY are assured that under his skilful guidance this department will reach a high literary standard.

DEBATING UNION.—A political deadlock arose in Parliament on Saturday afternoon, March 1, over the Tax Reform Bill. The Bill was introduced by Comrade Madill, of the Social Democrats, the government leader. E. E. Hyde was head of the Opposition forces. The debate was heated, and several times the Speaker found it necessary to call the House to order. Notable features were the masterly way in which Comrade E. G. Black met all the questions of the plutes, the splendid defence of the bill by Comrade R. E. Freeman, and the unintelligible and personal remarks of G. H. Thomas, B.A. Had it not been that a considerable amount of lobbying was done, the bill would have been passed. Dr. Gilmour acted as critic.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.—Noteworthy excellence was shown in the annual Oratorical Contest in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, March 14. People do not usually expect real oratory in an undergraduate competition, but it was there, genuine oratorical ability and in a marked degree. The speeches in every case were of a very high order and dealt with subjects of great interest. The contestants and the topics they chose were as follows: Carl V. Farmer, '15, on "Purpose;" Albert Hughes, '16, "Our Nation: Her Destiny;" David M. Sullivan, '14, "The Waning of the Crescent;" and Ernest G. Black, '13, "A World Federation." Hon. Justice Middleton, who, with Rev. A. J. Vining and Chancellor A. L. McCrimmon, judged the contest, awarded the highest honors to C. V. Farmer, the representative of the Sophomores. "I have often heard," said Justice Middleton, "that McMaster was the home of orators. To-night I was given proof of it." D. A. Bates, '13, who acted as chairman, announced that the prize was a gold medal watch fob, donated by Mr. Harry Ryrie. The presentation was then made by Prof. G. H. Campbell, M.A., Honorary President of the Debating Union. The winning speech was marked throughout by careful thought, simple dignity and graceful eloquence. The enjoyableness of the evening was increased by musical selections from Miss

Marjorie Sypher, pianist. Miss Evelyn Kellock, B.A., soprano, and the Nip and Tuck Quartette, and by humorous readings from Mr. J. John, elocutionist.

Final Inter-Year Debate.—"Resolved, that in the best interests of Canada, western governments should provide capital at a low rate of interest for western farmers" was the subject of the final inter-year debate held in the Chapel on Wednesday evening, March 19. Year '13, represented by A. Haddow and G. M. Goodfellow, supported the resolution, and Year '14, championed by E. H. Lock and N. Davies, upheld the negative. The affirmative showed the need of capital at a low rate of interest in the West, and the way in which similar needs were met in other countries, contrasted the various means adopted to supply these needs and outlined a system of co-operative rural credit banks for the western provinces. By way of rebuttal, the negative argued that such a proposal was contrary to the working out of the present principle of legislation, that there are greater needs and better ways of using capital in the West, and that such a system would have exceedingly detrimental effects on Canada's future welfare and progress. The judges, Professors Matthews, Findlay and Smith, had some difficulty in deciding as to the winners of the debate, but, after a few minutes of deliberation, during which period the audience was entertained by musical numbers and humorous readings rendered by Prof. Swedelius and J. D. Morrison, '14, respectively, they announced their decision in favor of the Juniors. In style, the Seniors were declared to be superior, but in matter, preference went to the Juniors, and with it the '09 Cup. This is the second time the championship has been won by Year 'Fourteen. Mr. A. H. Hutchinson, as representative of Year '09, the donors of the Cup, presented it to Year '14.

Student Volunteer Band.—At a well-attended meeting of the Student Volunteer Band on Tuesday, March 4, Mrs. Liebenberg gave a very interesting talk on the work of the Nyassa Mission, carried on by the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa. With the aid of a map of South Africa, she outlined the districts which have already been reached by missions organized partly as a result of David Livingstone's appeal. Educational work plays a large and important part in purging the native mind of superstition, and presenting to them new truths about the Great Spirit whom they fear. We, as a Christian nation, must give to these benighted heathen those things which have really made us great—those great spiritual truths, which are life and light in Jesus Christ.

Those who attended the Student Volunteer meeting on March 11 listened to an earnest and sympathetic address on the opium traffic by Rev. Eric Lewis, B.A. He was able, in the time at his disposal, to give but a cursory review of this indelible stigma on the foreign policy of Great Britain. He traced the development of the trade, under the fostering arm of the British Government, and the evolution of legislation with respect to the traffic, particularly in its relation to China and England.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.—Dr. Frank Sanderson, of the Board of Governors of the University, was the speaker at a meeting of the Social Science Club, held on Thursday evening, March 13. The subject was "The Business of Life Insurance," with which, of course, Dr. Sanderson is thoroughly conversant, since he is one of the leading actuaries of the Dominion. He gave a brief outline of the business as it is carried on in the largest institutions of the country. The extent and complexity of the organization was discussed, and, as a conclusion, the speaker explained the merits of the various forms of insurance policies. The subject was one of interest to the students, and the latter part of the discussion was particularly appreciated.

On Thursday evening, April 3, the final meeting of the Social Science Club was addressed by Dr. Matthews. It was a fitting close to a series of splendid addresses. Dr. Matthews spoke of our duty toward society, pointing out the many opportunities for social service which are afforded to University men. We must lose that attitude of superiority that keeps us aloof from the main stream of life. At heart all men are the same. The polish and culture of education are but a thin veneer; underneath lie the same passions, ambitions and weaknesses that have moved the hearts of men throughout the ages. We must put ourselves into definite relation to the onward movements of life and lend a shoulder to the wheel of progress. But above all no man can afford to ignore the mighty work of the church. Without her the great task of uplifting mankind is certain to be futile; but through her the work is sure to be crowned with success. The church is God's instrument; by linking his life with this instrument, is the way for a man to attain unto the useful life, the godly life.

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Rev. W. M. Rochester, Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, addressed an enthusiastic meeting of the Theological Society on Thursday, March 13.

AN OPEN CONFESSION.—Juniorette (making a campaign speech at a meeting of the Literary Society): "They say forewarned is forearmed, but I must confess that, although I was *warned*, there have been occasions when I was better *armed*."

FRESHMAN SLEIGHRIDE.—Of the freshmen's first sleighing party and the pleasure of that excursion, forbidden by sophomores till 'Sixteen itself should wear the yellow, sing, O Muse! that even on the top flat may be known the significance of March 3. For on that evening a sleigh called at the homes of Miss Chapman and Dr. Bates, respectively, and from these rendezvous carried away a number of pleasure seekers. The ride was chiefly marked by heated discussions as to the proper distribution of the Buffalo (robe), and by the fact that a strayed reveller was found and induced to cease from straying. After varied experiences, the happy company arrived again at the domicile of Dr. Bates, where they indulged in games, in which Miss MacLaurin and the popular expositor of the merits of old age carried off the bun. Then when the search for the lost cord had proved fruitless, refreshments were served by the hostess. When the time for adjournment arrived, Year 'Sixteen was convinced that an evening spent with Dr. and Mrs. Bates as host and hostess and with Prof. G. H. Campbell, as leader of ceremonies, means "the superlative of enjoyment."

LITERARY SOCIETY.—The meeting of the Literary Society on Friday, March 28, was the occasion of an especially interesting programme. The opening number was a violin solo by F. A. McGregor, '13. President Crowe announced the prize winners in the poster contest as follows: First, W. Werden, '16; second, G. Davies, '14; third, W. S. Rice, '14; fourth, W. Werden, '16. The four prize posters were then put on sale, and auctioned off by A. A. Trembert, who, notwithstanding the fact that the school year is now almost ended, was very successful in inducing the students to loosen up. He also succeeded in eliciting bids from a couple of ladies, which is, as was remarked, "going some," even for Mr. Trembert. A delightful number was given by Mr. Earl Ludlow, a baritone soloist who has pleased many McMaster audiences. The candidates for offices in the Literary Society were given an opportunity to demonstrate their oratorical powers and make the current campaign promises, of which all the ancient ones are still in use. The concluding number on the programme was a reading by Mr. Geo. F. Hayden, of the Toronto School of Expression.

FYFE DAY.—The third and last Fyfe Day of the school year was held on Wednesday, March 26. Reports of the year's work were given by the subordinate organizations of the Y.M.C.A. F. L. Stacy reported that the Student Volunteer Band had been well attended, that speakers from many parts of the world had been heard, and that the number of volunteers had increased to sixteen. L. S. Haverstock, leader of the Evangelistic Band, stated that services had been held in about twenty churches, and that the number of conversions through the efforts of the members of the Band was between thirty and forty. A splendid summary of the work of the Y.W.C.A. was given by the President, Miss Hazel Hooper.

The address of the afternoon was given by Rev. A. J. Vining, on "The Baptist Cause in Europe." For more than an hour Mr. Vining held the attention of the whole assembly. His address was characterized by splendid language, fine imagery and energetic delivery. He told of his personal visits to nearly all the countries in Europe, and briefly reviewed the position that the Baptist denomination occupies in Italy, Russia, Germany, France, Spain, Bulgaria, Hungary and Holland. The sketch of the heroic characters who are leading our cause, in the face of so many difficulties, was most inspiring. The greatest need of the hour in Europe for our Baptist work is colleges in which to train leaders for the church.

NIP AND TUCK SOCIETY BANQUET.—On Thursday evening, March 6, there was held in the tea rooms of the University the first annual banquet of the Nip and Tuck Society. A large number of the nipped were in attendance, each in a distinctive garb—symbolical, variegated, grotesque—and provided with the requisite spirit of mirth. At six-fifteen the "jests" began to stream in, and when all were seated the company presented a wonderful spectacle; even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Everything seemed to be running peacefully when suddenly the strains of the orchestra burst upon the assembly in a bray of minstrelsy. A storm of cheers greeted the first selection, which was followed by a grind-organ solo by Prof. Caponsacchi the leader. The termination of this venerable musician's efforts was cause for genuine relief. After the many and varied foodstuffs had been dispatched, the assembly of the nipped, with feelings of satisfaction and expectancy, turned to hear the first toast, proposed by F. Alexander McGregor, the president. Mr. McGregor, in a neat and witty speech, toasted "The People." W. Mason Turnbull then proposed the toast to the McMaster Spirit. He painted for us a vivid and fantastic dream-picture of a ghostly battle and the wonderful birth of the McMaster Spirit. This toast was responded to by Rev. H. R. Nobles, B.A., B.D., who displayed his wonted solemnity of countenance, and an extraordinary fund of humor. A few remarks from Albert A. Trembert, touchingly eulogized that dead society known as the "Skin-'em and Do-'em." Rev. James Strachan, speaking in its behalf, related a few interesting incidents connected with its career. At this point in the programme the company was soothed by a tender cradle song, rendered by the Nip and Tuck Quartette. James B. Smith next rose to stir us into laughter again by his toast to "The Gents." After the response by Mr. Joseph Wearing, M.A., R. V. Howard, legal adviser of the Society, in his characteristic nonchalant drawl related a few more jokes. He toasted "Alma Mater Paterque," in reply to which James James, Esq., commonly known as "Daddy," expressed his appreciation of the noble work of the Society, on behalf of himself and Mrs. James. This did not end the programme, however, for the Nip and Tuck, though claiming absolute superiority, does not ignore its Sister Societies. This toast was proposed by G. H. Ellis, and was responded to by H. C. Cline, from the Lit., R. L. Kellock, from the Athletic Association, F. C. Madill, President of the Social Democratic League, and Royda Shields, representative of the Women's Literary Society. The evening's hilarity was brought to a close by the well-known song, "I'm Fu' the Noo." The guests felt somewhat as the poet: "I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."

FAREWELL LECTURE.—On Saturday evening, March 29, Mr. W. J. Donald delivered his farewell lecture to the fourth year class in Special Economics. At the conclusion of the hour, adjournment was made to more comfortable quarters, where Mr. Donald regaled the members of the class with a feast that surpassed even the most elaborate Nip and Tuck function. When everything edible within reach had disappeared, the company found it necessary to rest for a considerable time, before being able to depart for their respective rooms. In the interim various matters of major or minor importance were thoroughly discussed.

ANNUAL ELECTIONS.

STUDENT BODY.—The elections of the Student Body were held on Friday, April 4, when officers for the year 1913-14 were chosen. Two offices were filled without the necessity of a vote, H. Merritt, '13, and R. E. Freeman, '14, being elected President and 1st Vice-President, respectively, by acclamation. A ballot was necessary to decide the choice for 2nd Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer. E. H. Lock, '14, was chosen to fill the former office, and C. S. V. Hawkings, '15, to fill the latter. Kakiak-Elect Merritt spoke briefly, and was followed by the other new officers. A recommendation was carried that the presidents of the various years in Arts be representatives of their respective classes on the Executive of the Student Body.

LITERARY SOCIETY.—A novel feature of the Literary Society's final meeting, on April 4, was a suffragette demonstration on the part of the ladies, who responded to a male chorus "I Want a Girl," by marching into the chapel under the capable leadership of the Misses Pankhurst. Each member in the procession wore a badge on which were the time-honored words "Votes for Women," and, what is more, each looked as if she were really determined to exercise the franchise in spite of all opposition from the other side of the house. The preliminary business of the meeting was the giving of a number of reports in connection with the business of THE MONHTLY and the Literary Society. The financial reports of the two organizations showed substantial surpluses and considerable increases over last year. A vote of thanks was extended by the Society to those in charge, for the capable way in which they had administered the business of the year. The cause of the large attendance at Lit., however, lay not in the suffragette demonstration, nor in the consideration of the reports, but in the election of the Literary Society Executive for he year 1913-14. All the positions were hotly contested and excitement ran high. The popular choice resulted in electing for Honorary President, Chancellor McCrimmon; President, J. D. Morrison, '14; First Vice-President, P. K. Hambly, '15; Second Vice-President, Miss E. S. Pratt, '14; Recording Secretary, T. F. McWilliams, '14; Treasurer, G. E. Ramage, '15; Corresponding Secretary, F. W. Kemp, '16; Secretary of Committees, J. H. Fox, '16.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—The executive chosen to guide the school in affairs athletic is composed of the following: Honorary President, Professor McLay; President, A. Hisey, '14; Vice-President, R. D. Campbell, '15; Secretary, R. L. Kellock, '15; Treasurer, W. A. Kenyon, '15; Business Manager, G. Davies.

DEBATING UNION.—In spite of much disturbance caused by sympathizers with the suffragette movement, the election of officers for the Debating Union was brought to a successful conclusion on Saturday, April 5. After campaign speeches had been delivered, the audience sat in judgment thereon, and the final award was: Honorary President, W. S. Wallace, B.A.; President, W. K. Anderson, '14; Vice-President, J. A. Long, '15; Secretary-Treasurer, P. Buck, '16.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.—On Wednesday, April 2, the election of officers was held. The executive of the Club for next year will be: Honorary President, W. J. Donald, B.A.; President, W. K. Anderson, '14; Vice-President, E. D. Renno, '14; Secretary-Treasurer, E. A. Smith, '15.

NIP AND TUCK SOCIETY.—The annual elections were held at the conclusion of the meeting of the Literary Society on Friday, March 28. The meeting opened with the usual "feed," in which, for the first time in the history of the organization, the ladies were participants. The company having filled up, the laborious task of election of officers was proceeded with. The process was, as usual, a mere formality, the President knocking down the office to the highest private bidder. At the conclusion of the elections, a handsome bouquet was presented to the retiring president, and incidentally the degree M.G., Master of Graft, was conferred upon him, *honoris causa.* Some of the officers for next year are: Honorary President, The High Kakiak; president, A. A. Trembert; vice-president, A. V. Mitchener; secretary-treasurer, A. Hisey; chaplain, J. Bartlett Smith; organizer, E. A. Smith.

Y.M.C.A.—Unusual interest was manifested in the election meeting of the Y.M.C.A. held on Thursday, April 3. The Treasurer's report was read, which showed a material increase in the surplus of the Association. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, R. A. L. Knight, B.A.; Vice-

President, J. H. Moore, '15; Recording Secretary, L. M. Houlding, '15; Corresponding Secretary, S. G. Cole, '16.

Student Volunteer Band.—The election of officers for the year 1913-14, held on April 1, resulted as follows: President, M. R. Hartley, '13; Vice-President, Miss R. Veals, '15; Secretary, A. O. Parry, '14; Treasurer, P. P. Ziemann, '16.

Year 'Fourteen.—The Juniors held their annual elections on Wednesday, April 2, when the following were chosen to pilot the class through its final year: Honorary President, Chancellor McCrimmon; President, W. W. Smith (acclamation); Vice-President, Miss Ada Found; Secretary-Treasurer, E. G. Dale.

Year 'Fifteen.—On Friday, March 29, the Sophomores held their elections. The interest in the contest for some days had been very lively and until the last ballot was counted the results were in doubt. The Executive elected is a strong one, representing, as it does, the theological, the athletic and other elements. Following are the elected: Honorary President, Professor Smith; President, G. M. Philpott; Vice-President, Miss M. Benner; Secretary-Treasurer, I. S. Reeds; Class Historian, J. Long; Representatives: Literary Society, Miss A. Matthews; Athletic Association, R. D. Campbell; Student Body, F. H. Moody; Debating Union, C. V. Farmer; Y.M.C.A., W. Spencer; Track Captain, E. McKissock, Soccer Captain, A. Hay; Rugby Captain, G. M. Philpott; Hockey Captain, R. L. Kellock.

Year 'Sixteen.—A precedent was established this year when the elections of the freshman class were carried through undisturbed by the sophomores. Perhaps this is due to the fact that nominations and elections were held at the same meeting, a fact which no doubt caught the sophs unprepared. Those who will undertake to conduct the education of next year's freshmen will be led by these officers: Honorary President, Prof. Findlay; President, H. McLarty; Vice-President, Miss M. Newton; Secretary-Treasurer, B. Gilbert; Representative to Lit., P. Buck; Representative to Athletic Association, D. Price; Representative to Student Body, W. Mallory; Representative to Debating Union, F. W. Kemp; Representative to Y.M.C.A., S. Cole; Historienne, Miss M. Campbell; Orator, E. L. Biggar; Rugby Captain, D. Price; Soccer Captain, P. P. Ziemann.

Women's Department.

EDITOR: MISS JESSIE KEE, '13.

> "New measures, other feet anon!
> My dance is finished!" *Browning.*

IN the mind of every McMaster student, April and Exams. are inextricably bound together, and this seems a great pity. Picture the student on these glorious spring mornings attempting to account for the downfall of the Roman Empire, or to master the mysteries of declination and azimuth! The sun laughs in at the window, the birds sing and seem to mock her forced seclusion, the trees beckon tauntingly. In fancy she is out in the country, now following the course of the merry little stream glancing in the bright sunshine, now roving through the woods searching for the earliest hypaticas. Softly she whispers:

> "Oh hush, mine heart, and take thine ease,
> For here is April weather."—

"April?—Exams!"—Back she goes to her work again, grimly determined

> "not to Live, but Know!"

And so until the end of her imprisonment, May the second, she must be deaf to the calling of the birds, and streams and flowers: she must be dead to the world and the vanities thereof. Instead of a happy, care-free, out-door life she must "browse among dusty volumes."

> "Who first invented work and bound the free
> And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
> . . . .
> To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?"

MODEL EXAMINATION PAPER.

In view of the approaching examinations, the editor cheerfully submits to the overworked professors a few suggestions for a model examination paper.

SOCIOLOGY.

1. Discuss the general and particular effects of afternoon tea on present-day society. Enumerate the essential components of

the tea, describe carefully appropriate costumes for the occasion, and suggest suitable topics of conversation.

II. Explain or discuss the following:

1. The Freshman's relation to society.
2. Levies.
3. Dress Reform.
4. Elements involved in the training of Freshettes.
5. The relation of alarm clocks to higher education.

HISTORY.

I. Write a brief informing note on the Persecution of the Christians on March 26, 1913.

II. Outline briefly the internal and external history of Year 'Thirteen during the period 1909-13.

ENGLISH.

I. State in your own words the proposition Shakespeare sets out to establish in the following passage from "Paradise Lost":

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

II. State the persons referred to in the following passages:

(a) "Till War's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh, and a tear."
(b) "Oh Lassie, are ye sleepin' yet?"
(c) "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
(d) "My salad days
When I was green in judgment."
(e) "And wisely tell what hour o' th' day,
The clock does strike, by Algebra."
(f) "A progeny of learning."
(g) "Let the singing singers
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation out-vociferize,
Ev'n sound itself."
(h) "Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land."
(i) "As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."
(j) "Had sighed to many, though he loved but one."
(k) "Her statue tall—I hate a dumpy woman."
(l) "Fine feathers make fine birds."

PSYCHOLOGY.

Explain "effort" accompanying the volitional action,—say in arising at 4 a.m. for the purpose of acquiring eleventh-hour information,—understanding effort both from the physical and mental point of view.

PHILOSOPHY.

Who taught that "man is the measure of all things?" Explain this theory and show how the Suffragettes have sought to disprove it.

MATHEMATICS.

I. Estimate and prove which is the more profitable investment: $100 deposited in the bank at three and a half per cent. compound interest, drawn out at the rate of $5.00 a week, or the same sum deposited conveniently in a stocking. Take into account the value of shoe leather in computing accrued interest.

II. A star is expected to appear on the horizon at nine a.m., May the sixth. State whether it will be single or double, and in conjunction with what professor or professors?

WOMEN'S STUDENT BODY.—A meeting of the Women's Student Body was called for the purpose of electing a president for next year. Miss Irene Stillwell was chosen for this honor and was duly installed in her new office. Before the meeting adjourned, Miss Jessie Stenhouse spoke a few words of appreciation of Miss Christine Fraser's work this year, calling attention to the wisdom and tact which she displayed in dealing with the many problems which continually come up in every student body. The girls indicated by hearty applause that Miss Stenhouse had admirably expressed their sentiments.

Y.W.C.A.—In every department of University life signs of the approach of the end of the term are to be seen. The Y.W.C.A. held its final meeting for the year on March the nineteenth.

At a meeting previous to this, Miss Kilpatrick, the intercollegiate Y.W.C.A. Secretary for Toronto, told the society of the work she has been doing. The office she holds was created less than a year ago, and since then the interest in the Y.W.C.A. work has been quickened, the organizations of a number of societies have been improved, and a new association has been formed at the Conservatory of Music.

At another recent meeting Miss Conde, of New York, spoke on the "Sins of College Life," and her talk went straight to the hearts of her audience, among which were members of the Federal Executive, and representatives from the other colleges. "There are three sins into which all students are apt to fall," said Miss Conde, "blindness, unbelief and self-indulgence."

At the final meeting the following officers, having been duly elected, were installed in their respective offices: Honorary President, Mrs. Franzen-Swedelius; president, Miss Margaret Hair, '14; vice-president, Miss Ruby Veals, '15; secretary, Miss Margaret Newton, '16. After the installation of the officers, Miss Jessie Kee moved a vote of thanks to the retiring president of the Society, Miss Hazel Hooper, expressing appreciation of the very able way in which the work this year has been carried on. The hearty applause of the girls proved that these sentiments were shared by all.

This year McMaster will be represented at the Muskoka Conference by Isobel Fairbairn, Melba Campbell, Margaret Benner and Clara Hellyer.

THE JUNIORS BANQUETTED.—"There was a sound of revelry" on March the nineteenth, when the first, second and fourth years paid due honor to the third year in recognition of their superior histrionic ability. The method of showing their appreciation was charcteristic:

"Now good digestion, wait on appetite,
And health on both!"

Mrs. G. H. Campbell kindly acted as chaperone. The Freshettes were extremely gratified that they were permitted to serve as cup-bearers, and although somewhat embarrassed by the magnitude of the honor thrust upon them, they performed their duties with surprisingly few mishaps. A cup more or less is not worth consideration anyway. To the Sophettes was entrusted the privilege of seeing that their elders lacked nothing, and this they did with an unselfishness and a fidelity truly remarkable. The Seniorettes, as befitted the dignity of their position, reclined comfortably in easy chairs, and graciously added to the pleasure of the Juniorettes by consenting to share the feast with them. But

"comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning,"

and the Juniorettes were called up, one by one, to express their appreciation of the kindness of their hostesses. Afterwards Mrs. Campbell, called on for some timely advice, was kind enough to congratulate the girls on the success of the evening. She referred to similar occasions which she remembered to have occurred when she was a McMaster undergraduate. All too soon the summons came to attend the debate between the Third and Fourth years, and the company adjourned to Castle Memorial Hall.

FASHION FADS.—The really stunning hats this season will indicate either an extreme inquisitiveness with their question marks perched pertly in front, or an air of doubt, with their dashes trailing along behind. And if you desire something modish—chic—novel—stylish—new—"awful swell"—in the words of the milliner, you must have cerise somewhere about it; anywhere, or everywhere, so long as it is somewhere.

Graduation gowns must be of white—all are agreed on that. The material does not matter,—anything from cheese cloth to satin. The skirts are longer than they were, and much fuller, not at the lower edge, however, but at the top. Everything is draped, great care being taken to disguise the human form. The waist line, which of late has been wandering restlessly, with no fixed abode, has decided to take up its normal position again.

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.—Another decidedly successful open meeting of the Women's Literary Society was that of March the seventh. This year the Greek comedy, Endymion, was listened to enthusiastically by the many interested friends assembled in Castle Memorial Hall. Hattie Knight, as Hermes, was the star of the evening. Although hers was the most difficult part, it was exceptionally well done. The happy, mischievous messenger of the gods was the life of the play, and won deserved commendation. Elsie Ashall, as Phrynia, was irresistible in her portrayal of the wayward, love-sick maiden, and Edith Pratt, who represented Endymion, showed marked ability. Aphrodite, Olive Wilkins, was excellent;—indeed, it is scarcely fair to choose a few for special mention when all took their parts so well. The play revealed a great deal of talent among the girls, and the prospects are bright for the continued success of McMaster co-eds along dramatic lines.

There was in the audience that evening a certain type of femininity (?) which we, although most ardent upholders of our sex, will not admit as worthy of emulation. Perhaps it may be, although we trust not, a prototype of the twenty-fifth century; it certainly does not represent in any way the women of the twentieth.

Elections for the offices in the various societies are creating a great deal of excitement at present. On March the fifteenth the nominations for president, vice-president and secretary of the W. L. S. were received. A short but excellent programme followed. A vocal solo by Letha Kortum and an instrumental duet by Margaret Benner and Muriel Draper were much enjoyed. Miss Etta Pugsley, B.A., delighted us with two amusing readings. The girls feel very grateful to Miss Pugsley for the interest she shows in the McMaster girls, and for her kindness in helping us from time to time. She is perhaps especially interested in this society, as she held the position of president in her senior year. Alma Matthews, in her paper on Current Events, maintained the high standard of her predecessors. Minnie Currie gave a brief report of a reception recently held at St. Hilda's. On account of the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Arnton, Jessie Kee was appointed to fill her place as critic, and she heroically set about the task. So successful was the undertaking that a delegation waited on her at the close of the meeting to ascertain if it would be possible to procure her services as critic next year as Mrs. Arnton is leaving. The decision is entirely in the hands of the professors.

The officers of the W. L. S. for 1913-14 were elected at the final meeting on March the twenty-eighth. They are as follows: Honorary President, Mrs. McNairn; president, Nellie Macintosh, '14; vice-president, Annie Millar, '15; secretary, Hattie Knight, '16; pianist, Muriel Stillwell, '16. After the installation of the officers, the retiring president, Miss Olive Wilkins, spoke in appreciation of the time and energy Mrs. Arnton has given to the W. L. S. in acting as critic, and in helping the girls both in year programmes and in the yearly open meetings of the society. She asked her to accept from the girls a beautiful hammered brass jardiniere and stand, and a fern. Mrs. Arnton sincerely thanked the girls and assured them of always having a warm corner in her heart. After the singing of "Thy Praises McMaster" and "Auld Lang Syne" the meeting was adjourned.

Athletics.

EDITOR: H. C. HUDSON, '14.

ANOTHER year has passed. It seems but yesterday that we first described the track sports and football matches of the fall athletic season. Football, soccer, basketball and hockey have now become mere memories, memories of successes and failures, progress and retrogression, blended to compose the record of one more year. It cannot be said with truth that the season of nineteen twelve and thirteen is the greatest in the athletic history of McMaster; but it is true beyond a shadow of a doubt that the teams and men who have represented the University have upheld all the traditions and standards of the past as to what constitutes true sportsmanship. Though succeeding years may achieve greater things than this year has seen accomplished, the general tone and spirit of the student body as a whole can scarcely be improved upon in any great degree.

In our efforts to chronicle the activities of the athletes it may be we have hurt the feelings of some by unjust omission of their names. If so, we apologize to them collectively now, and assure them that the slight was unintentional. If we have given credit to those to whom credit has not been due, we are equally sorry and beg for the forgiveness of our readers. In any case we wish to take this last opportunity of wishing the teams and players all kinds of success in next year's endeavors, and we trust that our successor in this department will enjoy as much as we have done the opportunity of chronicling their activities.

HOCKEY.

McMaster, 6; Royal Military College, 9.—Descriptions of hockey matches lose their interest with the total disappearance of all the signs of winter, so we shall outline very briefly the two games played with R.M.C. to decide the Intermediate Championship of the Intercollegiate Hockey Union. The first game was played Friday night, February 7, at Kingston. The final score was 9—6, the half-time score 6—3, which appears to indicate fairly accurately the relative abilities of the two teams. The feature of the game was the way in which the grey and maroon seven kept right on going until the bell at the finish, although they had not the condition of the soldiers. The Kingston papers commented on the good work of Campbell, Iveson and McLaren, and stated that "had McMaster shown the aggressiveness in the first half that it did in the last, the tally would have been closer." Four of the six goals scored by McMaster were notched by Iveson, while Shannon was credited with the other two. The game was free from roughness, and was played on good ice, which tended to make it fast from the first face-off.

McMaster, 1; Royal Military College, 8. In the return game played at the Arena Gardens on Saturday morning, February 15, McMaster set out with a determination to overcome the three point lead of the Cadets. Up to half-time their chances of accomplishing the desired purpose looked extremely bright as they held R. M. C. to a one-all score, but the play had been too strenuous in the first period and the bright hopes faded, alas. Cline played a good game, and McLaren in goal was undoubtedly responsible for the fact that the score did not go even higher than it did, but our boys seemed to fade away under the attacks of the heavy line of the R.M.C. seven. The large size of the rink, and the fact that we had had a couple of practices on the artificial ice were expected to give us the advantage, but all signs failed, and the team was rather decisively beaten. Accordingly, as the score on the round was 17—7, the intermediate Intercollegiate hockey trophy will remain in Kingston for another year. Hope springs eternal in the athlete's breast, however, and we'll get that cup yet, if we have to build an artificial rink for the team to practise on during the summer vacation and the fall term.

McMaster was represented by the following seven: Goal, McLaren; point, Campbell; cover-point, Silcox; centre, Shannon; rover, Cline (captain); right wing, McCrimmon; left wing, Iveson.

The Athletic Association Banquet.

On Monday evening, March 31, the annual banquet of the Athletic Association was held in the dining room of the hall, and was an unqualified success from start to finish. Athletic feats of a gastronomic nature occupied the attention of the guests during the early part of the evening, but it was the high character of the toasts which will be remembered as the chief feature of the evening's entertainment. Deviating a little from the stereotyped method in which the toast to the King is proposed, President Howard referred to His Majesty's early athletic proclivities along lines such as cricket, walking and so forth, and brought to our attention the fact that even now he indulges in such sports as golf and billiards! The toast to Athletics was proposed by E. E. Hyde, '14, and replied to by the honorary president of the Association, Prof. Matthews. By both speakers emphasis was laid on the virtues developed by participation in athletics, such as self-control, self-sacrifice and enthusiasm—to say nothing of the direct physical benefit which is important even in these days. The importance of the maintenance of a high standard of academic achievement among those participating in college athletics was also referred to, and reference made to a laudable rule in certain American colleges which requires even a higher standard from athletes than from the other students.

The lack of suitable equipment for athletics at McMaster was frequently referred to during the evening, the most noteworthy thing which was said about it being that it should be our aim to do well in spite of this drawback, rather than allow it to dampen our enthusiasm and prowess. The Chancellor promised great things for the future, however, while stating that no one regretted more than he the present state of affairs, so it appears that the present disabilities will soon be removed and inadequate facilities be a thing of the past.

The toast to the Teams was proposed by R. E. Freeman, '14, and replied to by W. Ashmore, '13. The work of the year in athletics was reviewed by Freeman, who mentioned particularly the breaking of three records on field day, the defeat of Varsity Seconds in the intercollegiate rugby series, the splendid showing of the two soccer teams, both of which reached the finals in their leagues, the good work of the two hockey teams, in spite of the handicap they were under in lack of practice, and, finally, the splendid record of the men who have introduced fencing into the University. He congratulated the players and expressed himself as satisfied that the year had seen a real advance in matters athletic around the college.

In his reply to the toast, Ashmore laid especial emphasis on the value of team work, on which subject he speaks with empirical authority. He also mentioned certain changes which he hoped Captain Freeman would adopt next year in rugby methods. The most startling of the innovations was the substitution of Hebrew words for the commonplace numbers now in use; but one which is more likely to be taken up is the numbering of certain plays, which would simplify the work of the quarter-back, and also increase the responsibility of each individual player.

The presentation of the medals and prizes won on Field Day followed, and the hall rang with applause as the victors marched up and down receiving their badges. Goodfellow and Campbell made the most frequent visits to the head table, but it was noticed that the prizes were distributed among a pleasingly large number, indicating the breadth of the interest in track sports. The new emblems were presented to Dunbar, McLaren. B. Clark, and McWilliams, and the banquet was brought to a close by the singing of "Thy praises, McMaster."

F. A. McGregor favored the guests with a vocal solo during the evening.

In view of the statement of Prof. Matthews that the ministry to-day needs broad-shouldered, red-blooded, and virile men rather than the hermit type which in the old days was considered the ideal for a saintly man, an article from this month's "Pathfinder" may be advantageously summarized here. In answer to the question, "What sort of man does the ministry call for?" the opening statement is that men of good physique are needed. Saintliness and sallowness, holiness and hungry-lookingness are not necessarily complements to each other. The ministry needs men of the manly, robust type. It can beautifully do without the whining, pietistic man, who always speaks as if the Lord were a sort of junior partner with him in everything; who lays all his own plans, pulls all his own wires, and then piously says, "The good Lord did it all." The ministry needs straightforward, honest above-board men. And so mysteriously related are body, mind and spirit that no man can conform to these requirements unless every faculty is in the best possible shape.

Surely no man could want a higher reason for participating in athletics than that it qualifies him for better service to his fellow men, as the words of Professor Matthews and the article quoted undoubtedly show that it does. Watch this, Theology!

Our Graduates.

EDITOR: J. H. CRANSTON, B.A.

THE Easter convention of the Ontario Teachers' Association always brings to Toronto a large number of McMaster men and women who are in the profession. A natural sequence is that there are many renewals of old acquaintanceships. This year thirteen members of Year 1911 gathered at the home of Dr. C. A. Detlor, B.A., '09, on Wednesday, March 26, and a very enjoyable evening and part of the morning were spent. Those who were present were, Miss Evelyn Kellock, Vice-President, Miss Mayme Montgomery, Miss Ruth Denovan, Miss Ada Menhennick, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Miss Bessie Arkell, Miss Sadie Iveson, Mr. Vincent Price, President, Messrs. Evan Gray, Dwight Gray, "Archie" Affleck, F. William Waters, and "Ernie" Anderson. Mr. Leon McCrimmon resigned the secretaryship as he expects to take up postgraduate work in chemistry in an American university in the fall. Mr. Anderson was elected in his place.

ON MARCH 8 ten members of Year 1910 were entertained at the home of Mr. Harold Firstbrook, who was formerly president of that year. Those present were, Miss Barbara Duncan, Miss Winifred Dengate, Miss Lucy Rankin, and Messrs. "Bill" Donald, "Joe" Wearing, R. S. Hambleton, Roy Weaver, and "Fuzzy" the host. The balance of the $100 given by the Class to the Library Fund was given to Mr. Donald to buy books with.

"CHARLIE" EDWARDS, '06, has found that pastoral work does not agree with him, and he has resigned his post as assistant to Rev. W. A. Cameron, '06, in Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto. He is going out to Western Canada where he will re-enter the teaching profession.

MISS SADIE IVESON, B.A., '11, is having an interesting time teaching school at Metcalfe, Ont. She is the principal of the institution, which is a continuation school, and has as her assistant a man who is a full head taller. The task of administering discipline falls to her. Recently she gave a talk to one class, and her lttle sister, who is a member of it, went home and said, "Oh, mother, I wouldn't like to have Sadie for a teacher. She's dreadfully cross." Another little girl, a cousin, says that Miss Iveson is not at all cross "if you do what she says."

Rev. James Grant, D.D., '10, whose sons, Rev. "Jimmy," of Century class, pastor at Claremont, Ont., and "Charlie," '02, now a lawyer at Edmonton, has been temporarily at least incapacitated for work by heart trouble.

Commenting on a recent paragraph in this department concerning the McMaster girl graduates who had married McMaster men, one of the young ladies who has not as yet succumbed to Cupid's wiles, but who might be induced to, suggested that it would be a good idea to publish a list of the unappropriated blessings together with a list of the McMaster men who still remain bachelors. This, it was thought, might cause some of the gentlemen to become ashamed of themselves for their obvious neglect of duty, and wedding bells would soon be ringing merrily in many a home. No doubt the idea is a good one, so we would say to the male B.A.'s to immediately take this matter into their serious consideration if they do not wish to be blacklisted.

Mr. Arthur B. Farmer, B.A., '06, is getting quite a reputation as a single tax lecturer throughout Ontario and the Northern United States. He is secretary of the Ontario Single Tax League, and has been a consistent member of deputations that have attempted to beard Sir James Whitney in his den. His ordinary occupation is trade journalism.

Rev. P. A. McDiarmid, B.A., '03, better known as "Pa," who has been in the Belgian Congo, Central Africa, for a number of years as a missionary under the American Baptist Foreign Mission Board, is now teaching in the training school, which the English and American Baptists have established for native preachers and their wives. His wife is also a teacher. The school is located at Kimpese, via Matadi, Congo Belge.

Rev. G. R. Welch, B.A., '00, has resigned his charge at Aylmer, Ontario, and accepted a call to the Central Baptist Church, Vancouver, where he began work the first of this month.

Another McMaster man has repented him of having gone West and is returning to an Ontario pastorate. Rev. David

Alexander has accepted a call to Osgoode, Ontario, and will no longer spend his time rounding up bisons in the Canadian Buffalo Park at Wainwright, Alberta.

THE SINCERE SYMPATHY of all McMasterites will be extended to Rev. E. J. Stobo, B.D., '99, S.T.D., who lost his wife on March 12th.

PETERBOROUGH knows Rev. W. C. Riddiford, Th., no more. "Rid." has gone to Egerton Street Baptist Church, London, and will try to make things hum in the Forest City like they did in the city he has left. He has held pastorates in Brantford, Hamilton, Mount Forest and Peterborough.

IF YOU WISH to make a reputation as a lecturer—or at any rate if you wish to get some good press notices, go to Wiarton. Not long ago we quoted the very flattering report penned by Rev. H. W. Piercy, of the lecture given by Rev. W. A. Cameron, '06. Now Rev. John MacNeill, B.A., '96, has been up in North Bruce delivering his lecture, "The Making of a Nation," and this is what Herbert says of him in the Canadian Baptist: "Mr. MacNeill has the truest power of an orator. He not only thrills and inspires his vast audiences while he speaks, but leaves a lasting public enthusiasm, which is notably a burning desire to try to tell others his high ideals. Parents intimated one to another that Mr. MacNeill's lecture would be the grandest inspirational and literary essay for our Canadian public school reader, and what grander thing could we do for our nation than to give every young person this emulating oration? Mr. MacNeill has endeared himself to the hearts of Wiarton citizens, and has lifted us high, and we all want to be makers of the nation." Who will go to Wiarton next?

REV. HERBERT W. PIERCY, of Wiarton, is taking up his elocutionary work again, and has recently given two very successful evenings in Toronto.

MCMASTER MEN were much to the front at the recent convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of Ontario and Quebec held at Ottawa. Rev. A. L. Brown, B.A., '09, was re-elected as president; Rev. A. C. Bingham, Th., as one of the vice-presidents; Rev. H. R. Nobles, B.A., '06, as secretary-treasurer; Rev. E. R. Fitch, B.A., '05, superintendent of Missionary Education; Rev. Caleb Harris, B.A., '09, superintendent of Sacred Literature;

Mr. A. J. Madill, B.A., '02, superintendent of Bible Readers' Course.

THE ANNUAL ALUMNI BANQUET will be held in the University building on Monday evening, May 5. Tickets will be 50 cents. Let us have a big re-union this year.

REV. DR. W. T. GRAHAM, Th., '89, the president of the Alumni Association this year and pastor of First Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto, has suffered a nervous breakdown and has had to give up his work for a while. All graduates who know and love the "Doctor" will wish him a speedy recovery.

SIR GEORGE MCALPINE, one of our honorary Doctors of Law, has recently been elected president of the Baptist Fire Insurance Company of Great Britain.

THE BAPTIST STANDARD contains the interesting information that Rev. W. D. Whan, B.A., '06, who is now pastor at Greeley, Colorado, has been granted a month's vacation in April to come back east to get a pastor's assistant in the shape of a bride. Congratulations "Bill."

THE RECENT ADDITIONS to the Honor Roll of the Alumni who have pledged subscriptions to the Alumni Lectureship Endowment Fund are as follows: Mr. Charles Grant, B.A., '02; Miss Mary Ardley, B.A., '03; Rev. J. B. McLaurin, B.A., '05; Rev. W. C. Pearce, '04; Rev. J. G. Brown, B.Th., '99, B.D., '03; Rev. J. L. Gilmour, B.D., '99. Have you sent in your pledge yet? The address of the Treasurer is Rev. H. R. Nobles, 586 Clinton Street, Toronto. Any subscription from $1 a year up will be gladly received. Our aim is to have every graduate on the list. Please help us all you can. If you have already subscribed get some other girl or some other fellow to do so.

Woodstock College.

Editor: S. E. Waterland.

A St. Patrick's Day Banquet was given at the College on the evening of March 17. The toast list included "The King," "St. Patrick," and "Athletics." The banquet was made the occasion of the presentation of City Hockey League cups to both junior and senior College teams. Mr. Frank Hyde, president of the local hockey league, made the presentation and gave an interesting and enthusiastic address, in which he highly commended the sporting blood of the College, which had won a double championship. He mentioned also in laudatory terms the two College men who played on the Woodstock O.H.A. Team, Armstrong and Sutherland. Mr. Sutherland, captain of the senior College team, in receiving the cup, made the acknowledgements of the team in well chosen remarks. W. Ball, acting captain of the juniors, expressed the sentiments of that team, declaring their determination to hold the cup in future.

The banquet was made the occasion also of a farewell to the College financial secretary, Miss W. Miller, who leaves shortly for Calgary, Alta. Miss Miller was presented with an address and a purse of gold.

Fred Field, captain of the College senior soccer-football team, visited Stratford, March 21, to attend the meeting of the W.F.A. A new regulation had been placed before the Association, which would exclude the College team from participation in contests for the Hough Cup. Mr. Field succeeded in preventing the adoption of this measure. Last year the College tied the holders of the cup, the Listowel Collegiate Team. Some little hope is entertained of winning the cup, since our material this season is of the best. Owing to continued wet weather, however, no outdoor practice is yet feasible, because of the condition of the campus.

Work in the College is being vigorously prosecuted. The element of spring poetry has vanished from our midst under the ominous shadow of approaching examination horrors, and the boys are showing tendencies toward studious application, in preference to the usual love of a ramble. Work, after all, has its charms.

Moulton College.

EDITOR: MISS KATHLEEN HODSON.

AS ONE OF THE OLDER GIRLS was frantically trying to learn, at the eleventh hour, certain parts of "The Lotus-Eaters" which should have been learned in January, she was heard repeating the line "Full faced above the valley stood the moon." She paused, then murmured distractedly that she wished the locomotion of the moon would cease—for a time. Such is the general drift of the Moultonites' minds when at some stage of the moon's course comes Easter and examinations. Therefore we are obliged to work on the plan of never putting off till to-morrow what can be done to-day, instead of in the reverse order, as was used in by-gone cheerful days. Accordingly, the facial expression of one doomed to early death was promptly assumed, as is customary in such cases. However, final relief came at last and the expressions changed rapidly, in order, perhaps, that the sweet maidens might be recognized on their return home. So the conversation slowly turned from "What in the world did you put down for that (b) part?" to "What time does your train go?"

THE AT HOME given by the Faculty on March 13, surpassed even the most exalted expectations. About four hundred guests were present, including representatives from the other ladies' colleges, members of the Board of Governors and professors of McMaster University, and a number of prominent ministers of the denomination.

Miss Thrall, assisted by Chancellor and Mrs. McCrimmon, received in the drawing-room, which was most artistically decorated with daffodils and palms, while the lights were shaded with yellow. A number of the girls' rooms which were thrown open were very much admired. These were fitted up in characteristic college style, with pennants, cushions and Harrison Fisher pictures.

The function was probably enjoyed even more by the girls than by the outside guests. If one had peeped into the chapel half an hour after the last guest had departed, a rather unusual scene would have met their eyes. Groups of girls reclined in luxurious laziness, while three solitary candles cast a dim religious light over all. Drowsy voices joined in the old familiar airs, as our pianist had a suggestion, drifted from one to another, finally concluding with "Auld Lang Syne" and "Good Night, Ladies."

Here and There.

EDITOR: B. F. TROTTER, '14.

> "It's uncommonly hard
> If an Editor can't draw a moral."
> —*Ingoldsby Legends.*

EVERY day or so for the last six months and more we have been receiving a batch of college journals from all parts of North America, as well as from beyond both oceans. We have read them more or less faithfully, and have experienced mental reactions of various degrees of pleasure and pain. Almost unconsciously we have been forming certain conclusions as to the types of literary product which are best suited to the college magazine. Sometimes our judgment has been guided by what a writer has succeeded in doing well; more often, perhaps, by what he has not succeeded in doing at all. At any rate the conclusions are here, and we feel constrained to at least hint at some of them, with the vague hope that they may prove suggestive to our constituency, and result in a renaissance of literary production for the pages of the Monthly. Alumni and Faculty contributions are outside the scope of our remarks, which will be confined to undergraduate work, dealing with this in its three general divisions: stories, essays and verse.

We might wish our first word of caution to college story-writers printed in letters of fire and brimstone. *Don't indulge in heavy tragedy!* What we have suffered from immature attempts at portrayal of souls in agony, only other exchange editors can realize. Write only about that of which you know is a truism which holds here as elsewhere. The ordinary undergraduate cannot have seen enough of life to appreciate and successfully portray the terrible conflicts of a human soul when confronted by the grim realities of existence. For a similar reason nearly all college fiction which depends on psychological interest, even where it is not of a deeply tragic nature, fails to be convincing. It is too obviously a rehashing of what the writer has himself read, not an original expression based on experience and real insight into human nature.

It is in the lighter fields of the love-story, the adventure-story, the humorous story (we had almost said the "sporting" story, but that is so nearly worked to death that none but a genius can make it fresh and interesting)—it is in these fields that the undergraduate is most likely to attain a moderate success. And here we should like to add a word of caution against writing of college love affairs too seriously. We are told by statisticians that not more than twenty-five per cent. of college engagements materialize in marriage. Remember that, please, and try to deal with your college lovers in a spirit of indulgent agnosticism. It can be done without in the least sneering at the most sacred of passions; and it results in far more entertaining reading than the sentimental slush which fills so many pages in some of our magazines.

In the realm of the essay there is an almost unlimited chance for the coming college writer. There are plenty of essays printed, and good ones, too; but they lack variety of theme. For the most part they may be traced by a very short path to the stereotyped college curriculum. This is, perhaps, inevitable, especially in the magazines of the smaller colleges, where many of the contributions are obviously a product of routine work in English. But something might be done even here in the way of getting off the beaten road of literary study. An effort might be made to select subjects which have not been already treated again and again by more mature writers, and which would therefore compel original thought and expression.

A fruitful field, and one that is not at all overworked, is that of the so-called feature article. Things are happening every day of vital interest to the world. Great engineering works are being carried on; social, economic, and political changes are taking place. Why should not these be discussed in our college magazines? Some few of our contemporaries are doing a little in this line; one of them recently published a series of interesting articles on conditions in Mexico, which showed a splendid grasp of the situation, and expressed opinions as to the probable course of events, which have been amply justified in the latest revolution.

But after all, we feel that the development most needed in the department of the essay is along the personal line. Most of us, of course, cannot hope to produce literature like that of Lamb and Stevenson; but nearly any undergraduate ought to be able to write bright, original sketches of the quaint surroundings, or the humorous situations, in which we all find ourselves at times. What our magazines need more than anything else is freshness—triviality, if you will, provided it be scented with a new fragrance. Few, if any of us, have anything as yet to say which the world has not heard already a thousand times, and said a great deal better. The most that we can hope to do is to entertain. This is why we consider the literary parts of "T. C. D.", so far as they go, without equal in college journalism; though their scope is, of course, rather narrow.

More of this spirit of "art for art's sake"—to use a phrase that is suggestive, though fundamentally untrue—should, we think, influence our college verse also. The same limitations of message are present here as in the other literary forms. Our only justification is to say what we have to say artistically. Much readable verse appears regularly in certain of our exchanges; but the amount of absolutely impossible stuff that creeps into some of them is not flattering to the culture—or, shall we say, the courage—of their editors. We think our McMaster plan of having consulting editors from the professional staff could be adopted to advantage in some other places. A good deal of this faulty verse might be made passable by revision under the direction of the English professor.

If we were to pick out any characteristic blemish in college verse, other than the inexcusable ones of bad rime and meter, it would be that of "padding." A good illustration of what we mean is offered by Byron in his poem beginning, "O talk not to me of a name great in story," in which the last two lines of the second stanza merely repeat the thought of the three preceding lines, and are obviously there for the sole purpose of filling out the quatrain. Byron was a genius, and his poem lives in spite of its blemish. For us, however, Keats is a safer model. Read his great odes and note their compactness. Study his methods of condensation in such phrases as "moss'd cottage-trees," "wailful choir," "heard melodies." If we take him as our artistic guide we shall not go far astray.

In conclusion, we should like to bespeak a more general cultivation of the muse. The student should consider every hour spent in the construction of a bit of verse as time well spent. The careless versifier will profit neither himself nor his readers. The one who takes pains, whether he wins recognition or not, will find the exercise, both in increase of culture and in added power of composition, far more fruitful than any prose work which would consume the same amount of time.

We extend our gratitude to all those who have sent us their publications during the year, and our best wishes to our successor in this department.

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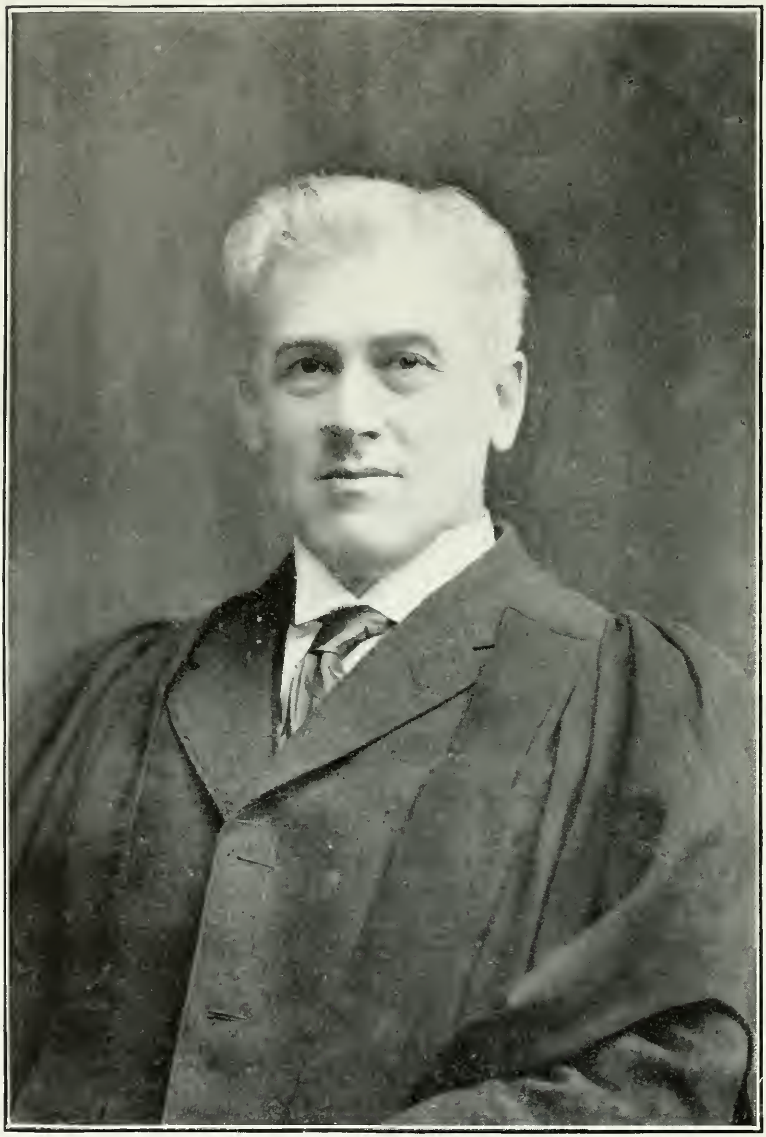


A. L. McCrimmon

CHANCELLOR

The Chancellor's Message

The world is big with opportunity. Great movements are stirring the nations of the earth: political despotisms are disintegrating, moral conventionalities are changing, scientific improvement and artistic grace are demanding increased attention, religious convictions are deepening in intelligent power,—the world is busy at work graduating its men and women.

The Class of 1913 goes forth to win its way. Glorious are the opportunities of this century. Great are the responsibilities of University men and women. Think large thoughts; regard every action, however small it may seem in itself, as great in the true perspective of life; give humanity not only your intellect but also your heart; covet earnestly a passion for the Eternal, a sympathetic sense of humanity, and a humble, intelligent self-respect.

Your Alma Mater sends you forth with the breath of her "God-speed" upon you, confident that you will acquit yourselves well in life's duties and will always keep a warm place in your hearts for her.

CHANCELLOR McCRIMMON.

The Faculty

Ex-Chancellor A. C. McKay

J. H. Farmer, B.A., LL.D.

Dean in Theology

W. S. W. McLay, M.A.

Dean in Arts

Peter Sinclair Campbell, M.A.

Professor of Greek

Malcolm Sinclair Clark, M.A.

Professor of German

James TenBroeke, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic, and Ethics

Robert Wilson Smith, B.A., Ph.D.

Professor of Biology, and Curator of Museum

Elias Miles Keirstead, M.A., D.D.

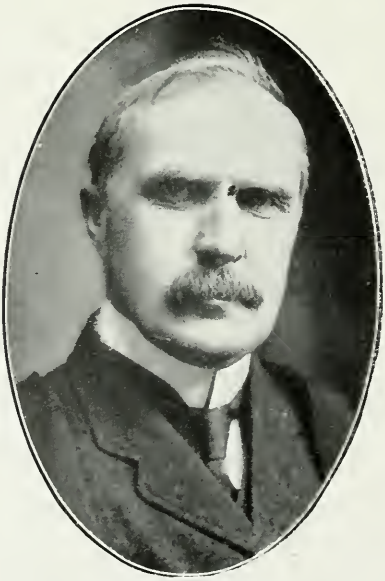
Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics

William Findlay, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor of Mathematics

Thomas Trotter, B.A., D.D., LL.D.

Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology



Joseph Leeming Gilmour, B.A., D.D.

Professor of Church History

J. Bishop Tingle, Ph.D.

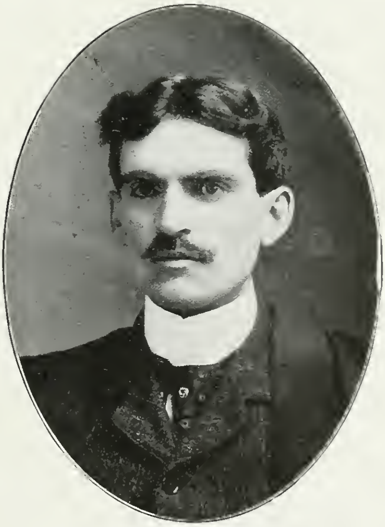
Professor of Chemistry

Isaac George Matthews, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor of Hebrew and Aramaic,
and Old Testament Theology

John L. Hogg, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor of Physics,
1905-1911



Glenn Howard Campbell, M.A.

Professor of Latin

William Stewart Wallace, B.A.

Lecturer in History and Assistant in Greek

William Harvey McNairn, M.A.

Lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy

Bernard Franzen-Swedelius, Ph.D.

Professor of French

Paul Wilhelm Mueller, B.A.

Lecturer in German

Henry Franklin Dawes, M.A.

Professor of Physics

William John Donald, B.A.

Lecturer in Political Economy and Sociology

Henry Adelbert White, M.A.

Acting Professor of English, 1912-13

A. E. Allin, B.A.

Lecturer in Biology, 1911-12

F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.B.
Lecturer in Public Reading and Speaking

Elven John Bengough, B.A.
Registrar

The
McMaster University Monthly
Graduation Number, 1913

VOL. XXII. TORONTO, MAY, 1913 NO. 8

[Toronto, Ont., 2500 A.D.—Among the rarest treasures in the Art Museum here is a document, the ship's log. Parts of it only are legible, but it is nevertheless very valuable as portraying the life of the people of the 20th century.]

FOUR YEARS' CRUISE OF GOOD SHIP THIRTEEN.

October 1, 1909.

Some previous communications having been passed on the subject, at last all arrangements are completed, and the Good Ship Thirteen this day sets sail for a four years' cruise on unknown seas. The bright outlook is largely due to the fact that the interests of the company are well looked after, and the cause staunchly upheld by the Honorary President, Professor Matthews, at the Imperial Court.

The superior officers of the ship are: Captain Quinn, and First Mate Currie.

The ship is well manned and womaned. Everybody's face shows the determination to do or die.

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free;
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home."

With fond farewells to the many friends, and their good wishes sounding in our ears, early this morning we got under way and slowly sailed out of the Home Harbor. The party gets on extremely well together, although a week ago they were strangers. A common harbor is a wonderful bond.

October 10.—Have had a fine fair breeze since embarking, but yesterday had rather a trying experience. About 5 p.m. there was a cry from the lookout in the crow's nest of "Land Ahead." Great excitement prevailed. The captain seized his binoculars and trained them in the direction indicated. He soon reported that land was visible on the port bow. It seems that this island, commanding the narrow strait through which all ships must pass, is inhabited by a savage cannibalistic race called Sophomores. All voyagers who skirt their territory are compelled to disembark and often to undergo very humiliating experiences in conforming to certain barbarous rites—*Infandum est narrare*—before they are granted passage to the seas beyond. Their strategic position of course makes them masters of the situation.

Perhaps nothing is so responsible for spreading altruistic sentiment as a common danger or a common humiliation. No one for a moment entertained the thought of flinching, but having anchored, all took to the boats, and landed on the island. It was a dark and foreboding spot, and one could not help but wonder how the race persisted in such severe and harsh environment. But no time was allowed for much reflection. The whole tribe, headed by their Shaman, rushed on us. Each wore a curious covering which concealed all the body, revealing only the horrid glittering eyes and gleaming teeth.

A sort of platform was erected upon which the Shaman took his seat. Amid the sound of drums, howls of the medicine men, and general din of the whole tribe, our crew were forced to go through fantastic and uncouth ceremonies, which, though undignified in themselves, were borne with a dignity worthy of princes, being the necessary evil which preceded the great work in the unknown beyond.

"Then welcome each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough."

One curious characteristic of this tribe is that when once they know they have shown their power in making strangers submit to these traditional customs, they are seized with an overwhelming desire to extend their hospitality. While we remained within hailing distance of the island for a few days—*Legati venerunt*, asking us to a feast held in our honor.

October 13.—Yesterday we had the pleasure of attending a native feast. Here we saw primitive life in another aspect. In a sort of assembly hall long tables were spread out, presided over by the Shaman, who had doffed his war paint, and appeared in gorgeous festive apparel. The food was provided not unlike that of our own land although disguised under unknown names.

We were pleased to find out that even these Sophomoric tribes had an amiable side to their nature—

"Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints for contemplation,
And, from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean."

October 16.—Got under sail this morning. Sea rough and indications of a S.E. gale at all times sufficiently apparent here. We are now entering upon the deep waters of the Mare Mathematicum. Many of our crew feel destruction awaiting them but we endeavor to encourage each other—

"Before a midnight breaks in storm
Or herded sea in wrath
Ye know what wavering gusts inform
The greatest tempest's path
Till the loosed wind
Drive all from mind,
Except distress, which, so will prophets cry,
O'ercome them, houseless, from the unhindering sky."

We must not forget to mention with grateful hearts our friend in need in this great crisis of our voyage. There is a trustworthy pilot to guide us over these treacherous waters. He sails ahead in a water-tight little craft and shows the way. The great drawback is that he goes so fast that many of us cannot see him, and although we hear his cheerful voice in the distance yet his directions fall on our ears in bewildering confusion. Thanks to those of our crew whom Providence has endowed with quick ear and keen eye we hope to keep the ship off the shoals.

October 17.—Terrible catastrophe! To-day the cry "Man overboard" filled all with horror. We had no lifeboats and the pilot would not wait; so some of our poor comrades are no more.

October 18.—Fair, smooth sailing but colder.

October 20.—This day was one of the most crucial of our trip. I have already mentioned a tribe of cannibals who are known as Sophomores. Last night an island, which is one we must visit in search of treasure, was sighted. Guarding the treasure is the aforementioned tribe and other tribes known as Juniors and Seniors. The last two were, I believe, originally Sophomores, but through the influence of civilization brought to bear upon them by educators and philanthropists they have reached more advanced stages of culture. As we drew near the island the presence of icebergs made all feel decidedly chilly. We cast anchor, and taking to the small boats, soon made shore. The captain and first mate in the first boat, bearing our battle standard, were the first to land. The tribe, whether in defiance or welcome I cannot tell, howled out their war chant in a perfectly unintelligible jargon as we approached with even tread—

Hickity rick, hickity rick, hickity rick teroo
Zippety whoop, zippety whoop, bala, bazah, bazoo
Nineteen twelve, nineteen twelve, hurray, hurrah, hurroo.

We lifted up our voices in our glorious war song, which would cause the bravest to quake—

1—9—1—3— Yah, Yah, Yah,
McMaster University Rah, Rah, Rah,
Zipperary, zapperary, zipperary, zeeu,
Fearless, Peerless, Year Thirteen.

1913 Rugby Team, Champions 1911-12-13

In spite of the obvious advantages of the enemy, our crew succeeded in carrying off considerable treasure, which was to be devoted to the purchase of a rare relic called "The Matthews Cup."

Just before our departure we had an adventure which might easily have ended seriously. At a given signal the Sophomoric tribe, which I have already said belonged to the man-eating class, was let loose. Suddenly we were surrounded by the yelling mob. We stood back to back and—

"A dozen times we shook 'em off, as a dog that shakes his ears,
When he leaps from the water to the land."

We succeeded finally in making an honorable retreat. We felt thankful indeed that we left no helpless prisoners to be tortured at the pleasure of the implacable foe.

October 28.—We devoted the day and evening in showing our veneration for the company whose cause we are forwarding along with our own on the high seas. Our little craft was hardly recognizable after the artists had finished. It surely symbolized eternal hope.

November 1.—Ship ahoy! These words brought all on deck. We could see on the starboard a small vessel, evidently a private yacht. Our ensigns were duly dipped. She was flying signals in her rigging which our signal man read as "Come on board at once." A large delegation was immediately sent. The yacht owner was a Mr. Wilkins, a member of whose family belonged to the crew. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins entertained the crew in the most delightful manner.

November 10.—Dense fog prevents much progress. Hope to reach some harbor for the Christmas season.

December 18.—During the last three weeks we have only drifted a few miles, but hope after a few days rest and repairs at the harbor now seen on larboard, to be able to face the rough and perilous waters of the channel.

January 17.—We have been through our Scylla and Charybdis though lacking so often that "iron nerve to true occasion true" of the world victor's victor. We had to navigate the channel waters alone. The pilots all refuse to help the storm-tossed vessels across.

January 21.—The crew being badly shaken up after the passage of the channel, measures were taken to cheer their spirits and arouse them from the lethargy into which they had fallen. A marconigram was sent to some friends in the homeland, and the result was that one of the prominent citizens of Toronto, Mr. Hooper, accompanied by his wife, was soon at hand in his aeroplane. For one evening we gave ourselves up to levity and enjoyment, and then our crew was ready to face the worst foe.

February 1.—Our treasure is piling up. We have passed through many storms.

February 6.—Owing to a slight mishap in the athletic strait, we lost our treasure which we had "put by" for the Matthews relic.

February 12.—Fine bright morning with a strong fair wind. We are nearing land.

February 15.—Yesterday was a red letter day in our history. One of the crew after consulting the ship's bearing informed us that we were near an island owned by friends. It was deemed advisable to land and report progress to these friends. Owing to the fame which 'Thirteen's crew has already attained everybody adopted some simple disguise. Notoriety is the one thing abhorred by the crew. Our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ashall, could not have been kinder. How good the delicacies tasted after having lived for many days on sea biscuit and salt pork. The most devout follower of Epicurus might revel here.

I shall not dwell on the details of the rest of the voyage, but, without harrowing the mind by dwelling on scenes of horrors, I must briefly tell of our narrow escape in the last waters to be crossed ere we reached our summer port. The pilots, as usual, were conspicuous by their absence when they were most needed. The captain was on the bridge and saw a rock close ahead. The reef could not be avoided and the ship's bow stuck fast, while her stern remained in thirty-six feet of water. All efforts to remove her were ineffectual. She continued to fall over to starboard. The water covered the starboard gunwale from the mainmast aft and reached almost up to the after hatchway. The slightest shake must have caused her to collapse and sink. Minutes seemed hours, and though all were ready to go down with the ship, still life is sweet. Soon the water began to rise and the ship resumed her upright position, and sailed off unhurt. But it is with deep regret that we must tell the sad tidings. This last strenuous work has been too much for some of the weaker ones, and they have sunk from general exhaustion.

1913 Track Team

May 1.—It has been thought advisable to put into port for the summer months for repairs.

October 1, 1910.

> *"Once more upon the waters! yet once more,*
> *And the waves bound beneath me, as a steed*
> *That knows his rider."*

Once more upon the deep! The same and yet not the same. We see many new faces among the crew, recruits who have cast in their lot with us. We miss, too, some familiar faces. It has been thought advisable to change the staff of officers each year, and the fact that Captain Cline and First Mate Hooper are at the helm augurs well for a prosperous voyage.

October 3.—Never shall we forget the inaugural address of our superior officers. Captain Cline outlined our plans and hopes for the coming season. Our ship, the good old 'Thirteen, is fitted out this year with several seaworthy cutters, and it has been thought advisable to divide our forces. Each one, according to his ability or inclination, will choose the waters in which he wishes to seek for treasure. All this the captain made known to us in words which aroused our ambitions. As he told us of the success in bygone days of other ships, we felt that no obstacle could keep us from the goal.

1913 Soccer Team, Champions 1911 and 1912

"To veer how vain! On, onward strain
Brave barks! In light, in darkness, too,
Through winds and tide one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze, and O great seas,
Though ne'er that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold, where'er they fare,
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last unite them there."

October 10.—The writing of this log now assumes tremendous proportions. It would be impossible to give a detailed account of the result of each day's work in each individual boat. We shall deal rather with the happenings on old 'Thirteen when the wearied sailors are gathered on board.

October 20.—Our influential friends have increased at court. This year we have secured the patronage of Professor Campbell.

October 25.—We have rather a unique commission to carry out this year. Somewhere in these waters is an island inhabited by untaught and utterly benighted creatures whose education and welfare it is our solemn duty to look after. The man in the crow's nest is keeping a sharp watch for this island.

October 26.—At 11 p.m. we came to anchor off the west end of Night Island. As in every educational scheme the present must be linked with the past, it was thought advisable to follow out the lines pursued by the Hindu to whom these people belong. They have found the plentiful application of cold water is even more efficacious than the rod, and we followed this plan with good results. If in future ages these people amount to anything, they may thank the painstaking crew of 'Thirteen.

October 30.—All the small boats were summoned to rejoin the ship and leave the arduous toil for a day's respite. The regatta made a pleasing picture as for a short time the workers gave themselves up to mirth.

November 1.—To-day we sighted the island where last year we found so much treasure. A taste of success but arouses the hunger for more. In a twinkling the boats were manned and the island was reached. The yellow banner, the emblem of the treasure sought, floated proudly in the breeze. Before that eventful day ended, we had carried off great treasure. Here we were again compelled to use somewhat drastic measures in subduing those Hindu people called, I believe, Freshmen, who were to be found in great numbers on the island. I might add that one of the crew, Mr. Goodfellow, so distinguished himself that on the return home he was presented by the Supreme authorities with a medal.

November 2.—We being still in sight of the island, it was thought advisable to invite the Freshmen tribes on board and feed their bodies as well as their minds. It assuredly was a diplomatic stroke, for the glow of gratitude on the faces of the barbarians as they partook of the dishes set before them amply repaid us for our trouble.

November 5.—Devoted the day and night in honor of the great company of which we form a part.

January 17.—Have just been through the stormy waters of the Channel Examination. It will be a boon and a blessing to man when scientists have evolved a method of crossing other than by passing through the deep waters.

January 20.—Received a marconigram from Professor Campbell in which he bade us put into harbor as he had some important communications for us.

January 25.—What a treat to walk once more on terra firma! Professor and Mrs. Campbell added to their already great kindness by entertaining the crew in royal style at their home. Professor and Mrs. Campbell formerly navigated these very seas, and so have a very vivid appreciation of the dangers of the undertaking. Their advice as to routes was very practical.

March 1.—We have sailed through many and perilous waters. In the Athletic Sea we gained great treasure. Here we were sorely harrassed by pirates and freebooters, but, in spite of all, carried away sufficient treasure to purchase that long-desired prize, the Matthews Cup.

May 6.—Again we have crossed the breakers which dash upon the shore, and must spend the summer months in repairing the damage done the ship.

"Like an eagle caged I pine,
On this dull unchanging shore;
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar."

October 1, 1911.

We believe that this year's expedition will be fraught with great danger and after much consideration we have decided to pin our faith to the Scotch, and have given the reins of government to Captain Haddow and First Lieutenant McDonald. It is said that the Scotch are "unco canny," and we shall need it all this year. The seas are literally swarming with pirates and freebooters of every description, who would not only steal our treasures, but also take away our reputation as the best crew out upon the deep. Supremacy must be kept at any cost.

October 3.—We have succeeded this year in gaining the support of Professor McLay.

October 27.—It was our privilege to entertain Mrs. McLay this afternoon, and Professor McLay, in spite of the strenuous life he leads, joined us in the evening. All duties were put aside and the time passed all too quickly. As night came on we gathered together and spent a short time in more serious talk—reminiscences of the past and speculation as to the future.

(*The writing here becomes illegible and the next date discernible is January* 18.—Editor.)

Weather has been extremely rough for the past few weeks and little progress made. We are, however, through the most treacherous waters for the present.

March 1.—Such danger has threatened us that it has been impossible to seize a moment to write up the log even if the excited brain and trembling hand could have done their duty. In other words we have been attacked by pirates—the great danger which we have foreseen all the cruise finally came. For several weeks we had warnings of the approaching crisis. At different times ships bearing black flags were sighted. We were heavily freighted with treasure gained in the Athletic Sea, and this brought them down upon us at last. Well for us that our captain

"Was a man of rare undoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for war-like praise,
And glorious spoils purchased in perilous fight,
Full many doughty knights he, in his days
Had done to death, subdued in equal frays."

Our tactics were both defensive and aggressive, with the result that we kept our spoil and also retained that Matthews Cup, which we had received the previous year. I must mention here also that Mr. Goodfellow was again rewarded with a medal for distinguished achievement against the pirate forces in the Athletic Sea.

A Nip and Tuck Executive.

April 15.—Our cargo is increasing steadily. Weather continues fair.

April 30.—Now in the midst of the last waters before we reach harbor for the summer—"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon." Then farewell, mates, until next October.

"Press on, for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of Heaven."

October 1, 1912.

We have been greatly honored this year by Dr. McCrimmon's acceptance of the position of Honorary President of the company.

October 4.—Once more upon the deep. It is with a feeling of awe that we survey the task before us this year. Our last upon the mighty waters. The last chance to gain those rich treasures concealed in the deep and available only to the courageous and undaunted souls.

> *"Thou boundless, shining, glorious sea,*
> *With ecstasy I gaze on thee;*
> *And, as I gaze, thy billowy roll*
> *Wakes the deep feelings of my soul."*

Captain McCrimmon in a few words showed us our deep responsibility in this our last year of opportunity—"Ambition is the germ from which all growth of nobleness proceeds."

1913 Class Picnic

Our hopes are high, and the red banner which floats at the mast-head typifies our courage. Our *Good Old Thirteen,* although weatherbeaten, is seaworthy. First Mate Haines is a valuable addition to our corps of officers.

October 10.—At the command of the captain we anchored to-day at a small island of blessed memory. Here we enjoyed for a few hours one of those short respites from the round of duties. The hours slipped by. The light of the setting sun rested in soft and varied tints on the fast-fading mountain peaks, and as the long shadows warned us that night must come, perhaps a feeling of sadness was uppermost in our minds as we sat for the last time on such an occasion around the camp fire. It happened that we had in our midst a friend versed in the mysteries of astrology. We heard many things which will be of great value to us. At last, when the sun had sunk into the waters of the deep, and the world suddenly had become chill and dark, with hushed voices we betook ourselves to the boats. Boat after boat pulled out from the shore, and the rythmical sound of the oars seemed to bid farewell to that island of happy hours and recollection sweet.

October 10.—We are following this year the same line of action as we have pursued during the last few years, that of dividing the crew into different parties, each of which navigates a certain portion of the deep. We shall try to give some detailed information about each.

October 15.—Some of our best seamen navigate the waters of the Mare Mathematicum. Their craft, the *Calculus*, is especially seaworthy and adapted for stormy waters. Each party has a pilot of its own thoroughly acquainted with the treacherous reefs by which the boat is constantly threatened with destruction. Although the waters of the Mathematicum Mare are generally rough and wild, there is one part calm and beautiful. The navigation of this portion is often done at night, and some of the crew who do not belong to the mathematical crew go with them on these occasions. The pleasures of these voyages we are told are inconceivable. With telescopes the position and significance of the stars are noted and the various names are learned. Messages are exchanged with the inhabitants of the nearest planets, the purport of which I have been unable to obtain. It is fortunate for the ship to have the astrologers on board; and for days after their return from one of these excursions their absent-minded and dazed expressions show that they are not yet reconciled to return to the mundane things of life.

November 1.—There is one party concerning which I am loath to speak. I realize my impotency to describe their work and its result, and yet what an asset they are to our crew—the party who go through the waters of the Philosophic Sea. Their very boat, the *K. S. Plato* (which some of the wags amongst the crew call "Can't spinover Plato" and get nearer the truth than their frivolous minds really comprehend), denotes mystery, and they themselves know not whether it really be a boat or but a vision. The party is held by the crew in a kind of holy horror, and still their presence augurs well for the success of the ship, and only the rarest minds are to be found in their company.

November 30.—It is scarcely necessary to tell of the very practical results of the scientific party in the boat *R. R. Research.* They explain everything for us in terms of science, and, what is more important, quickly replace whatever we lose or wear out in our voyage.

December 1.—Last night all the boats had joined the ship but the *Beowulf,* which sailed the waters of the Old English Sea. The crew became rather alarmed at the long absence of these comrades, and word was given for the small boats to form a search party. Hardly had the rescue boats started than the *Beowulf* was sighted—

"Like that one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head:
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

The story told was harrowing. All sorts of weird and uncanny creatures, such as umlauts and ablauts inhabit this region, and the little boat *Beowulf* has been through encounters compared with which the encounter with Grendel would be but play. The pilot never wavered, however, and the party were welcomed home with great rejoicing.

December 15.—Shall put into harbor for a few days and spend the Yuletide season with friends.

January 15.—We are in the midst of stormy waters, and the ship rocks so that it is almost impossible to write. The crew to the last man is seasick. It is very peculiar that we can never become thoroughly accustomed to these spells of bad weather. There must be some flaw in the management—

"Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth
And as things have been, things remain.

.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

January 20.—Glad to report the recovery of all. Sad it would have been to lose any at this stage.

February 1.—Early this morning the boat bound for the Romantic Sea set sail. Most people are anything but anxious to enter this boat on account of the forbidding ensign floating at the mast bearing this motto—

"Lasciate agni speranza voi ch' intrate."

Only those who feel the necessity for the development of the aesthetic side of their nature dare embark. Happy are those who so venture. Wafted by soft breezes they glide over the shadowy waters. The mysteries and treasures so deeply hidden are skilfully brought to the surface by the dexterous pilot and presented in a delightful form to the voyageurs.

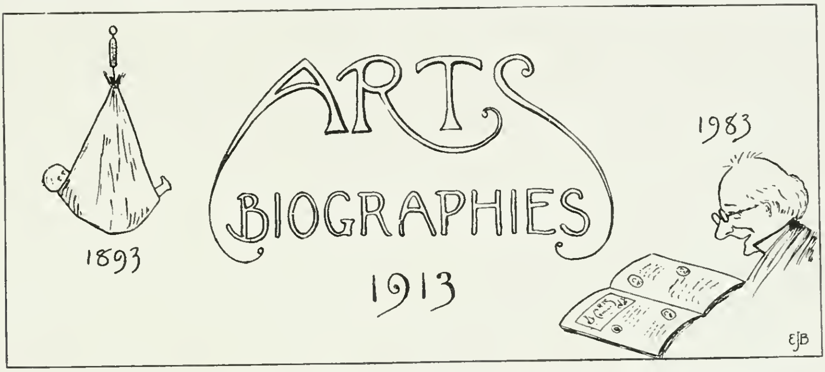
"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes:
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies."

"While all things else have rest from weariness,
All things have rest, why should we toil alone?

'Tis thus life moves or seems to move along for these toilers in the regions of romance.

May 5.—In sight of land! But a few hours more and *Thirteen* will put into harbor for the last time. Ahead of us stretches the Promised Land. How beautiful and how alluring are the vistas which stretch before the wondering eyes. Each heart beats high in anticipation, and yet our joy is not unalloyed. We have reached the parting of the ways. In a few hours we shall have parted forever. Some in the world yonder will "mould a mighty state's decrees and shape the whisper of a throne," while others, though unheard of by the world, will yet contribute as much to its welfare, and all will be stronger for the four years' cruise.

Farewell, *Old Thirteen,* thou weatherbeaten craft, who hast borne us safely through all these years. Wherever destiny may lead us in the great wide world, wherever thy magic name is breathed by one of thy crew, it will arouse memories of thee and strengthen the everlasting bond.



"Lest the grace of so good deeds should die
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost."

Elsie D. Ashall

"I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody."

On the seventh of January, not many years ago, Elsie started life in Toronto. Her first New Year's resolution was to be always happy, and this, unlike her later ones,—such as to attend Y. W. regularly and to plug hard—has been well kept. After attending Jarvis Street Collegiate, she entered Year 'Thirteen and was soon initiated as a member of the "Fat Five." Besides ranking well in her studies, she has taken an active part in school and class life, acting, in her second year, as Lady Councillor, and, as a seniorette, as Adviser-in-Chief to the President. She has also won a reputation as an actress in her impersonations of "Jessica" and "Phrynia." Her leisure time she divides equally between Little Vic. and Hunt's.

Expression.—"I'll see you at the Ladies' Room door."
Favorite Book.—"The Love Letters of Robert Bruce."
Ambition.—Curly hair.

William Ashmore

"A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage."

Birmingham has three claims to fame: screw-nails, Chamberlain and Billy. Here he combined elementary education with soccer practice, but, being dissatisfied, he moved to Cardiff, and took up rugby. The struggle with Welsh prepared him for calling signals and initiating fancy plays. Varsity remembers Captain Ashmore. Billy is an all-round man. He developed muscle in the nail-mill at the Soo; drew wages from the Mason & Risch Company; and later, started real brain development at Woodstock College. While there he gave evidence of that mental stride which has kept competitors on the run. His capacity for work is so great that he found it necessary to get a partner to prepare his synopses. They intend to return for theology with the Crawford Scholarship in tow.

Expression.—"My wife!"
Pastime.—Talking.
Talent.—Unifying.

Abel Daniel Bates

"Genius, like humanity, rusts for want of use."

"Able" Daniel's first appearance was at Avoca, Quebec, in March, 1889. Very early in life he decided not to let study interfere with his education. Accordingly he avoided the log school-house during the first decade of his career, choosing rather to till the soil than enjoy the pleasures of pull-away and tag. After attending public school, Dan was exposed to the educational stimuli afforded by the Lachute Academy; much to the surprise of the solicitous masters, his reaction thereto was sufficient to enable him to make third place in his graduating year. Though sorely wounded by Cupid's darts, Dan's thirst for knowledge led him to enter McMaster with Year 'Thirteen. As a member of the Debating Union Executive for two years, and as President in his senior year, he instituted valuable reforms in the conduct of that society.

Expression.—"Haven't done a tap."
Favorite Book.—"How to Get Your Degree Without Working." (Black.)
Pastime (in order of merit).—1. Checkers. 2. Fussing. 3. Skating.

Edward Turner Bell

"Now, nobly towering o'er the rest, appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years."

In the cycle of events which has taken place since pre-historic times, there occurred, in the last century of the Cenozoic Era, the birth of Edward Bell, in Toronto. Soon after, the fierce struggle for existence forced him to depart for districts rural, and he settled in Drew, where he put in time at the public school and incidentally learned the art of brick-making. Knowledge beckoned so alluringly, however, that he entered Harriston High School in 1906, and McMaster in the fall of 1909. While here, Ed. won the Fred. L. Ratcliff Prize in Geology and Mineralogy, in his junior year, and all his scholastic attainments have gone to prove that the study of fossils does not tend to the degeneration of mental faculties.

Favorite Book.—Norton.
Pastime.—Fishing.
Ambition.—To analyze the Earth.

John Roland Bick

"But Cristes loore, and his Apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folowed it hymselfe."

The Board of Trade of the town of Bobcaygeon makes great matter, in its advertising literature, of the fact that John Roland Bick was born in that place. Having exhausted both the patience and erudition of the local pedagogues, he early sought a new field of activity in Belleville, where he attended Albert College and passed his matriculation examinations. Coming to Toronto, he spent some time studying Theology at Victoria College, completing his work there just in time to join Arts 'Thirteen at McMaster. This, he says, is the turning point in his career. He is a bright and faithful student and takes a keen interest in all phases of college life. No man could want a truer friend. He intends to preach.

Expression.—"Benedict eventually; why not now?"
Pastime.—Work.
Ambition.—To preach the writer's funeral sermon.

Ernest Garside Black

"His noble negligences teach
What others' toils despair to reach."

Ernest made his first move in Hamilton and he has been moving ever since. As a boy he would play "hookey" and steal away to the Police Court, where his ambition to be a lawyer took root. He graduated from Acton High School and came to McMaster to join 'Thirteen. His oratorical ability was discovered in his Freshman year, and he represented his class in the Oratorical Contest, an honor which he has again received in his fourth year. He has, in addition, the reputation of being a winning inter-year debater. Incidentally he has managed to attend a number of lectures, but most of his education has been "extra-mural." He has the distinction of being the youngest and fairest member of his Year. His originality and optimism assure his success at the bar.

Expression.—"I'll bet you a dollar."
Weakness.—Politics.
Talent.—Speeches by candle-light.

Robert Gordon Brownlee

"What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has forever."

Born at Stratford-on-Avon, like many another; educated (as far as possible) at Stratford Public School and Collegiate. In due course entered Year 'Twelve at Varsity, in an evil hour; but saw his mistake and came to "Mac."for his third and fourth years, after steeling his heart by a long interval of work amidst the smoke of Pittsburg. An ardent Canuck, "Doad" succeeded in shaking off the iron shackles of the South:—

"Went in,
Didn't like it,
Looked about,
Walked out."

His ambition is well directed, and is summed up in the benevolent word "Law." Being over seventeen, he often talks of the palmy days of his youth, when he used to wield the hockey stick.

Expression.—"Goodnight!"
Only Weakness.—Procrastination; but never too late to dart in.
Pastime.—Sleeping.

Gertrude May Carey

''To those who know thee not, no words can paint;
And those who know thee know all words are faint.''

In the village of West Lorne,
On a bright and sunny morn,
Came this maiden to the parsonage to dwell;
She was little, she was wise,
And a terror for her size,
So was very soon pronounced the village belle.
But then in pastures new
She occupied a pew,
In Renfrew first, and later at Kenmore;
But her heart had always yearned
For Toronto; there she turned
For instruction in the ways of wisdom's lore.

But McMaster made her claim,
And with joyful heart she came
With her mandolin to help at Women's Lit.
Class musician of her Year,
She has made herself most dear
By her cheerful, sunny ways and sparkling wit.

Expression.—''Cheer up, don't you care!''
Weakness.—The Expeditions of Clearchus.
Favorite Book.—Advanced French Prose.

Bruce Wellington Clarke

''I desire no future that will break the ties
of the past.''

Bruce spent his early life on the farm, and has never allowed his interest in agricultural pursuits to wane, for even throughout his college course he has torn himself from his studies periodically to "look after his potatoes." His High School training came to him at Markham, and was followed by a year at the Faculty of Education. For the next two years he had charge of the Science Department at Markham. In the fall of 1910, Bruce joined Class 'Thirteen at McMaster, and at once took his place as leader in the Mathematics, Physics, and Science courses. He won the Scholarship in Special Science in his sophomore year, and the Special Mathematics prize in his sophomore and junior years. Bruce's interest in the college activities has always been keen, and we might suggest Politics to him if we were not so sure of his success in the teaching profession. Bruce has already received an appointment to the Toronto collegiate staff.

Expression.—''Well laugh, then, laugh.''
Weakness.—Special Courses.
Ambition.—It's a secret.

Lorne Hillard Clarke

"A man severe he was, and stern to view."

Lorne started to sing some twenty years ago in a farm house near the post-office of Lemonville, Ontario. The boy grew and waxed strong in spirit, disciplined by a well-loved school-mistress and the attention of sturdy associates. A lively course at Markham High School, and a couple of years spent in teaching and agriculture, prepared him for the sophomore class of Year 'Thirteen. At McMaster he has been an enthusiastic soccer player, a capable Class Secretary in his senior year, a brilliant Physics student, and an exponent of the Fourth Dimension. As secretary-treasurer of the Nip and Tuck Society, Lorne has established a record for integrity and careful dealing. If he teaches, his students will surely get more from him than information.

Expression.—"I'll forgive you."
Weakness.—Sundays at home.
Talent.—Nipping.

Ernest S. Clifton

"Cheered himself with ends of verse
And sayings of Philosophers."

"Cliff." first began to make himself heard a few years ago, near Leamington, Warwickshire, England. He was not long in shifting his headquarters to Canada, and in old Oxford County grew up and waxed valiant under the culture of the public schools. A few years in the cheese-making business made him familiar with industrial problems. This experience, together with a preliminary course at Woodstock, fitted him to enter McMaster with the 1909 fall crop of juveniles. In both institutions Ernest has not only been true to his name, but along with his perseverance he has displayed a genius for good nature and generosity. His future is uncertain, for both Theology and Social Science are attractive. Whichever wins out, Cliff. is bound to come out smiling, and to make his mark in the world.

Weakness.—Long words.
Talent.—Long essays.
Pastime.—Long walks.

Herbert Crawford Cline

"If a man's wit be wandering, let him study the Mathematics."

Although Toronto is his birthplace, "Herb." left his native city while still very young. He received more or less education in the schools of Paris, Owen Sound and Woodstock, graduating from Woodstock College in 1906. The autumn of 1909 found him back in Toronto, enrolled as a Freshman in McMaster. The scope of Herb.'s activities, as an undergraduate, has been wide, including all the important branches of college life. In his sophomore year he was President of his class; in the following year Treasurer of the Athletic Association and Class Orator: and, as a Senior, a successful inter-college debater. He has been a member of the first hockey team throughout his course, and was chosen captain in his senior year. On the class teams, too, both in rugby and hockey, he was one of our strongest men. Herb. intends to go into business.

Weakness.—For "home."
Favorite Book.—"Light for Students."
Ambition.—Einen akademischen Grad erlangen.

Clarence Bensley Crowe

"Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home."

This wise man came from the East. He was born in Halifax, and almost immediately journeyed completely across the continent and took up his abode in New Westminster. He appropriated the education dispensed in the schools there, together with the Governor-General's Medal, and then moved to Vancouver, where he completed his matriculation. Believing, however, that the East had still something to offer, he returned, entering McMaster in the fall of 1909. The record of his work here is evidence of his belief in an all-round education. Winning a Scholarship in Philosophy, breaking the mile record, captaining his Year track team,—these are among his achievements. But in the Literary Society his executive ability came most into prominence, and for his excellent work as Corresponding Secretary and Vice-President he was honored in his Fourth Year with the Presidency of the Society. He was also elected President of the Inter-College Debating Union.

Expression.—"Pardon me, but have we your Lit. fee?"
Favorite Book.—"Kant Explained."
Pastime.—Chasing canoes on the Humber.

Minnie Constance Currie

"... . You know physics, something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime."

Kenora was Minnie's birthplace, but it did not hold her long. After availing herself of its educational advantages and, incidentally, the Junior Matriculation Medal, a longing to carve her name on McMaster desks drew her to Toronto in the fall of '09. In her first year she led Year 'Thirteen as Vice-President, and ever since her ability and popularity have been evident. Minnie has always been an enthusiastic member of "The Fat Five"; in fact has always been ready for fun of any kind. In her spare moments she has "dabbled" in Higher Mathematics, and in this line has been a source of comfort to many a freshette. As a member of the executive of the "Big Lit." for two years she has proved herself most capable. Calgary Normal is her present destination.

Expression.—"Come on, girls, let's be sports."
Favorite Book.—"Norton's Geology."
Pastime.—Contrasting colors.

Robert G. Dunbar

"Alert for battle, not afraid
To face a million foes and bravely fight.'

His native town is Elgin, Morayshire, Scotland. Of Hielan' ancestry, cunning in strathspeys, flings, and other Gaelic oddities, it is little wonder that our scion of Dunbar can kick a soccer ball. Being a "lad o' pairts," he captured a couple of valuable scholarships at Aberdeen University, but, after three months enjoyment of these, his "feyther" called him home. Shortly afterwards a journey halfway around the globe settled him in bustling Vancouver. A few years in the building trade there, plus a few more years at McGill University, Montreal, prepared a brilliant Classics student to graduate with Year 'Thirteen of McMaster. During the one year he has spent with us, Dunbar has on several occasions contributed prose and verse to The Monthly, and has taken a lively interest in all student activities. He bears with him to his teaching work in British Columbia the respect and good-will of McMaster students.

Expression.—"W-e-ll. That's all right."
Weakness and Talent.—Latin and Greek.
Pastime.—"Soccah."

George Howard Ellis

"I can look sharp as well as another, and
let me alone to keep the cobwebs out of my eyes."

He is one of those rare individuals who has caught the knack of "living on twenty-four hours a day." Indeed George Ellis *must* have turned to use quite every golden hour to cram a course so full of activity. He came to McMaster from London, *Ont.*, (the italics are his), and joined 'Thirteen as a sophomore. Since then he has been caught in pretty nearly every kind of work and play that students engage in. He has been financing THE MONTHLY as its Business Manager, leading the Fourth Year hockey team through the season without a defeat, and pushing and pulling every other worthy enterprise, besides getting into class acquaintance with nearly every member of the Faculty. The Registrar calls him a Special Science man, but he is, as well, economist, philosopher, historian and litterateur.—not a jack-of-all-trades, but a specialist with well-developed other interests. Such a broad basis should fit him well for the commercial life to which he intends to return.

Expression.—"You see, it's this way."
Weakness.—Midnight in the kitchen.
Ambition.—To take orders.

Christine Mary Fraser

"Her smile's a gift frae boon the lift
That maks us mair than princes."

Green were the woods and fair the flowers
When Tannie cam tae Osgoode toun;
Played in its bonnie holms and haughs,
Then gaed to schule wi' braw new goun.

Wi' a' the ither weans roun',
She paidled in the liltin' burn;
But kent her task in spite o' fun,
And spak up smairt when cam' her turn.

An' noo awa' to Kemptville schule
Her feyther payin' ilka bill;
Pored o'er her bukes fu' half the nicht,
O' lairnin' cou'dna get her fill.

"Noo whit my paw, can I nae gang
Tae auld MacMaister's lairned ha'?"
"Ye surely maun," her fayther said,
She cam', she saw, she conquered a'.

Her winsome face and merry mense
Soon maked her Vice o' Ladies' Lit.,
The lassies ca'd her their Head Girl,
Wi' braw degree she's surely it.

Expression.—"What say?"
Pastime.—Bâtir des châteaux en Espagne.
Talent.—Informal masquerading.

Robert MacGregor Fraser

"A great character founded on the living rock of principle."

Mac.'s first words were in Gaelic, and his early history is known only to the good Scotch folk of Osgoode; hence neither may be recorded. His career at McMaster began in September, 1909. For his first year he said little and thought much. Psychology in his second year made him think more. And in his third year he began to specialize in thinking under Dr. Ten Broeke. In his spare moments, between his philosophizing and his preparations for sharing the Welton Memorial Hebrew Scholarship in the spring, he acted as Minister of Finance for his Year. During his final year, when Kant has not demanded his attention, his thoughts have turned to Theology. He expects to preach during the summer, contemplating returning for Theology in the fall. He may be an idealist in Philosophy, but in actual fact Mac. is a vigorous realism,—on the rugby line, in his work, and in himself,—true and sturdy-hearted.

Expression.—"Och!"
Favorite Book.—The British Weekly.
Talent.—Recruiting.

Graydon M. Goodfellow

"Come, Ingomar! Thy fate awaits thee!"

The halcyon days of "Goody's" youth were spent in Toronto, Midland and Whitby, respectively. In the fall of '09 he steered for McMaster, where he has since established an enviable reputation. "Gray" has taken special work in Mathematics and in Political Economy, and in the course of events has gained distinction by winning the Langdon Prize in Special Mathematics, the Governor-General's Medal for General Proficiency, and the Thomson Scholarship in Political Economy. Besides this he has figured prominently in athletics, winning in 1911 the Chancellor's Medal and the McNaught Cup. As a Junior he was Treasurer of the Lit., and as a Senior was editor of "Around the Hall" and President of the Social Science Club. Goody's activities, however, have not been entirely confined to University work, since, in the midst of his many duties, he has found time to indulge in a special extra-mural course.

Expression.—"Good night, guys! Going to see my aunt!"
Weakness.—Soliloquies on Rosedale Bridge at midnight.
Ambition.—To boost the "Whitby Gazette."

Samuel Jethro Graham

"I am a part of all that I have met."

Fenelon Falls still remembers Jethro's love for nature as a child, and as the lad grew, behold! nature still retained her hold on him. It was for her sake that he soon put behind him his preparatory training in the town of his birth and at Woodstock College. Thence he burst in upon McMaster life as a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day. As a member of Year 'Twelve for three years he took an active part in all its social and athletic activities. Then, thirsting for change, he turned to mercantile life. But Jethro was designed for greater things; accordingly, impelled by the Fates, a year later he returned to McMaster, where he was gladly welcomed by Year 'Thirteen. Jethro graduates as a Science Specialist, and we who know him best can read success in the star of his future.

Expression.—"What are you going to do?"
Favorite Book.—His cheque-book.
Pastime.—Musical comedy.

Alexander Haddow

"He's mighty Scotch and he's Scotchly shrewd."

This line from one of our debating songs was written concerning the subject of this biography, and since he helped win the debate we are quite convinced that it is true. Alec. was born in Scotland, but, having been attracted to Canada, has remained here. After a short residence in Peterboro, which city he still visits frequently, he attended Woodstock College, where he won many prizes, among them being the medals for Oratory and General Proficiency in his final year. Then he entered McMaster with Year 'Thirteen, and here he has been an energetic member both of his school and his class. In his third year he guided the Juniors as President, and helped the University win the debate against Wycliffe. He has played on the Senior rugby team throughout his course as centre scrimmager, and will return to represent Theology in the same capacity.

Expression.—"You can't grow hair and brains."
Talent.—Slamming.
Ambition.—To teach geology to the heathen.

Annie Elizabeth Haines

Curteys she was, and discreet and debonaire,
And compaignable and bar hir-self so faire
That trewely she had our hertes in holde.''

A mayd ther was of Cheltenham also,
That unto scole hadde ther y-go.
And she was cleped Annie then, I wene.
Ful wel she song the service divyne
Entuned in hir nose ful semely.
And then to scole in Georgetown mekely,
Wher many oon y-wrought with peyne ond hete
To winne the prys, but everich time y-bete.
Ful soon she tawhte the bairns with governaunce
And eke the fader prys hir ordinaunce.
To McMaster Halle cam she then by chaunce,
Where lerninge she coude han of suffisaunce.
For her was gladly have at hir beddes heed
Tweye bokes clad in gray or reed,
So that they were French or German highte.
Vice-President of Year 'Thirteen so swete
In hir last year, y-proved hir worthiness.
Ther was a betre friend to noon, I gesse.

Expression.—''If I have to, I'll do it. Shoot the luck!''
Weakness.—Cinnamon sticks.
Ambition.—To skate backwards.

Robert G. Halbert

''There is love that stirs the heart,
And love that gives it rest;
But the love that leads life upward
Is the noblest and the best.''

May 10th will always be an important date in the county of Dufferin, for it was on that day, a little more than a score of years ago, that there came upon the scene Robert G. Halbert, better known as "Bob." His life stream babbled merrily through Granger Public School and Orangeville High and Model Schools. Thence to Black's Corners rural school he went, where two years of teaching opened the way for his call to the Christian ministry. Since then he has spent two years in mission work and three at Victoria College. But Bob. decided that he would be wise to graduate from McMaster, and to that end he joined Year 'Thirteen. He has specialized in Philosophy, but also takes a deep interest in *personal work*.

Expression.—''What in thunder!''
Favorite Book.—''Life.''
Talent.—Preserving silence.

Arthur Hall

"For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty."

Tamworth, England, is his native city, and mining was his occupation until the call of the West brought him across the stormy wave to Canada. He followed the plow for a year, but, finding farm life uncongenial, and hungering for the power which knowledge gives, he entered Woodstock College in 1906. Here he made a profound and lasting impression by the length of his words in debate and by his ability as a musician. Matriculating in 1909, he entered McMaster in the fall of that year, and was given entire control of the Mission Study Class. Of thoughtful habits and kindly disposition, his specials are Philosophy and a fair Canadienne. Next fall he will join the ranks of the Theologues.

Expression.—"Fifty cents for the Y. M. C. A.?"
Weakness.—Roast beef.
Talent.—Sawing wood.

Abraham E. Halpern

"He is of the tribe of God Almighty's men."

Abraham is a native of the Queen City, his arrival at an early age having been made the occasion for much rejoicing among his fellow-citizens. Although possessing a unique personality, he followed the customary routine in educational study. Louisa Street Public School and Jarvis Street Collegiate were the institutions at which his preliminary education was obtained. His university career was begun at Varsity, where he distinguished himself by obtaining a high standing in Semitic languages. In his one year at McMaster he has distinguished himself as a faithful worker, and after graduating he will leave for the American metropolis to complete his scholastic career in the Jewish Theological Seminary.

Expression.—"Get a move on!"
Weakness.—Social Functions.
Favorite Book.—"The Children of the Ghetto."

Morley Richard Hartley

"Then on! then on! where duty lies
My course be onward still!"

On August 9th, 1885, "Dick," appeared on the farm at Newport, but after some deliberation he finally settled at Niagara Falls, Ontario. He was very small when he entered public school, but it soon became apparent that to fool with Dick was "a dangerous thing to do." Matriculating from Stamford High School he mixed pills for the Thorburn drug stores, Niagara Falls, graduating in '09 from O.C.P. But Morley turned from pharmaceutical pursuits to ministerial—from the pounding of the mortar to that of the pulpit—hence began his career at "Mac." He has played senior soccer, was Vice-President of the Y.M.C.A., and Student Body Rep. for his class. Scholarships, too, were his in Greek and Hebrew. India is Morley's prospective field of action. "An' 'e May" not go alone.

Expression.—"Muckerooski!"
Favorite Book.—Darcy's "Short Study of Ethics."
Pastime.—1909-12, writing letters at 1 a.m.; 1912-13, after-four walks.

Hazel Constance Hooper

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

Several most enjoyable class parties testify to the fact that Hazel's home is in Toronto: it has always been here. After spending several winters learning the three R's, Hazel found herself a sweet girl graduate of Moulton—just in time to join 'Thirteen at McMaster. Here she has been a most popular and valued member of the famous organization, "The Fat Five." When a freshette, she guarded the Y. W. coffers; as sophette she upheld the yellow banner as Vice-President; and in her senior year she has successfully filled the difficult position of President of the Y. W. C. A. However, in spite of the tasks demanded by her beloved History and Moderns, Hazel has always found time for play—for the side lines at rugby; and as for Little Vic.—well!

Weakness.—Robertson's Chocolates.
Pastime.—Conferences.
Talent.—Inducing freshettes to attend chapel.

Ernest Elmer Hyde

"How happy is he, born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will."

Ernest Elmer Hyde began his career in Norfolk County. After matriculating from Brantford Collegiate in 1904 he played pedagogue in Ontario for a couple of years. When the McMaster ghost first caught him, it left him in charge of Year 'Twelve, but he changed his brand by joining 'Thirteen as a sophomore, after spending a year in Alberta. His bumps indicate a predilection for public speaking, oratory, and inter-year debating, while industry has developed in him a liking for Special English and History à la Faculty. Ernie qualified for the positions of Editor of "Athletics" in THE MONTHLY and Business Manager of the Athletic Association by taking a special course in Political Economy and by carefully hiding all traces of graft.

Expression.—"Shucks!"
Talent.—Disputation.
Ambition.—Leader of His Majesty's Opposition.

Elmer Jamieson

"Shadow-like, there stands the silent Mohawk."

Elmer Jamieson, known at home as Kanonstakonra (White Corn), gave his first war-whoop as a full-fledged papoose in the Township of Tuscarora, County of Brant. A warrior-member of the Six Nations Indians, he has fully demonstrated the wandering proclivities of his race. At an early age, before any eagle plumes bedecked his brow, he was sent to the public school, from which he graduated to the Caledonia High School. From Caledonia, White Corn, in full regalia, next journeyed to McMaster and joined the class of Year 'Thirteen. On the rugby field, and on the track he has proven himself a sturdy supporter of the Year. It is White Corn's intention to gain more skilful use of the knife at McGill University.

Pastime.—Quoits.
Talent.—Saying nothing, but sawing wood.
Ambition.—The medical profession.

Jessie May Kee

"And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can."

Jessie came to Avening on a bright and sunny day.
Excuse me, Mrs. Kee," she said, "but here I'd like to stay."
Schooldays here and then at Stayner were hurried quickly over.
She taught a while but soon desired new knowledge to discover.
In naughty-nine she entered McMaster's Year 'Thirteen.
Exams have brought her many firsts, as by her class lists seen.
Many stories for The Monthly have been writ above her name,
And as the Lady Editor she has added to her fame.
Yea, and in the Ladies' Lit. she has appeared before us.

Killing she was as "Polydor," or as conductor of a chorus.
Enriched by Jessie's influence, McMaster's life has been,
Ennobled will be everyone whose friendship she doth win.

Favorite Book.—Poems of Wordsworth.
Talent.—Impersonating.
Ambition.—To edit the Society Column of *The Baptist Visitor.*

Hugh Bryan Kilgour

"What I will, I will, and there an end."

Hugh was born in the pretty little town of Guelph, away back in the early nineties. Traditions tell us that his early cries of "*Nunc est bibendum*" could be stopped only by a liberal application of the bottle. These early tendencies toward classics and drink have never disappeared. Because of high ambition, he decided to move the family to Toronto, where he began his schooling. Clinton St. Public School prepared him for Harbord Collegiate, where he was given all he could hold, including a second-year scholarship. It is said that his favorite song at this time was "The Campbells are Coming, Hurrah! Hurrah!" To fulfill this prophecy he was led to take up a classics course at McMaster. Hugh has been a faithful "plugger," and a noisy supporter of the Year in all its activities.

Ambition.—Medical missionary to the Orang-outangs.
Weakness.—Mathematics.
Expression.—"Land, nothing done!"

Absalom Eshu Kochaly

"The other wise man from the East."

Absalom was a Christmas gift. He was born on Christmas Eve in Urmiah, Persia, where he received his elementary education and gathered first-hand information for his future lectures on "The Land of the Lion and the Sun." After teaching for some time, he set out in search of higher knowledge. His wandering ended after two years, when the star stood still over McMaster. Here his quest has been pursued with splendid success. In spite of great difficulties in language and customs, A. E. graduated from the English Theological course in 1911. He was then welcomed as a member of Year 'Thirteen. During the next two years Absalom expects to make an appeal to the Baptists of Canada on behalf of Christian education in Persia. He will then return to his native land to undertake Christian work among the Mohammedans.

Expression.—"What d'you think this is, your birthday?"
Weakness.—Phone calls at dinner.
Favorite Book.—"The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

Letha M. Kortum

"Dum licet inter nos igitur laetemur amantes;
Non satis est ullo tempore longus amor."

Letha was born at Rockford, but disliking the gloomy shadows of the surrounding forest, chose Villa Nova as a more congenial atmosphere for the pursuit of learning. Having exhausted the local wells of knowledge, she turned to Waterford, where, because of her joyous and irrepressible disposition, she was the pride and terror of classmates, and where her name ever sought the top of the lists. But one evening Letha came home to find that nothing remained of the parental roof but smoking embers, so she hastened from the desolate scene to McMaster, entering the class of 'Thirteen in her sophomore year. Letha has made many friends here, and though it is whispered that the Hub of the Universe will claim her, there is no danger of her forgetting her Alma Mater in that learned environment.

Favorite Book.—Ross's "Social Self."
Talent.—Billets-Doux.
Ambition.—To avoid attending Faculty.

Alexander Lindsay

"He cannot flatter, he, an honest mind and plain; he must speak truth!"

"Alec" hails from Edinburgh, Scotland, having landed on Canadian soil in May, 1904. As a locomotive blacksmith in the C. P. R. shops at Montreal he made the sparks fly. In the fall of 1906 he entered Woodstock College, and after he had been subjected to a little coaxing decided to stay for his matriculation, which he obtained in 1909. While at Woodstock College he won distinction in three departments—sprinting, questioning and ringing the bell. He joined the freshman class at McMaster in the fall of 1909. Bachelor life was not to his liking, and before starting as a junior he decided to take a wife; in October, 1911, he was married. In the classroom he has paid his toll of steady toil and painstaking effort. His specials are History and a little Scotch—melody. He is a volunteer for the foreign field.

Weakness.—Apple pie.
Pastime.—Canoeing.
Talent.—Early rising.

Bruce Victor McCrimmon

"His face with smile eternal drest."

On Victoria Day, 1891, Bruce started his career at Port Royal, on Lake Erie, and has since spent most of his holidays there. He gained his early education at Chicago and Woodstock, and entered McMaster with Year 'Thirteen. When he got his first knickers he at once learned to play rugby and soccer, and later hockey, basketball, etc. Since coming to McMaster he has been a member of all three senior teams of the University, winning renown for sticking at it. Yet he has found time to take an active interest in numerous branches of college life, and in his final year to act as President of the class. His special work in Political Economy will be valuable in his course at Osgoode Hall, which he will enter upon next fall.

Expression.—"Oh, it isn't much!"
Favorite Book.—"Elsie's Schooldays."
Talent.—Short class-meetings.

Mary Margaret McDonald

"Wholly sweet and fair and gentle—and yet so womanly."

A rosy darkeyed little lass, to Osgoode came one day,
To Peter R. McDonald's house, and there prepared to stay.
But Osgoode School was lacking in educational frills,
So to improve her intellect she moved to Oxford Mills.
At school they say she would insist on sitting with the boys;
'Twas not that she was giddy, but she rather liked their noise.
Here quickly she developed a most adventurous mind,
And when her father moved out West, she wouldn't stay
behind.
At two-two-seven-six Searth St., Regina, now she dwelt
Until the call McMasterwards within her soul she felt.
So when '13 were fresh and green, she came to join their ranks,
And in her third year, as their Vice, she engineered their pranks.
Her other deeds must stay untold; this year she graduates,
And M. A. work in History next year she contemplates.

Favorite Expression.—"Come on to chapel, girls!"
Weakness.—Afternoon teas.
Special Talent.—Booming the West.

Fred Alexander McGregor

"His genius was jocular, but, when disposed, he could be very serious."

Until he entered McMaster with Class 1912, Fred had always lived in Ottawa. "The family," the school, the "Free Press," and the Civil Service all shared the benefit of his enthusiasm. A Scholarship in English Bible in his first year, a year under the Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, and then he joined Class 1913. He chose Economics and Philosophy as his special subjects. President of the Debating Society and editor of "Here and There" in his third year, President of the Nip and Tuck Society and managing-editor of THE MONTHLY in his final year, and running half-back on the senior rugby team for two years,—these indicate the place he took in the activities of the college life. He has been elected President of his class for the next five years. Though "his genius is jocular," it is only a covering for a genuine earnestness of purpose and a true heart within. After preaching this summer, Fred expects to take up the duties of a master in Woodstock College.

Expression.—"Mind, I'm tellin' ye!"
"Past-time."—Getting down to it.
Weakness.—Worry.

Fred Cecil Madill

"I have a heart with room for every joy."

"Freddie" began to laugh at life a little over two decades ago at Claremont, Ontario, and he has been doing that, more or less, ever since. Tiring of the farm, he doffed his jeans and followed the steep and thorny road to knowledge. After graduating from Whitby Collegiate, he decided to try his luck with 'Thirteen at McMaster. He has specialized in Science and Political Economy, and is gifted as an author. In his senior year, as Secretary of the Literary Society, he amused himself by writing funny sentences in the minute book. Fred takes things seriously once in a while, however. He has been a valued member of the Year and, having been born in September, his success is assured. Claremont papers please copy.

Favorite Book.—"Famous Liars I Have Known."
Pastime.—He has a number; probably "500."
Ambition.—To die happy.

Harvey Merritt

"A minister, but still a man."

Harvey became a citizen of Scotland, Ontario, early in 1889. After enjoying life on the uplands for six years he descended into the Valley Public School. He received his secondary school training at Brantford Collegiate Institute. Forgetting that the love of money is the root of all evil, Harvey decided to be a banker, but after two years the "filthy lucre" lost its lure and McMaster received him as a freshman with Year 'Thirteen. In his second year he served his class as Secretary; as a junior he attended to the manifold duties of the Student Body in the capacity of Secretary; as a senior he was First Vice Kakiak. Never was there a more devoted servant of the public. Next year he will pursue a B.Th. course and act at High Kakiak.

Expression.—"You bet your auntie!"
Favorite Book.—Ladies' Home Journal.
Weakness.—First train home after exams.

Alfred Richardson Quirk

"No, such a genius never can lie still!"

If Dick had been a cannibal, his capacity would have been limited only by his size. But as his arrival in 1893 happened at Toronto, he had to satisfy his cravings with something more tasteful to all—education. He was, however, an enthusiast in everything. At Pickering College they tried to quench his ardor by the cooling influence of water, but he came up smiling, his characteristic way of enduring hardship and meeting difficulties. After finishing his public school work in Toronto he visited Harbord Collegiate. Three years there did not satisfy that hungry feeling, and accordingly he became a McMaster student. Sophs., freshmen, calculus and exams. have all looked alike to him. Now, nothing daunted, he proposes to embark on the boundless ocean of Law. Here's good luck to the kid of Year 'Thirteen.

Expression.—"Pretty smooth!"
Weakness.—Attendance at Lectures.
Favorite Book.—"Solid Geometry."

Thomas Dillworth C. de St. Dalmas

"With gentle mien, grave walk, and pleasing vest,
And such benign and modest speech possesst."

St. Dal. first beamed upon the world at Petrolea, in the early nineties. His budding genius was nurtured, for a few years, in St. Catharines, and later in Coaticook, Quebec, where he attended the Academy for a couple of years. Marching on to Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, he matriculated with honors, winning the Charles Cotton Gold Medal for general proficiency. He came to McMaster in 1909 as a verdant freshman and has been a loyal member of Year 'Thirteen ever since, save that he has taken more than his share of prizes. In the first year, Latin and French scholarships were his plunder, and in the third year, a Grande Ligne scholarship in French. His kindly disposition and good nature have made him well liked by his fellow-students—and others.

Favorite Book.—"Kelly's Key."
Talent.—Music.
Ambition.—French Professor at McMaster.

Roy Stanley Shields

"He has his lusty spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span."

Not Stratford-on-Avon, but Brockville-on-the-St. Lawrence was the birthplace of Roy. Seven years he grew, shielded on every side, before his exuberant spirits began to exasperate his teachers. After matriculation, a year was spent in Iowa, on the range. Roy was waiting to join 'Thirteen! At McMaster the challenge of a family record greeted him. Occasionally he has taken up the challenge and has proved himself a worthy son of the East. Throughout his course, history, economics, and the sporting page of *The Globe* have received his special attention. His vacations have been spent in the West, where the Russian youths have learned from him the tricks of baseball. Here also he has helped Miss Canada to take her measurements, and has assisted in the administrative work of the C. P. R. at Fort William. Roy is still in the plastic stage: we hope great things for his future.

Expression.—Oh Crippen!"
Ambition.—The Bench.
Weakness.—The Home Lunch.

Frank Laurence Stacy

"But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great."

Frank was born and bred under the Stars and Stripes. From the "Granite State," the place of his birth, he migrated at any early age to Haverhill, Mass., and there he began to manifest a deep interest in the learning dispensed by the educational institutions of that city. He completed a full course and an extra year at high school, and then a kindly fortune led him to McMaster. For four years he has delved into the depths of philosophy and carried as many theological opinions as possible. In his senior year he was President of the Student Volunteer Band, but he is chiefly proud of the fact that he was a member of the Year 'Thirteen rugby champions. His prospective field of labor is the distant Republic of the Dragon.

Expression.—"My dear boy!"
Favorite Book.—"Nursing at Home."
Ambition.—To be a masseur.

James N. Start

''An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.''

Homestead life in the West, even though he was brought up to it, proved irksome to this son of the prairie. Jim left the Red River district and struck for parts more civilized. Brandon College showed him how to matriculate, and sent him to the other side, to North Dakota, where he acted as sky pilot for the Cavalier Baptist Church. But the University Arts course was his ambition in those days. He therefore entered the State University, but ill-health gave him opportunity to make a wiser choice, and in the autumn of 1908 he made his first appearance at McMaster. A year out, in the service of the Bentinck Baptist Church, brought him into the company of the Thirteenites. After graduating he will enter upon the B.D. course, carrying with it a few extras in social science.

Weakness.—Attendance at the library.
Favorite Book.—''How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day.''
Pastime.—Meals.

Roy Clarke Steckley

''A surfeit of the sweetest things
A deep loathing to the stomach brings.''

Near Bethesda, Ontario, in the 90's, "Steck" made his appearance, and for a few years learned to follow the plow. Tiring of farm life he became a Markham High School boy, graduating in '08. After a short sojourn in the West he came to McMaster in 1909. In spite of his devotion to mathematics and "home missions," he has aided in winning soccer and rugby championships for his Year, besides being Treasurer of the class in his second year and a reporter for THE MONTHLY. During the fall of 1912 his splendid physique gave way and he was missed from the Nip and Tuck Society functions. At present he is on the road to recovery, and expects to complete his work in the fall. We shall hear of him later when he is called to the bar.

Expression.—''Have you anything to eat?''
Weakness.—Cherry sundaes.
Talent.—High finance.

Jessie Isabel Stenhouse

"At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads."

In the sunny land of Cambridge, 'twas a glorious day in fall,
When a little pig-tailed maiden entered into learning's hall.
When she gained much useful knowledge from the schoolhouse on the green
Then her doting parents sent her to the college at Grande Ligne.
Here she conquered all before her, in the lists outshining all,
Old McGill then vainly beckoned, for she would not heed the call,
Though a scholarship was offered to entice her to its fold;
For McMaster, too, was calling, and she scorned the paltry gold.
As the Vice of our Y. W. and Historian of her Year,
She has proven a wise counsellor and a scribe without a peer.
Well beloved by all who knew her, giving everyone his due,
She will always be remembered as a loyal friend and true.

Expression.—"It's a funny world."
Weakness.—Afternoon naps.
Favorite Book.—Dewey's "School and Society."

Walter Mason Turnbull

. . . . . "Still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Walt. was born in Peterborough before the days of the lift-lock. He received his early education in the local schools, but matriculated from Jarvis Street Collegiate, Toronto. After some business experience and a course of training in New York, he went as a missionary to Western India, where he spent five years in effective service. To fit himself further for educational work in the Orient, he returned to Canada and entered McMaster in 1909. He has specialized in History and Philosophy, has evinced a tendency to capture "firsts," has won scholarships each year, and on two occasions has ably represented the University in inter-college debate. In his final year he was elected President of the Student Body and in that position of honor has proven an exceedingly capable and popular "High Kakiak." He has also served as President of the Student Volunteer Band, and throughout his course has been a leader in the Christian activities of the College.

Expression.—"We'll now have a little sermon."
Pastime.—Reading Kant.
Ambition.—To sail beyond the sunrise.

Hazel Evelyn Watson

"She's a winsome wee thing,
She's a handsome wee thing,
She's a bonnie wee thing,
Is this little lass o' ours."

One smiling winter's morn a dark-eyed fairy appeared in the village of Georgetown, and her fond parents decided to call her Hazel. Being very much in love with the picturesque surroundings of her birthplace, she refused to go elsewhere until she had received all the knowledge the schools there had to offer. Then, involuntarily, she turned towards McMaster and entered the class of 'Thirteen in her sophomore year, specializing in Moderns and History. Although the exigencies of this course demand much labor and continual burning of the midnight oil, this did not brook the tide of merriment that ever surged in her soul, and by her sweet and winsome disposition Hazel has become dear to us all.

Expression.—"Wait for me, girls."
Pastime.—Telephoning.
Talent.—Using pink tickets.

Frederick Dutton Weir

"Away with him! Away with him! He speaks Latin."

"Weary" started his travels at Guelph, Ontario, and since then, being a minister's son, has seen a good deal of Canada. His abilities may be deduced from a partial list of his achievements. He won the Pratt Scholarship for General Proficiency and two other prizes in his first year, and the Sinclair Prize in Latin as a junior; he has served three years on The Monthly Board; he was Treasurer of the class as a senior; and has been on the Year track, soccer and rugby teams. Fred has specialized in Political Economy and Latin, but his interests are numerous, and he has lately enlarged his sphere of activity by engaging in social work, which, like every true philanthropist, he carries on as quietly as possible.

Expression.—"Hello, Central, give me College ——!"
Weakness.—Breakfast in the kitchen at 1 a.m.
Pastime.—Attending chapel service. Seldom indulged in.

Olive F. Wilkins

"She knows what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

A city-bred girl, Olive attended the Model School and Moulton College before joining the forces of Year 'Thirteen. Since coming to McMaster she has made an enviable reputation in scholastic and other activities. She has specialized in Philosophy and Moderns—also Social Science, by proxy. During her course Olive has won the Ryrie Prize in German, the Memorial Prize in English and History, and the Teetzel Prize in Philosophy. She is also known as an enthusiastic member of "The Fat Five." In the plays given each year by the Women's Literary Society she has filled a leading rôle, and in her senior year has been the very efficient President of that organization. Her good taste and practical ideas have been of great value to the class in executive work. Tennis, skating and snow-shoeing are her favorite amusements.

Expression.—"Oh, Goody!"
Weakness.—Divinity fudge and pickles.
Talent.—Winning scholarships.

Ralph E. Williams

"And a woman is only a woman
But a good cigar is a smoke."

Ralph's activities have always centred about Toronto. He received his primary education in her public schools and graduated from Harbord Street Collegiate in 1908. He laid the financial foundation for his university training in the rocks of the Cobalt mines, and he came to McMaster to corroborate the observations he had made in the use of the lever, pulley, etc. "Doc." has always been a consistent member of Year 'Thirteen and of the different societies in the University, supporting whole-heartedly the proposals with which he agreed, but just as sincerely and just as decidedly condemning those which did not meet with his approval. Athletics received his liberal attention, and his presence on the line materially strengthened our Year rugby team. Ralph has spent his summers doing personal work for the Ontario Government in the Sturgeon River District, and is now considering a call to lumbering or engineering as a vocation.

Expression.—"I was not!"
Talent.—Language.
Ambition.—A job.

Ernest Floyd Willoughby

"And more a Mars in combat than a mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame."

Again Science admits that quantity and quality may go hand in hand. Since the dawn of Floyd's history, in Stouffville, we find the statement being proven. Early completing his public school career, he took a short intermission from studies. Added zeal resulted in a successful combination of studies, football and hockey at Bowmanville and Markham High Schools. After a term at Model in Newmarket he became a source of inspiration to the rising generation of Darlington—and the reaction was of equal effect. In 1909 McMaster opened wide its doors to receive him as a science specialist. Here the quantity, still keeping pace with quality, showed itself a source of kinetic energy on the campus and ice. Now that the "tests" have been applied, we see the resulting element in a well-trained mind and body, prepared to go forth again to analyze the minds of Canada's young hopes.

Favorite Book.—" 'Way Down East."
Pastime.—The theatre.
Ambition.—Ph.D. in chemistry.

* * *

Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day

A series of thirty-second interviews conducted by Miss Jessie Kee and Messrs Goodfellow and McGregor.

Miss Ashall, on Sports.—"All sports should be abolished. They demand too much time, involve pain and separation, and entail suffering and self-sacrifice. They are conducive neither to a long life nor a harmonious one. We must abolish them."

Miss Carey, on Reforms in the Marriage Service.—"Certainly the man should promise to serve and to obey the woman, and if anyone is given away it should be he. The law should see that the promise regarding the endowment of his goods be strictly kept."

Miss Currie, on Utilizing Plug Time.—"I make it a rule to devote the mornings entirely to slumber, the afternoons to motoring, canoeing or walking, and the evenings to the theatre, and am always careful to avoid all thought of examinations."

Miss Fraser, on Canadian Navy Bill.—An interview was arranged for with Miss Fraser to learn her views on the Canadian Navy Bill, but unfortunately she forgot the appointment and her whereabouts could not be ascertained.

Miss Haines, on Theatre Going.—"Girls, the theatre is a wicked snare; no good can ever come from it. Foolish, giddy singers,—bold, vulgar dancers. Avoid it as you would Fyfe Day!"

Miss Hooper, on The West.—"They say that the West is the land of "golden" opportunities, of "brilliant" achievements; but I'm not interested. I prefer to take up settlement work here in the East."

Miss Kee, on Equal Suffrage.—"We must have votes! Too long have we been ignored! Too long have we been ground under the heels of the despots! Away with the man-made laws! Persecution—imprisonment—starvation—but votes!!!"

Miss Kortum, on Keeping Engagements.—"It takes an artist to arrange that there will be only one at a time, and that there always will be one. I find that summer engagements are the most difficult to keep, perhaps because of counter attractions."

MISS McDONALD, on Examinations.—"I submit that examinations are a haunting conscience, an unwelcome remembrancer, a mortification to the flesh, a death's head at the pink tea, an utter kill-joy—barbarous—inhuman—monstrous! Away with them!"

MISS STENHOUSE, on Politics.—"For my political views I refer you to the *Globe*. I am prepared to accept and to uphold any statement made by that newspaper on this or any other subject."

MISS WATSON, on Nature.—"The uninitiated cannot appreciate the joys of a close communion with nature,—the long, blissful walks by the murmuring brook, the quiet hours spent listening to its pleasant whisperings. What can compare with the delights of such intimacy?"

MISS WILKINS, on The Stage versus Matrimony.—"I must play a part, but whether or not in real life is the problem. The Stage? Exciting, but success uncertain. Matrimony?—Monotony! Yes, but I'll stick to it like a good fellow."

ASHMORE, on Undergraduate Matrimony.—"Ha, ha! Yes, I'll tell you." Then followed extensive quotations from Cooley, Kant, Horne, and others, all in support, presumably, of his last remark that "the double life is all joy."

BATES, on the Laissez-faire Policy.—"For three years I have been a warm advocate of the policy as applied to all academic pursuits. My experience is that it has seldom failed."

BELL, on Prize Winning.—"The fact that I am a prize geologue is due to the extent of my participation in college athletics. To attain this rank, however, one must also devote a few odd moments to the study of the subject itself."

BICK, on Immersion.—"I strongly disapprove of this insane practice of *bathing* freshmen. When any treatment is required I should suggest *sprinkling* with a hose. The former, however, is entirely opposed to my Methodist principles."

BLACK, on Betting.—"My position with reference to the question of betting in the University is already known. The best preventive is to remove the cause. Therefore, forbid all inter-year athletic contests."

BROWNLEE, on Punctuality.—"*Punctuality* has been my watchword always. What success I have achieved I attribute to the fact that during my college course I have never been more than fifteen minutes late for any lecture."

BRUCE CLARKE, on Health.—"The rosy glow upon my cheek is the result of the fresh air treatment. Each week-end I spend drinking in the life-giving ozone of Stouffville, away from the dull, uninteresting city."

LORNE CLARKE, on Finance.—"The Nip and Tuck could never have succeeded without such a figurehead as myself. None but a mathematician could have so well drafted the estimates or manipulated the funds so craftily."

CLIFTON, on Temperance Reform.—Mr. Clifton's interview will shortly be available in more permanent form. His prolixity was like unto the essays of the man. (Macmillan. London and Toronto, 1913. 793 pp.)

CLINE, on U. S. Annexation.—"The need is urgent. I will admit. Financial considerations, however, must have due weight. Since the proposal has come this time from Canada, I think within a year the union should be effected."

CROWE, on retiring from office.—"Nothing has encouraged me more than the support afforded by the students to the annual Lit. Banquet. Especially would I express my appreciation of the splendid way in which Theology has contributed thereto."

DUNBAR, on Classics.—"In a short time I shall publish a series of Prof. G. H. Campbell's lectures on Virgil's Georgics. I shall introduce explanatory notes where needed, and also intersperse throughout the book suitable witticisms."

ELLIS, on Patronizing Advertisers.—"You see, its this way, the thing of it is we've simply got to give business to our MONTHLY advertisers, whether they be peanut vendors or undertakers.—But excuse me, I'm busy."

FRASER, on the Study of Hebrew.—"Och, ye don't know what life is half until ye've got Hebrew. I wouldn't be for making it compulsory, but a man shouldn't be allowed through without it."

GOODFELLOW, on McMaster Residence.—Mr. Goodfellow referred jocularly to the "ins and outs" of McMaster, and continued. "Sometimes I wonder to which class I belong. However, I will say that I am *in* considerably through being *out*, and at the same time I am not *out* much by being *in*."

GRAHAM, on Theatres.—"One should not condemn without a knowledge of the subject, but I know whereof I speak, and I feel it my duty to utter a warning against theatre-going. It is absolutely demoralizing, especially to the pocket book."

HADDOW, on Constitutions.—"Having assisted in amending the constitution of the Athletic Association, I should feel no hesitation in criticising any constitution ever constructed. One could drive a horse and cart through the majority of them."

HALBERT, on Pastoral Work.—"It is not good for man to be alone. Above all I should advise a pastor to choose himself a helper before entering upon his work. I also believe in practising what I preach. Watch me!"

Hall, on Philosophy.—" 'A philosopher's life is spent in discovering that, of the half-dozen truths he knew when a child, such an one is a lie, . . . and then . . . it becomes a truth again after all . . . and so he re-states it, to the confusion of somebody else in good time'. But that's a quotation."

Halpern, on Examinations.—"My ideas about examinations, I think, are well known. Let the examination period extend over two full weeks, Wednesday and Saturday and the intervening days, of course, omitted. The heavy strain must somehow be relieved."

Hartley, on the Theatre.—"Undiscriminating condemnation of such an institution I would regard as inadvisable. In all my experience I have never seen a play in which some worthy elements could not be found. Let us be fair, gentlemen."

Hyde, on Political Reform.—"I hereby declare myself as 'agin' the government,' and as opposed to the existing order of all things. I will incite Grit, Tory and Socialist to reform and then take delight in disagreeing with them."

Jamieson, on Public Speaking.—"Yes . . . . Yes . . . . No."

Kilgour, on Motor Cycle.—"The most up-to-date conveyance is a motor cycle, in my opinion. I propose to use one in touring my mission field among the heathen. My wife will occupy a basket chair at my side."

Kochaly, on Telephone System.—"My name is *not* Kocharly, nor Charcoaly, nor Cocailly, nor Coach-alee—neither is it Coca-cola. My name is Ko-chelly. Absalom K-o-c-h-a-l-y. I will not talk to you about the telephone."

Lindsay, on the Patriarchal Family.—"This is the age of the child, educationists tell us; the age of the woman, say the newspapers. How inauspicious my entry into the patriarchate! My Scotch forefathers were masters in their own house."

McCrimmon, on Co-operation.—"Thirty seconds affords no time to express my opinion. I have found that an interview, to be fully satisfactory, requires at least fifteen minutes, even if taking place at the Ladies' Room door."

McGregor, on the Civil Service.—"The fire of the patriot, gentlemen, has been kindled in my breast. Would there were more of us serious-minded Canadians, who, above all thought of graft, have made noble sacrifice to answer to the country's call—and its accompaniments!"

Madill, on Socialism.—"The emancipation of the proletarian will come less through the revelation of the nefarious exploitation of the unsophisticated slave by the parasite and his political henchmen than through the unanswerable dope of the soap-box."

MERRITT, on Official Dignity.—"To take part in all phases of dormitory life, and yet maintain the equilibrium incumbent upon a Student Body dignitary, one has but to become a member of McMaster's august body of nippers."

QUIRK, on the Value of Lectures.—"Attendance at lectures is a mere conventionality, and is of no real value. During my course of four years I have missed as many as two lectures, and have experienced no inconvenience therefrom."

ST. DALMAS, on Bilingual Co-education.—"Je desire la co-education bilingue parce que les petites belles Canadiennes-Francaises viendraient a notre universitate. Les Canadiennes, je les aime; mais les Canadiennes-Francaise, je les aime davantage."

SHIELDS, on Feminism.—"I fear that man's apparel is tending too much toward the unmanly, by which I mean the womanly. Let us, as men, remove all of these "exuberant excrescences of femininity."

STACY, on the United States.—"No country on earth is comparable to it. Its product is the finest quality desirable. Although Canada has many beautiful attractions, my heart beats more quickly still when my thoughts turn homeward."

START, on Study.—Mr. Start was so busily engaged in pursuing his studies for his Bachelor degree that he had decided to eliminate even meals from his daily programme; consequently he would devote no time to an interview.

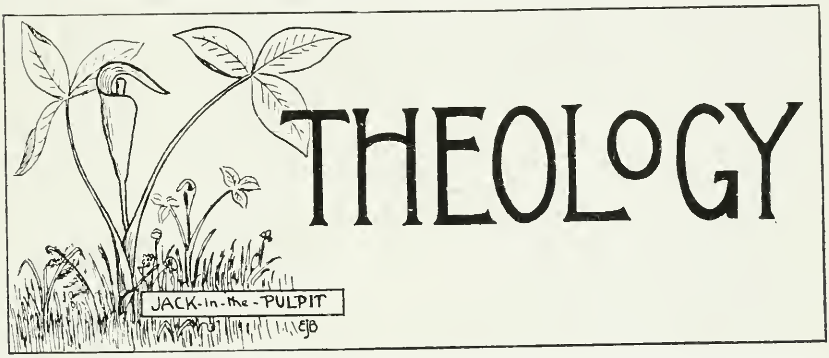
STECKLEY, on Gastronomics.—"For the new University I propose to endow a School of Dietetics. Its chief aim shall be to cultivate in students that wisdom which says 'So far shalt thou go and no farther.'"

TURNBULL, on the School Year 1912-'13.—"A good spirit, high spirits, and sane spirituality—no wonder living was altogether glorious, even for the official disciplinarian of the school. Long live the McMaster ghost!"

WEIR, on Night Cars.—"Yes, the Toronto Street Railway has retained my services to reorganize the night car system. Having had much practical experience in running for night cars, I feel eminently qualified to undertake the work."

WILLIAMS, on English Literature.—"I foresee radical changes in our university courses. Imagine modern educationists prescribing such ancient stuff as Shakespeare and Milton! I have already protested. Let us have Service and Drummond and the like."

WILLOUGHBY, on Athletics.—"The subject is a wide one," he began, as he stroked his waistcoat thoughtfully, feeling his importance. "The directive aspect mainly has engaged my attention. Let the managerial posts be well-manned and success is inevitable."



"I have talked with a great many of 'em of all sorts of belief, and I don't think they have fixed everything in their own minds, or are as dogmatic in their habits of thought as one would think, to hear 'em lay down the law in the pulpit."

Herbert M. Hainer

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

Herb's boyhood days were spent in Stouffville and Markham, where he attended the public and high schools respectively. These being inadequate to quench his thirst for knowledge, in the fall of 1906 he came to McMaster. He has pursued the Arts and Theological courses, specializing in Philosophy. For the work of life Herb. naturally turned his attention to the ministry, in which his father and six brothers were engaged, and to which he himself was ordained in 1910. For the last three academic years he has had charge of the Toronto First Christian Church. During his pastorate there, the work has grown and developed in all branches of the church's life. As a preacher and a pastor, Herb. stands high in the estimation of those who have come in contact with his work. In May he leaves to take a pastorate in Haverhill, Mass., where we are sure that his true Christian character, his good common sense, his musical ability, his intellectual attainments and his manliness will win for him a large place in the hearts of the people and a future that will be worth while.

Lester Stuart Haverstock

"A soul of power, a well of lofty thought."

From that hour at Wyoming which was the dawn of a new and richer life, Lester has been climbing with unwavering zeal toward the high calling of God. The stages on that ascending path have been the Bible Training School, Woodstock and McMaster, where he joined the illustrious class of 1910. Next year he was their president and any who were freshmen then can testify to his ability. After graduation he preached for a year in Pape Ave. Church and then returned for study in Theology. During these last two years, as President of the Y.M.C.A., as Leader of the Evangelistic Band, and most of all as a friend, he has never weakened. In the life for which he has been preparing, we know that he will maintain the same loyal, zealous and untiring spirit.

William Clarke McKendry

"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side."

"Mac" proudly claims Osgoode Township as his birthplace and also as the scene of the beginning of his scholastic career. Perhaps to discover the source of the fervor that brought him to a seat among the Theologs, we must go back to the hand that rocked the cradle, and to the sturdy champions of the faith that graced the Osgoode Baptist pulpit in by-gone days. He has nourished the vision of his youth but he is not visionary. Thoroughness, which is his life characteristic, he puts into every task. Since the days of tender years, when he rebuked the wind for hurling his first straw hat away, "Mac" has striven for the mastery of things mundane. *"Veni, vidi, vici"* is his excalibur for which he is grateful to Cæsar. He has already entered upon his life work—student and pastor. In his Arts and Theological courses he has handled the work with great satisfaction. In his several pastorates, Coleman, Alta., Bruce Mines, South Indian, Ottawa East, and Second Markham, he failed not to give the message and also a devoted Christian life. For him graduation is the last ditch. He has already crossed the Rubicons of ordination and amalgamation.

Gomer William Mills

"O why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?"

Three years ago, Mr. Mills came among us a stranger. To-day no student is more generally or favorably known around the halls than he. He hails from New York State. Like Elisha, he heard the call of 'go prophesy' while following the plow. He began his preparation at once, first at Hillsdale College, Michigan, where he spent three years, then in McMaster for another similar term. During his college course he has done occasional preaching. Conscientious, generous, genial, Mr. Mills wins his way on his intrinsic worth. He wears well. Simple and unpretentious, he stirs no expectation that he will not amply redeem. When many of us who depend more on the accidents of our lives for place and permanence are forgotten, he will be remembered for his smile. He intends to return to his native State (not to his original state, however) as a Baptist minister.

Thomas Dayton Pink

"So faithful in love and so dauntless in war."

Thomas Dayton Pink first smiled upon Farmboro, England, but was transplanted to the Emerald Isle at the tender age of eight. He held his own with the wild Irish at a National school, and, having laid this solid foundation for future greatness, he migrated to Woodstock College. He entered upon Theological work in McMaster with Year '13, where his Welsh blood and Irish wit have brought him to the front. Tom has always entered heartily into the student life, having represented his Year in debate, in the Literary Society, and in the Y.M.C.A. Tom is not only a good preacher but a talented musician, being the presiding genius at the piano in chapel services. He was a valued member of the McMaster Band, in which he had such enviable success as to procure a help-mate for the pastorate that awaits him in Galt.

Frederick William Waters

"Languor was not in his heart,
Weakness not in his word,
Weariness not on his brow."

A clear-headed, open-hearted, swift-footed man of the cloth is this Bill Waters. Although this is the second edition of his life to appear within two years, the earlier one has already been antiquated by reason of new achievements. Since entering Theology, he has represented the University three times in debate, has given another year to the editorship of THE MONTHLY, has broken the half-mile record, has caught the fencing habit, and has bought a motor cycle. Still he prays for more worlds to conquer: he may yet contemplate rivalling De Lesseps. The unbroken line of "Firsts" has long since come to be an annual affair; and although it has represented steady application, it has not meant the curtailment of joys and responsibilities other than those of "plug hours." Bill brings to his work in the ministry a rich mind and a spirit of high seriousness, a genial way and a capacity for friendship. His life-work will probably be done among the natives of Timbuctoo or some other foreign Weissnichtwo.

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Editorial Notes.

Graduation Day is done. The last "copy" is in. In the eyes of The Monthly, no activity in the college session has been of so great importance as the ceasing of activities, and the graduation of the toilers of the senior classes in Arts and Theology. To all of them The Monthly offers congratulations on the completion of their work, wishes every success as they commence their new tasks, and hopes that in them may continue to live the fine spirit of enthusiasm which has prevailed throughout the session of 1912-'13.

This number of The Monthly has been published by the two graduating classes, represented by a committee composed of the following:—Miss Haines, Miss Kee, Miss Wilkins, H. C. Cline, G. H. Ellis, G. M. Goodfellow, Alex. Haddow, B. V. McCrimmon, F. A. McGregor, and F. D. Weir, from the Class in Arts; and L. S. Haverstock and W. C. McKendry, from the Class in Theology.

Address to the Graduating Classes.

An Address by Professor Findlay, delivered on the evening
of Convocation, May 7, 1913.

Fellow graduates of McMaster University, I consider it a great honor that the Faculty of our Alma Mater has conferred on me in asking me to bring to you their parting message as you leave these halls.

After the stirring words that you listened to last night, it is unnecessary that I should attempt anything in the way of an exhortation to a high and noble ideal of life. Indeed, we are confident that you are already the faithful possessors of such.

It was certainly not expected by the Faculty that this address should be an attempt in the noble art of oratory. They would know better than to appoint me to such a task. Moreover, the Senate and Board of Governors have amply provided for that to-night in the list of distinguished speakers that are to follow.

I invite your attention for a few minutes to a simple, commonplace subject, which, however, is worthy of your best consideration on this auspicious occasion.

OUR DEBT OF GRATITUDE AND RESPECT TO THE PAST.

This is reputed to be an age of destructive criticism wherein the noblest thoughts of earlier days are denounced as worthless lumber, and only the novel and the revolutionary are accorded any position in the intellectual world. The story is told of a librarian in one of the British Universities who asked a newly-appointed professor for suggestions concerning the books that would be required by his students, and received the reply that in the first place he might remove from the shelves all books, the authorship of which dated back over ten years.

Only one quite ignorant of the college world in which you have lived during the past three, four or six years, can conceive of that as a fair characterization of its prevalent spirit. However there is a subtler danger against which we do well to be on our guard.

No longer do our college instructors think of the minds of their students as fresh tablets upon which are to be engraved the perfect wisdom of the sages, but rather as active, creative, free agents, whose education must be the culture of their powers to perceive the beautiful, the fixing of habits of clear thinking, patient thoroughness and reverence for the truth, the development of a well-balanced judgment, and the opening of the inner chambers of the soul to the life-giving sunlight of the largest conception of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Accordingly your instructors have assigned tasks worthy of your mettle and calling for the best exercise of your powers of invention and construction. They have presented balanced alternatives before you in order to call out your own powers of judgment and exercise your critical faculties. They have held up the orb of truth, as far transcending the puny efforts of man to explore her mysteries, and demanding ever new and surpassing effort. All this, tending to stimulate your own sense of power and opportunity, may obscure your true relations to the work of others.

Let us, then, ever remember that, in its larger aspects, human knowledge is a tower whose foundations rest in the annals of the past. Patiently, laboriously, the rude stones were firmly set, deep in the soil of early human experience. The solid walls were reared by men whose names have become a fading memory. We are permitted to have a part in the erection of turrets and pinnacles whose beauty and majesty capture the imagination. A true perspective, however, will show us how much we owe to the earlier workmen. Let us never be lacking in a proper understanding of the value of their contributions.

Time forbids that I illustrate this by references to the great basal literatures of the classical period, to the abiding foundations of exact knowledge laid by the ancient astronomer and mathematician, to the fundamental principles of life slowly unfolded by the old philosophers, or to the foundation of the apostles and prophets upon which grows throughout the ages the holy temple being builded for the habitation of God in the Spirit.

The truly educated man will know how to estimate these at their real value, and he can never speak of them except with deepest reverence and sincerest gratitude. The man who belittles the ideas and ideals of the past, is the man who fails also to respect the rights of his contemporaries, who thinks to exalt his empty self by trampling under foot the memories of the truly great of all ages.

At the present there is some tendency to such folly. We look to you, men and women of whom McMaster is already proud, and from whom she expects great things in the future, to be so just and sane in your views that you may indeed be the salt of the earth and the light of the world.

The Faculty of McMaster University has rejoiced in your fellowship during the years of your presence in these halls. We have joyed in your upward course and congratulate you to-day upon this summit to which you have attained. We are assured, however, that to you it is only the beginning of still greater achievements, and we have every confidence in your future.

Our parting counsels may well be clothed in the words of one of England's early sages:

"The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making and wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature."

"The power to do good is the true and lawful end of all aspiring."

"Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly."

"Be so true to thyself that thou be not false to others. . . . . It is a poor centre of a man's action, himself. . . . . All things which have an affinity with the heavens, move upon the centre of another which they benefit."

Sisters and brothers, you graduate, to-night, not out of the University, but into a higher rank in its fellowship. As you take your place in the militant ranks of this great brotherhood, may its bonds of comradeship deepen and broaden. May the richest blessings of our great Commander, "in whom all things consist," follow you in all your ways. May the highest victories crown all your efforts, so that when the Closing Day of life shall come you may be able to say "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Commencement Exercises.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached in Bloor Street Baptist Church on Tuesday evening, May the 6th. The Chancellor presided and was assisted by Dr. S. S. Bates, Professor Keirstead, Professor Farmer, and the Rev. W. A. Cameron. Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, a former Chancellor of the University, and lately appointed pastor of the Westmount Church, was the preacher of the evening.

Dr. Wallace's subject was "The Unblemished Sacrifice," and he based his sermon on Paul's appeal in Romans XII:1, a call which demanded of men stainlessness, soundness, ministry, and adequacy. The unblemished sacrifice is the imperative demand of the Christian religion, which forbids that a man should live wantonly or triflingly or inadequately. The sacrifice must include the whole man—body, mind and sprit. The emphasis upon "spiritual service" is needed in a day when action is more highly valued than spiritual intercession. Just as nineteen hundred years ago there was need of a new moral impulse through Christ's sacrificial death and sacrificial life, so to-day we have need of a new moral impulse. There is a threatening of moral decadence; individual morality and fundamental justice are being attacked, and there is a wide and widening tendency to the adoption of the standards of the beast and of the savage. Paul's remedy for such conditions is the unblemished sacrifice of a holy life, a sacrifice which is supernaturally caused and continued. Despite the dark facts which Dr. Wallace referred to, there was yet a strong note of hopefulness and optimism in his message. On these facts he based his closing appeal: "Because this age is imperiled morally and spiritually and has need of strong and sanctified young life, I beseech you as you go to the duties for which you have been preparing, 'to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your spiritual service.'"

ANNUAL CONVOCATION.

The Annual Commencement Exercises for the conferring of degrees was held on Wednesday, May 7th, in Castle Memorial Hall, which was filled to its utmost capacity. This year but two honorary degrees were granted: Sir John Boyd received that of LL.D., and Rev. Joseph Sullivan, of Montreal, was made the recipient of a D.D. degree. The largest graduating class in Arts in the history of the University passed before the Chancellor, in addition to which there was one B.Sc., three M.A., and seven B.Th. degrees conferred. In connection with the M.A. degrees, it was announced that each of the three recipients had won a fellowship in either Chicago or Illinois Universities. Professor Matthews offered prayer, after which Professor Findlay addressed the graduating classes. None of those present, especially the graduating students, could but be deeply impressed with Dr. Findlay's message, with its great earnestness and its simple directness. Dr. Boyd was unavoidably absent, but Dr. Sullivan fully lived up to his reputation as a delightful and interesting speaker.

The Commencement Address was delivered by Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, who was forced to abbreviate his remarks in order to depart for Montreal. He made a strong appeal to the graduating classes to uphold the banner of Christ as they go forth into the world. He urged them to take Jesus with them into the conflict, and victory was then not only sure, but sweet and joyful.

Chancellor McCrimmon reviewed the work of the year, and then proceeded to give a brief summary of the work now being done by the five hundred and fifty graduates of McMaster who had already gone out into service. The details were interesting and showed that McMaster alumni take second place to none in their chosen walks of life. The singing of the national anthem brought to a close the session of 1912-13.

CLASS ELECTIONS.

On the last day of the school session the members of Year 'Thirteen met to elect officers for the next five years. The following were chosen to act: President, F. A. McGregor; Vice-President, Miss Fraser; Secretary-Treasurer, Geo. H. Ellis.

It was decided at this meeting to donate a cup for competition in the inter-year rugby series, and a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held on Monday evening, May 5th. After the transaction of business, adjournment was made to the dining hall, where the alumnae joined the alumni in partaking of the usual banquet. The Chairman, Rev. H. E. Stillwell, welcomed the graduating class as members of the Association, to which G. M. Goodfellow replied on behalf of Year 'Thirteen. The toast to "The Ladies" was proposed very ably by Rev. E. E. Sayles, and was replied to by Mrs. C. B. Lewis. Rev. O. C. Gray and E. C. Fox spoke in connection with the toast "Our Country." "Alma Mater," proposed by J. M. Warner, was replied to by Chancellor McCrimmon and Dr. F. Sanderson, each of whom, in the course of his remarks, made interesting references to the all-important subject of the new University. At the conclusion of the toast list, Dr. O. C. S. Wallace responded briefly to the demand made by those present.

The Tuesday meeting was most interesting. W. P. Cohoe read a paper on "The Practical Achievement of Modern Science in the World To-day," and Rev. Harry E. Stillwell provided a very interesting paper also, "A Weird Oriental Creed." Rev. R. R. McKay led a discussion on "Missions."

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